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[THE FATAL RENDEZVOUS AT THE OAK.]

## THE KEEPER OF THE FERRY.

By the Author of "The Bondage of Brandon."

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### LADY ELMA'S STORY.

How sweet to sleep where all is peace,  
Where sorrow cannot reach the breast,  
Where all life's idle throbbings cease,  
And pain is lulled to rest—  
Escaped o'er fortune's troubled waves,  
To anchor in the silent waves.

Anon.

It was an eve of raw and surly mood,  
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood,  
Sat Mary listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds.  
H. G. Bell.

The beautiful lady who was so strangely held captive by Mr. Montague Capel in the "Dome" was his wife. He had married her in the spring-tide of her youth, when she was little more than seventeen. She was now seven and twenty, and she had been shut up in her dismal prison for nearly ten years.

Her history was painful in the extreme. She was the daughter of a peer living in the neighbourhood, and when Mr. Capel married her, every one said that, in espousing the Lady Elma he had gained a prize such as few men have the good fortune to acquire. Her story shall be recited briefly.

#### THE STORY OF THE LADY ELMA.

Mr. Montague Capel was a man of a jealous and vindictive disposition. So lovely was his wife that she attracted the regards of all those into whose society she entered. No matter who they were, rich and poor, powerful and humble, all seemed to love the Lady Elma.

They did not take the trouble to disguise their admiration.

This adoration, if it may be so-called, enraged Mr. Capel to such an extent that he determined to seclude her as much as possible from the public gaze. They no longer went into the gay and brilliant

society in which the young wife had been accustomed to move.

Lady Elma lived the life of a hermit or a recluse. This was so distasteful to her, that she murmured openly against her husband's harsh treatment; but Mr. Capel was relentless; he would not listen to her prayers, and he laughed her entreaties to scorn. Her relations at last remonstrated with him, but all to no purpose. He was as marble, cold, stern, and unsympathising.

During the existence of this state of things, a cousin of the Lady Elma's came on a visit to Rickerton, and paid the greatest attention to the young and lovely bride.

His name was Roscoe Bellingham. He was undoubtedly very handsome; and Mr. Capel, who was possessed with the demon of jealousy, could not divest himself of the idea that his wife preferred her cousin to himself.

His belief nearly maddened him. He grew frantic with the insidious poison of the green-eyed monster, and watched the pair closely, with lynx-like eyes, in order that he might detect some proof of their guilty intercourse; but, although his endeavours were unremitting, he was unable to do so.

Angered at he knew not what, he one day, without the slightest apparent reason, gave Mr. Bellingham his *congé* in a rude and impertinent manner.

"You have prolonged your stay at my house, sir," he cried, gesticulating wildly as he spoke, "beyond the limits of decency and of propriety, and you will please me by at once taking your departure."

"I shall be happy to do as you wish," replied Roscoe Bellingham. "I have no wish to intrude upon either your hospitality or your domestic privacy."

He rose from the table, and bowing lowly and reverently to the Lady Elma, and haughtily to Mr. Capel, prepared to leave the room.

He was satisfied that his cousin had nothing whatever to do with his summary dismissal and sudden expulsion from a house at which he conceived that his relationship with the inmates would at all times make him a welcome guest.

As he passed by Mr. Capel's chair, she bent

towards him, and gave him her hand to press, but instead of doing so, he raised it reverently to his lips, and kissed it with all the ardent fervour and devotion of a lover.

Mr. Montague Capel sat perfectly still. He was paralyzed with rage. Had he not been deprived of the power of action, it is not at all improbable that he would have plunged a knife or a dagger—whichever was handiest—up to the very hilt in the breast of the presumptuous and daring man who ventured to imprint a kiss upon the hand of the Lady Elma.

"Good-bye. I trust we may meet elsewhere," Mr. Bellingham exclaimed.

Elma's eyes kindled with expectation or at a hope of outwitting her husband, as she replied in a very low tone of voice:

"To-night—at dark—the old oak tree."

Roscoe Bellingham caught the whispered words, as they were borne towards him on her fragrant breath, and nodded acquiescence. Then he strode proudly from the room, and leaving directions for his luggage to be sent after him, quitted the mansion in which he had been so grievously insulted.

It was a positive fact that there was no guilty thought or criminal intention in Lady Elma's mind when she appointed a *rendezvous* with her cousin. Like all high-spirited women, she fretted at control, and she imagined that if she could outwit her tyrannical husband, she had a perfect right to do so.

All she wished to do was to assure Roscoe Bellingham of her sympathy, and to tell him that she did not in the slightest degree participate in or authorize the brutal behaviour of Mr. Montague Capel.

Unhappily for her, Mr. Capel's sense of hearing was almost preternaturally acute; and softly as the words were whispered, gently and cautiously as they were uttered, he overheard them. "To-night—at dark—the old oak tree," were phrases which to his mind conveyed the idea that the Lady Elma was intriguing with her cousin. He looked upon her as if the seal of infamy was set upon her brow, and during the whole afternoon he turned the matter over in his mind, thinking how he might best be revenged upon the perfidious traitress who had, as he erroneously sup-



posed, ruined his honour and lowered herself to a degraded level.

He carefully concealed his burning rage from his wife, who, conscious of innocence, did not tremble at the lowering look, the corrugated brow, and the vengeful gleam in the eyes of her husband.

Mr. Montague Capel longed for the approach of night, so that he might consummate his vengeance.

At last it came; the shadows darkened and fell through the gloaming of a winter's evening; and making some trifling excuse, the Lady Elma retired to her own room. But Mr. Capel, who was watching her every movement as a cat watches a mouse, saw her speedily leave her chamber, and steal softly down the back stairs and through a side door into the garden. He followed her.

The old oak tree was a monarch of the forest; its girth was something prodigious, and it was celebrated throughout the country for its great size and antiquity.

At the foot of this venerable tree Roscoe Bellingham was waiting for his cousin's flying visit.

When she came he spoke to her in impassioned tones, and asked her how she could reconcile herself to her hateful lot.

"Do you not feel," he said, "that you have an inborn right to freedom, and that rebellion against the will of your despotic husband would be not only justifiable, but noble and praiseworthy?"

"My life is an intolerable burden to me at times; but I do not feel justified in rebelling, though I often wish myself at home and unmarried again."

"If I thought you would consent, I would ask you to fly with me to a foreign land, where you should pass the remainder of your days in such happiness as true love could afford you."

"Alas! I may not do so," replied the Lady Elma, tearfully.

Mr. Montague Capel could bear this conversation no longer; he rushed upon the unfortunate pair, and felled Mr. Bellingham to the earth by a terrific blow administered with a bludgeon.

Knowing that his blow would have the effect of rendering him insensible for some time to come, he turned his attention to the Lady Elma, and, seizing her by the wrist, constrained her to follow him to the house, which he was careful to enter without being seen by a single soul.

To Elma's surprise he did not conduct her to their own apartments. At the worst she expected a long lecture, or else that she would be summarily sent home to her parents; but she felt alarmed when he took her to the Long Chamber, and through it to the "Dome." It was not a bit better furnished than it was ten years afterwards; precisely the same things were arranged upon the floor. It only wanted one thing, which it subsequently possessed, and that was the skeleton.

As she looked around her in startled astonishment, he said:

"This in future will be your home. It is your living grave. Never, as long as you live, will you emerge from the solitude of this tomb. When you die, which will be in heaven's own time, your body will crumble to dust upon this floor, and your bones will bleach and whiten here; no Christian rites will be read over you, for you have sinned beyond redemption. I am your judge, I am your accuser, and I am, at the same time, your executioner."

Clasping her hands together, and falling down upon her bended knees, the Lady Elma said, in piteous tones:

"Oh, do not doom me to such a horrible captivity! I shall go mad! You are not—you cannot be in earnest. Be merciful, Montague; for God in heaven's sake, be merciful! Have some pity on me. I am young and am your wife. I have loved you—"

"Have loved me!" he repeated, sternly. "I know it. I did not wish you to tell me that you no longer love me. I am conscious of your intrigue; for I caught you with your paramour this evening."

At this grave accusation, Lady Elma—hapless creature that she was—rose from her feet, and standing erect, stretched out her right arm, exclaiming:

"By my hope of salvation, I swear that you have unjustly accused me. I am innocent!"

Mr. Capel smiled grimly, and replied with freezing coldness:

"Your protestations are useless. I am convinced of your turpitude and your guilt, and were an angel to come from heaven and assure me of the contrary, I should still hold to my own opinion. You shall not starve; I will take care of that. But by a life of penitence you shall atone for your sin, which only long years of misery can cleanse you from."

As he turned to leave the "Dome," the Lady Elma uttered a terrible cry, and fell senseless upon the cold, hard floor.

Mr. Montague Capel passed out of the doorway, and securely fastened the door. Then he went once more into the garden, and was absent some time.

No one ever knew what became of Roscoe Bellingham. He disappeared, and left no trace behind him.

That evening Mr. Capel again visited his wife, and placed all her jewellery and some of her wearing apparel in a heap in a corner.

Towards eight o'clock he called the servants up, and questioned them about their mistress and Mr. Bellingham; they, of course, were unable to give him an answer. Elma's bed-room was searched; her jewel-case found open, and her jewels gone; and, by the hints which Mr. Capel threw out, every one was led to suppose that she had eloped with her handsome cousin.

Mr. Capel did not go to bed all night; he had the country scoured right and left. He telegraphed to London, and appeared ill at ease. No one suspected the truth. The next day he drove over to the Lady Elma's father, and informed him that to the best of his belief his daughter had gone away with Mr. Bellingham; and, as both were missing at the same time, the case bore the complexion he put on it.

The consternation of the aged peer was indescribable.

Mr. Montague Capel returned to Rickerton, puffed and commiserated by everybody, though, had the truth been known, it would not have been safe for him to remain in the country. After this dismal event he went out less than ever; and his former friends and associates imagined that his distress arose from his recent domestic calamities, and gave him their sympathies.

Three months afterwards, as the Lady Elma was crying, as was her usual custom, Mr. Montague Capel entered the "Dome," bearing in his arms a long box, which he placed upon the floor.

"This is all that remains of Roscoe Bellingham. You loved him in life, and you are at liberty to love him in death," he said.

This was the jealous husband's revenge.

How the Lady Elma managed to exist, with the awful thing constantly by her side, is a mystery. It was more than sufficient to drive her mad; but it did not. She lived on in her grief and her misery, and death would not step in to relieve her.

The lady Elma looked at her husband as he entered the "Dome," and said, in a plaintive voice:

"For ten years have I endured this imprisonment. Is it never to end?"

"Never," he replied. "That is until—"

He hesitated.

"Until when?" she asked eagerly, as a ray of hope entered her heart.

"Until death steps in to your release," he replied.

The light of hope faded from her face, and she was again stony and impassive.

"Must I pass my whole life here?" she asked.

"You must."

"I have already spent the best years of my life in captivity? I shall soon be an old woman."

"What difference will it make, whether you are old or young? Your lover cannot see you now. It—he pointed to the skeleton—"it is blind, is deaf, is dumb. Beautiful or ugly, you are the same to it."

"And you, Montague?"

She said this in such touching accents, that it should have moved a heart of granite.

"As far as you are concerned, I am dumb and deaf and blind, were you uglier than any created being, or lovelier than an angel, I should not care. You are nothing to me. My love for you has turned to hatred and revenge: and when I look upon you, I do not gratify my love—I gratify my revenge."

"I have had no mirror since I have been in confinement," said the Lady Elma, "I know not how I look. Am I hideous?"

"No."

"Is my brow wrinkled?"

"No; it is fair and clear as alabaster."

"Have my eyes lost their lustre through weeping?"

"No; they sparkle as of yore."

"Have my cheeks fallen in?"

"No."

"Do I look worn and weary?"

"No; you are sad and melancholy; but to some that would heighten your attractiveness."

"Oh! would to God your eyes might be opened," sobbed the wretched lady; "I pray unremittently that the scales may fall from your eyes, and that you may be induced to do me justice; for I tell you, Montague, for the thousandth time, that I am innocent."

"When the moon falls from her course, I will believe you, not before," answered Mr. Capel, who rose to leave her.

When he was gone, the Lady Elma said in a despairing tone:

"I cannot move him. Oh! mine is indeed a sad fate. I have been here nearly ten years, as well as I can calculate; would that my reason might go, and then I should not feel the pain that I now endure."

Her eyes fell upon the skeleton, and she burst into tears.

The wind howled without, and tore along under the gables, as if in sport and derision, or as if it mocked her misery, and gloried in its freedom.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### AN ESCAPE FROM PRISON.

O, hope! thou little airy form,  
Thou thing of nothing—subtlest thing  
That deals in potent spell or charm;  
Queen of the little fairy ring  
When was the smile of human bliss  
So fair as fictioned forth by thee?  
Thy phantom gives a sweeter kiss  
Than e'en the lover's fairest she.

Kennet.

MR. LISTER did not fail to improve his opportunity; he had sworn that Mary Goodall should be his, and he had embued his hands in blood, in order that the only obstacle to his love might be removed.

Mrs. Goodall seemed very anxious that the match should take place.

The fact was, she was tired of Molly, and hated to see her "mooning" about the house in a purposeless manner.

She fancied that the girl would never be of any use to her, and that the disease of the brain from which she was suffering would increase in intensity until it was absolutely necessary to place her in some asylum. In short, she did not care what became of her so long as she was off her hands.

The keeper of the ferry, however, seemed to hang back; and, although he had given his permission and consent to the marriage, he regretted at times that he had done so.

There was something about poor Molly's manner which denoted that Mr. Lister was anything but a favourite with her.

He knew that she loved Tom Harvey to distraction; and if he had entertained the slightest hope that the unfortunate fellow still lived, he would never have given his consent to the marriage. But it appeared so certain that Harvey was either dead or had disappeared that he contrived to persuade himself that the very best thing his daughter could do would be to become Mr. Lister's wife.

Mr. Lister was a highly respectable man. No one having the fear of the law of libel before his eyes dared to say a word against him.

His character, as far as the keeper of the ferry knew, was unblemished; and so Molly's fate was decided. The die was cast, and she was to become Mr. Lister.

The steward called one morning, with the avowed intention of settling the question one way or the other.

It was baking-day with Mrs. Goodall, and she was up to her arms in dough.

Mary was sitting, as usual, by the fireplace, with her hands clasped round her knees, and looking the very image of misery and despair. She moaned at intervals, and occasionally uttered broken sentences and mystical ejaculations.

Her face was sadly meaningless and vacant. Her mind appeared to be a blank.

If her face was to be taken as a reliable index of her mind, there were not two ideas in it. Now and then she said, "I loved him so!" and, having said this sentence, she burst into tears.

"I have called to-day, Goodall," said Mr. Lister, "to know if I am to have the girl or not. If not, say so."

"I told you, the last time I saw you, that you should have her," replied the keeper of the ferry.

"That's all right. In that case, there is nothing to do but to name the day. I suppose it's no good asking her?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Goodall. "I'll try, Molly!"

Mary did not look up; she appeared to be too much occupied to do so. She heard nothing, and she saw nothing.

"Molly, I say!"

Still no response.

"This gentleman's going to marry you. It's Mr. Lister."

At the name of Lister, Mary shivered from head to foot, as if she had trodden inadvertently upon a newly-made grave.

"Will you name the day?" continued her mother.

"You must fix the day, Molly."

"Fix what day?" repeated Mary, absently.

"Your marriage day."

"Oh, yes, my marriage day! We will be married, mother, when he comes back. He won't be long first."

"What do you mean by 'he'?"

"Tom Harvey, mother. Oh, I loved him so! But he's not gone far; he'll come back soon. I know he'll come back, mother; and he will wear a red cloak, because he was murdered; and his hair will be red."



and all his clothes will be red, because he was murdered! Ha! ha! I cannot help laughing as I picture him to myself, all red—blood-red! And he will be red because he was murdered by Mr. Lister!"

"Hush!" said Mrs. Goodall, laying her finger upon her lips. "You must not say such things as that. It is not right."

Lister was deadly pale; but he contrived to preserve his self-possession. With an easy air of unconcern, he said:

"Oh, never mind what she says. I can make every allowance for her erratic state of mind. When she is my wife, I will take her to the first doctors in England, and if I do not cure her of her melancholy abstraction, it will not be my fault."

"I think I'd better answer for her," said Mrs. Goodall. "Suppose we say this day fortnight?"

"That will do for me."

Stephen Goodall moved to the door, as if he intended to leave the cottage.

"Steve!" cried his wife.

"Yes, my dear!" he replied, halting abruptly.

"Where are you off to now?"

"I'm going down to the water-side."

"What for?"

"Nothing particular."

"Have you any nets to mend?"

"Not that I know of."

"Are there any passengers to ferry over?"

"No."

"Stop where you are, then, and attend to your daughter's interests."

"It breaks my heart, missis, to see her, and that's the truth," returned the keeper of the ferry. "I left the place because I can't stand it. Molly's the only child of my age, and it is more than I can bear to see her like this. If Tom Harvey is not dead, he ought to be, for leaving her, and bringing her to this."

As "Tom Harvey" fell upon Mary's cars, she cried, in her accustomed plaintive accents:

"I did love him so."

"Hark at her!" cried the keeper of the ferry. "If it isn't enough to drive an old man silly, I don't know what is."

"It is very sad, my friend," exclaimed Mr. Lister; "but we must hope for better days. I am one of the parties most concerned in her well being, and I do not despair of bringing her round."

"Well, well, I hope you may, I'm sure."

"I'll try. You may rely upon my doing my best."

"Oh, yes, I am sure of that," said Mrs. Goodall.

Mr. Lister is behaving like a prince; he says he'll find the money for her dresses, and all that; and he will make me a present of a new set of china. What do you think of that, Steve?"

Stephen wisely kept his opinion to himself.

"Then it is finally arranged that I am to marry Mary this day fortnight," said Mr. Lister.

"It is."

"If the missis has said so, why it's as good as done," remarked Stephen Goodall.

Mr. Lister took his leave with a triumphant smile, playing round his lips; before he went, he stooped down over Molly Goodall and kissed her.

She made no resistance; she did not appear to notice that any one was taking a liberty with her.

"Well, if it was me," muttered the keeper of the ferry, "I'd rather marry a female nigger than I would a gal as doesn't care two pence for me—no, nor yet me."

When men sin for a thing, they generally set their minds upon attaining their object; they think that they have jeopardized their souls for a particular object, and that they may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, and so they plunge deeper and deeper into the mire.

Tom Harvey found his confinement more irksome than he had supposed it would be.

The impossibility of communicating with Mary Goodall nearly distracted him. He did not require to be told that she would feel his loss acutely, and he longed to assuage her grief as well as he could, but that pleasure was denied him; he was condemned to a long period of inactivity, and he cursed his fate for sending so harshly with him.

What would he not have given to fly to her, and kiss her sweetly rolling tears from her once red and rosy cheeks? Millions, if he had had them to give. Ay, and have thought the money well expended.

The goal in which he was confined was situated in a leading thoroughfare, and the window of his cell looked into the street. Huge iron bars prevented him from looking on the pavement, but when the window was open for the purposes of ventilation, he could hear voices, and sometimes catch the disjointed sentences of a conversation.

It happened one afternoon that he was walking in his usual restless way up and down his cell, more

after the manner of a caged lion than anything else. He was awfully miserable, and would have given worlds for the least scrap of news respecting the idol of his heart.

Unexpectedly he heard some one say:

"I have been over to Steve Goodall's to-day."

"Indeed! what did—"

The remainder of the sentence was lost, as a waggon rolled by.

"To be married, eh?" was the next he heard.

"Poor Molly Goodall! Who to? Mr. Lister, steward up at— Week from to day. Not all there. Sad thing. Where's Tom Har— Dead, eh! Quite a tragedy. Mr. Lister's no good."

Although he listened intently, as if his very life depended upon his doing so, Tom could hear no more. And had he not heard enough? Assuredly he had, and more than enough.

He had overheard quite sufficient to madden him; for if what had come to his ears meant anything, it meant that every one considered him to be dead; and that Mary—his Mary, was about to be married to his hated and detested rival, Mr. Lister, Sir Thomas Wicherley's steward.

The phrase, "not all there," he knew to be a slang expression for partial insanity.

If so, who was insane? It could not be Mr. Lister. It must be Mary. Perhaps she had lost her senses on finding that her lover had disappeared.

The thought was so excruciating to Tom, that he felt assured he should be a raving maniac if he did not make his escape from the goal, and appear in time to stop the infamous marriage between the steward and Molly.

He hadn't much of the Jack Sheppard sort of talent in him, but he resolved to see what he could do. The window first suggested itself to him; but he abandoned the idea, as he had no file with which to break the bars.

The floor was made of wood, and he determined to try if he could not raise a plank and descend through the ceiling to the regions below. What he would descend upon he could not tell; that he was obliged to leave to chance. He worked with a rusty nail he pulled out of the wall, and he was in the course of a few days surprised at what industry and perseverance could effect.

His attack upon the flooring began under his bed where it was not likely to be noticed. It was a difficult thing to raise a plank with a rusty nail, and he found it so, but he worked whenever he got a chance, for he remembered that only seven days had to elapse before Molly Goodall was to be led to the altar by Mr. Lister. On the evening of the sixth day he had made such progress with his work that he only waited until the warder had made his usual ten o'clock round, to commence active operations for his descent.

When the warder's footsteps died away in the corridor, he knew that he would not be molested again until one o'clock in the morning.

He had to work in the dark; but he had so studied the position of the boards that he found no difficulty in labouring after the sun had gone down.

With a trembling hand he inserted the nail in the clink that he had made, he pressed upon it with his thumb and finger, when it broke! A sob, and a cry of vexation burst from him; but he was only temporarily dismayed.

The next instant he attacked the board with his hands, and contrived to get his thumb and finger under it; having done this, he heaved upwards with all his might—the fastenings gave way, and the board flew up, and thus was a hole disclosed large enough to admit of the passage of his body.

He then lowered his feet into it, and dashed them against the lath and plaster of the ceiling, which yielded before his pressure. When this was achieved he made his sheet fast to a leg of the bed, and let the other end down, so as to make a rope by which he could descend.

Holding on to the rope with both hands he commended himself to heaven, and let himself down to the ground. When he reached the end of the sheet he dropped and fell about five feet, which denoted that the apartment he was in was a lofty one.

Just as his feet touched the ground he felt a pair of arms encircle him, and a voice exclaimed in a sibilant whisper, like the hiss of a serpent:

"Very cleverly done; but it won't let you out, my boy, this journey. You will have to try once more."

Tom Harvey looked round him, and saw that he was in the great hall of the prison, near the door leading into the street, and that the porter, who had been aroused by the sound of the falling laths and mortar, had captured him just as deliverance seemed at hand.

It was as the dawn of day suddenly extinguished by an eclipse of the sun.

In a few short fleeting hours Molly Goodall was to be united in marriage to Mr. Lister.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## THE ICE-HOUSE.

Not a leaf of the tree which stood near me was stirred,  
Though a breath might have moved it so lightly;  
Not a fugitive note from a sweet-singing bird,  
Bade adieu to the sun setting brightly.

The sky was cloudless and calm, except  
In the West, where the sun was descending,  
And there the rich tints of the rainbow slept,  
As his beams with their beauties were blending.

And the evening star, with its rays so clear,  
So tremulous, soft, and tender,  
Had lit up its lamps, and shot down from its sphere  
Its dewy, delightful splendour. *Bernard Barton.*

HINDON continued in love. His passion seemed to increase with the lapse of time; and to use the grandiloquent language of the Spaniards, his sighs would have turned the sails of a windmill. His great difficulty was to approach Miss Wicherley. She knew him already for Sir Thomas Wicherley's man; and it was only fair to suppose that she would have little to say to him upon such a tender subject as love.

He knew that if he called with a contribution for some charity that he would be a welcome visitor, and he scarcely allowed a week to pass without his doing so. Miss Wicherley was strictly orthodox, and was much annoyed because many people objected to have their babies christened. The heterodox practice gained ground, and in order to prevent the spread of such a heresy, she got up the "County Christening Society," which was not so well supported as she could wish. It wanted funds, and anybody who contributed was looked upon favourably by her.

She wished most ardently that the houses of Parliament would make it penal to refuse to have a baby christened; but this was clearly out of the question, and all she could do was to establish her "County Christening Society," and employ as large a staff as her funds would admit of, and send the members of it to the different towns to ferret and pry into the people's affairs, and impress upon the unorthodox ones the absolute necessity which existed for a due observance of all the rites of the Established Church, more especially the rite of baptism, by which regeneration was ensured.

Sir Thomas Wicherley grew tired of contributing to his aunt's benevolent enterprises, and wondered much at Hindon's excessive zeal in religious matters.

Hindon attacked his master at breakfast, for the fortieth time, about the "County Christening Society," saying:

"I think I shall run over to Petrel House to-day, sir."

"What for?" said the baronet, looking up from his newspaper.

"There is a contribution due for the —."

"Hang it all, my good fellow. It is possible to have too much of a good thing. I've done nothing but subscribe to this, and subscribe to that, ever since I have been in the county. By Jove! they will drain me dry. I shan't have a halfpenny left."

"It's only a mild five pounds," urged Hindon.

"No, it isn't; it's always guineas," replied Sir Thomas, who was in a rage; "you know it's always guineas, and that's five shillings more. But suppose it is five pounds—I suppose it for the sake of argument. If one gives a mild five pounds to this, and a mild five pounds to that, and a mild five pounds to t'other, what the deuce is to become of a fellow? I can't stand it, Hindon—that's plain English, isn't it? if not, I'll make it plainer; and you may tell 'em so, from me."

"Very well," said Hindon, shrugging his shoulders. "I'll tell them what you say. I should not have mentioned the matter if I hadn't imagined that you wished to make yourself popular."

"So I do."

"Well, then, you will want a good cry to go to the hustings with."

"What then?"

"Why this: one can't manufacture a cry in four and twenty hours."

"I don't know that."

"But I do," replied Hindon, with warmth.

"Well, well! don't bother me, my good fellow. If you want the money for yourself, or twenty times the money, take it."

Hindon made one more effort, and said:

"What could be better than 'Wicherley and the church?' or 'Wicherley and the local charities?' or 'open-handed Tom Wicherley, the friend of the poor?'"

"Time enough to think of all that when the general election comes, or a vacancy in the representation of the county occurs," replied the baronet.

"Oh! very well. If these are your views—"

"Leave me alone for an hour or so. I'm reading Gladstone on finance, and you make me confuse the figures, until I don't know whether he advises a reduction of the malt-tax or the income-tax."

"Take my word for it, it is the malt, not the in-

come," replied Hindon, as he quitted his master's presence.

The walk from Baskerdale to Petrel House was an agreeable one, and Hindon mused pleasantly as he went along. Visions of future greatness, as usual, dazzled his ambitious vision, and he saw himself sitting upon a throne, or performing some other equally impossible feat.

Miss Wicherley was on the lawn, pruning some standard rose-trees with her own hands, and giving some of her little pupils a lesson on botany at the same time.

"I hope Sir Thomas is well," she said, as she perceived Hindon.

"He is quite well, thank you, miss."

"How is it he has not been to see me?"

"He is studying finance."

"Indeed!"

"With a view to entering Parliament in the Liberal interest, as a financial reformer."

"That is a mistake," said Miss Wicherley. "To set up as a financial reformer will make him unpopular—nothing more so."

"So I have had the honour of telling him."

"Did you mention my scheme for a 'Rough and Wretched Ragged Rascal Reformatory,' to your master?"

"I did, miss."

"And has he responded to my appeal?" she asked, anxiously.

"He has sent a donation of five guineas, with a request that his name may appear at the head of the list."

"It shall most certainly appear as he desires. It is names like his that we want. They carry weight with them. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss Wicherley. I hope you will not be offended, but I have been so pleased with your simple and unostentatious piety that I have ventured to bring a couple of pounds."

"For the 'Rough and Wretched Ragged?' " she asked.

"Yes. Will you accept it?"

"With pleasure. The donation does you infinite credit, and the gift will be returned to you, in some shape or another; take my word for it that you will lose nothing by it. No one ever lost anything by being charitable. It is throwing bread upon the waters."

"Do you want any assistance in the good work?" Hindon asked, with a fawning, cringing manner, which he knew well how to assume when he chose to do so.

"I am sorry to say we do."

"I have a few hours at my disposal twice a week. I am but a humble instrument; yet—"

"Say no more. Come to me at your leisure, and I will find you occupation," replied Miss Wicherley, with a look of hearty approval.

Hindon bowed, paid the subscriptions to the "Rough and Ragged," and went back to Baskerdale, thinking that Miss Rose Wicherley grew lovelier every day.

We must leave him, to return to Mr. Montague Capel's establishment at Rickerton.

Arthur soon recovered from the shaking he received when he fell from the pony upon which Sinclair had traitorously placed him.

After his accident, he treated the brothers coolly, and went about by himself a good deal. The park at Rickerton was his favourite place. It was so charming to him to read amongst the deer; now looking at his book, and the next moment feeding a number of the antlered herd with a piece of bread, for he always filled his pockets with the staff of life before he went out.

In the centre of the park stood an ice-house.

A mound covered the pit, which was formed of solid brickwork, and on the mound grew a variety of trees, which had been planted some time back.

The ice-house was surrounded by a tall, wild-looking hedge, which had never been clipped since its formation.

Through a gap in this hedge Arthur was in the habit of going to the summit of the mound, and sitting down.

Here he was concealed from view, and could enjoy what he so dearly loved—solitude. When he grew tired of his books, he would sit and muse, dwelling on

The warm visions of a wayward mind,  
Whose transient splendour left a gloom behind,  
Faint as the clouds of sunset, and as fair,  
Pageants of light resolving into air.

The ice-house had not been used for a long—long time, and its desuetude was expressly attributed to the orders of Mr. Montague Capel.

The country people declared that it was the abode of an evil spirit, which made night hideous by its ravings.

More than once, in the middle of the day, Arthur

fancied he heard weird noises proceeding from the very bowels of the earth; but he tried to believe that his vivid fancy was mocking him.

One night, however, as it grew dark, the noises became so violent that he sought the door leading into the ice-house, which was a thick oaken structure, locked and padlocked; and putting his ear to the keyhole, listened.

For a moment he heard nothing.

He was about to turn away, with a feeling of relief, slightly dashed with disappointment, when he heard a groan so unmistakably human that he drew back with a sudden recoil, and the pupils of his eyes dilated with horror.

Summoning up his courage—a quality in which he was not deficient, he approached the door once more, and shouted through the keyhole:

"Who is there?"

Then, in gruff tones, like those of a savage, a reply was borne to him:

"Is it a human voice, or does the wind make sport of me?"

"It is a human voice," said Arthur. "Who and what are you?"

He awaited the answer with considerable curiosity, not unmixed with a tinge of fear.

(To be continued.)

#### PRAYERS AT SEA.

PRAYER may be sweet, in cottage homes

Where sire and child devoutly kneel,

While through the open casement nigh

The vernal blossoms fragrant steal.

Prayer may be sweet, in stately halls

Where heart with kindred heart is blent,

And upward to the Eternal Throne

The hymn of praise melodious sent.

But he, who fain would know how warm

The soul's appeal to God may be,

From friends and native land should turn,

A wanderer on the faithless sea:—

Should hear its deep, imploring tone

Rise heavenward o'er the foaming surge,

When billows toss the fragile bark,

And fearful blasts the conflict urge.

Nought, nought around, but waves and skies,

No refuge where the foot may flee,

How will he cast—oh, Rock Divine!

The anchor of his hope in Thee.

L. H. S.

#### ALL ALONE.

By E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,  
Author of "The Hidden Hand," "Self-Made," &c., &c.

#### CHAPTER LXXV.

##### LOST LINKS IN A LIFE.

Oh, sir, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st  
There is another comfort in this world,  
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion,  
That I am touched with madness.

Shakespeare.

ARTHUR POWIS, of whose identity there was no longer any question, thanked the sexton for his information and dismissed him. And then he turned his face to the wall to think over all that he had heard.

With a great deal of truth, the sexton had mixed a little error in his statement. Mrs. Llewellyn and her family had gone; but they had not taken Gladys with them. She had escaped to Scotland, and they were in pursuit of her.

But on the mind of Arthur Powis there was no longer any doubt; Gladys had fallen into the hands of her treacherous guardian, and had been forced or deceived into consenting to a marriage with her imbecile son, when his own unexpected appearance in the church providentially interrupted the proceedings. And she had recognized him, even in his disguise and degradation; and that recognition had thrown her into a swoon.

Not for one moment did Arthur Powis blame his poor young wife; but his heart burned with indignation against the false guardian and the weak bridegroom, against both of whom he mentally recorded vows of vengeance.

They had gone back to Cader Idris; and, according to the sexton's statement, they had taken Gladys with them; and she was still in their power, and, though the felonious marriage had been interrupted, they would still persist in their purpose and compel or beguile her into consummating it. Therefore he resolved, ill as he was, to set out for Cader Idris, rescue Gladys from the power of her tormentors; and appeal to the law to set aside the betrayed guardianship of Mrs. Llewellyn, and to restore the estates of Cader Idris to the legal heiress and to her husband.

To investigate that affair of the murderous attack that had been made upon him thirteen months before, and that had inflicted upon him more than a year of insanity and loss of identity, and to bring the criminals to justice, was quite an after-consideration.

But to do anything effectually, he must immediately begin to trace back the events of this last, lost year of his life, and pick up the dropped links of memory's chain.

It was now, however, late at night; the attendants had all gone; no one but a night-nurse was in charge of the ward.

Nothing, therefore, could be done until the morning; and Arthur Powis was obliged to resign himself to circumstances.

He was still so weak that sleep gently overcame him in the midst of his anxieties, and wrapped him in forgetfulness.

So great was the reaction from his previous excitement that he slept very late into the next morning: he slept until the ward was put into perfect order for the day and the doctor paid his morning visit.

The doctor came to the bedside.

The nurse was standing there.

She herself had been busy picking up lost links.

She had searched the Navy Lists of the current and the past years; and she had found the name of Arthur Powis on all the lists she had looked at, except that for the current year.

Then she had procured files of the papers for October of the preceding year, and had found many paragraphs, headed—"Mysterious disappearance of a naval officer;" "Supposed murder of Lieutenant Arthur Powis;" and also advertisements offering rewards for any intelligence respecting his fate.

And she had copied all these paragraphs and advertisements, and put them in her pocket to show to the doctor.

The doctor was now standing by the patient's bedside, and inquiring, cheerfully:

"How is Simmons this morning?"

"Lieutenant Powis is better," replied the nurse.

"Eh! what! has he infected you with his madness?" smilingly demanded the doctor.

"It is no madness—at least not now. There has been madness, or rather monomania; but that was when our patient supposed himself to be William Simmons."

The doctor stared.

"Oh, sir, surely, in the course of your practice, this cannot be the first case you have met with of this sort," said the nurse, a little impatiently.

"Just give me to understand your reasons for saying what you do," requested the doctor.

The nurse told him all that had passed between herself and the patient; and between the patient and the sexton; and then she showed him her extracts from the Navy List and from the papers of the preceding year.

"Humph! this looks as if the young man was Arthur Powis, sure enough," said the doctor, who seemed unwilling to commit himself by giving a decided opinion.

In the midst of the discussion the patient opened his eyes. Then the doctor betrayed his real sentiment, when he inquired:

"How do you feel this morning, Mr. Powis?"

"Very much better, thank you, Doctor Howard. Thank you, also, for recognising me at last as Arthur Powis," said the young man, gravely.

"Why, I hope you do not think there was any wilfulness in my refusing to do so before?" smiled the doctor.

"I do not; but now I wish you to tell me whether I can leave here to-day?"

"Why—ew!"

"That is no answer, doctor."

"Then, my dear fellow, no! It is utterly impossible. You could not stand on your feet for a single minute. You could not sit up in bed for two minutes."

You are much weaker than you imagine; although, mind, you are doing extremely well, and recovering as fast as possible."

The young man did not sigh. He closed his lips firmly, and looked very grim, when he heard this sentence. After a little while he opened them again, and inquired:

"Doctor, are there no powerful tonics, or stimulants, or both combined, in the Pharmacopoeia, that might give me a transient strength, that would enable me—enable me to perform a journey?"

"And drop down, and have a relapse of the brain fever in the middle of it? No."

"It is of such vital importance that I should go immediately."

"Would not a letter answer?"

"No; for it would never reach its destination."

"Could you not send a messenger on your business?"

"No; for a messenger would not be permitted the opportunity to deliver my message."



"Why, how is this? What mystery is this?" inquired the doctor, doubtfully, as though he still suspected the perfect sanity of his patient.

"Oh, sir, it is a long, sad story. But, if you have time this morning, I would like to tell it to you, and have your advice upon it."

"I have other patients to visit, that will occupy me about two hours. After that I shall be at leisure for about half an hour, and will put myself at your service."

"Thank you, doctor. And now I wish you to tell me, if I am very self-controlled, and very careful to co-operate with you for my rapid restoration to health, how soon, at the earliest, may I be able to travel?"

The doctor hesitated, and then, looking into the anxious, questioning eyes of his patient, answered:

"Within a week, and sooner, perhaps, if you can get any friend to travel with you."

"Friend! I wonder where I could find one now? They must all believe me dead a twelve-month!" said Arthur Powis, rubbing his scarred forehead.

But the doctor had already passed on to his other patients.

"Nurse!" said the young man.

"Well, Mr. Powis?"

"If I am to lie here several days more, I may just as well begin my work from this bed, and do it as well as I can."

"What work, friend?"

"Picking up dropped stitches! And as I must begin at the present time, and trace back step by step, I wish you to send for that landlady, at whose house you said I lived last, and let me question her. Will you do this?"

"Certainly! I will do it at once," said the nurse, going off immediately to comply with his request.

She soon returned, and informed Arthur that a messenger had been despatched to fetch Mrs. Simmons.

At the expiration of the two hours, the doctor came back from his round of visits, and sat down by the side of his patient to hear his story.

In as few words as he could clearly relate the circumstances, Arthur Powis told Doctor Howard everything.

The doctor listened with the most interested attention.

The patient concluded his narrative by saying:

"I know that Mrs. Llewellyn instigated the assassin to that murderous attack upon my life. I know that she believed the attempt to have been successful; and that she sought to force or to deceive my supposed widow into a marriage with her imbecile son, that he might become the nominal master of Cader Idris, while she, his mother, would really wield all the power, and appropriate all the revenues of the estate."

"From what you have narrated, I think your opinions of her designs are well founded," said the doctor.

"I know they are," agreed Mr. Powis. "But now listen again! I told you, on the authority of others—for to me it is like a nightmare—the scene that took place in church. Think what would have been the consequences had not that ceremony been providentially interrupted! We have the sexton's word that they have returned to Cader Idris, taking my wife with them. She is in their power; and the iniquitous ceremony that was interrupted in the church may be resumed and concluded elsewhere! And now judge what reason I have for wishing to hasten after them."

"But your wife would never consent! Having seen and recognized you in the church, as you say she did, she will never be so criminal as to consent to such a marriage."

"Oh! she is but a young and timid girl; and she is in the power of a wretch possessed of all the wickedness and guile of Satan."

"Then write to her at once. Tell her your whereabouts; and tell her that you will be at her side before the week is out."

"The letter would never be permitted to reach her. It would be intercepted by Mrs. Llewellyn."

"Then send a trusty messenger. I will advance you what money you may want."

"No, thank you very much. But no messenger would be permitted to see her. She is, in all human probability, a prisoner in her own room at Cader Idris."

"What a complicated business it is altogether!" broke forth the doctor; but instantly recollecting that he had spoken too abruptly to a convalescent man, he softened down his tone and muttered, "Well, well, you keep cool and quiet as you can for a few days, and then you will be able to go down there yourself. And nothing of the sort you fear is at all likely to happen very soon."

"No, I think not! I think it will take months for them to get over the shock they all received in the church."

While the doctor and his patient conversed, a visitor was announced to the latter. It was Mrs. Sim-

mons. And so the doctor took his leave, and gave his place to the new comer.

But Mrs. Simmons was not alone. A fine-looking young man, who seemed to be a labourer in his Sunday clothes, accompanied her.

"Being as it were a sick man, let alone my own boarder, laid up in a hospital, as sent for me, I felt bound to come; for all that Billy here—meaning my own Billy, and not my boarder—had just that minute arrived from Scotland, all unexpected; which I didn't look for him until Christmas; and as I wouldn't abide to let my eyes off him for a single minute, I just brought him along, hoping no offence to the nurses," said Mrs. Simmons, panting for breath, as she sank down into a chair beside Arthur's bed.

"Oh, no offence at all," answered the nurse, smiling.

"Well, and Billy, how are you? and did you want me for anything particular?—meaning not my own Billy, but you there in the bed."

"I am rapidly recovering, thank you. What I wish to know of you is—When and under what circumstances I came to your house to lodge?" said Arthur Powis, fixing his earnest eyes upon the woman's face.

Mrs. Simmons stared. This was not the look or the manner, or even the words and tones of the boarder; his look was wandering, his manner distracted, his words few, and his tones gruff; this man's was the reverse of all that; and his late landlady stared until she found her tongue, and then she exclaimed:

"Hoity-toity! You're a putting on of airs, ain't you? Whoever heard tell of your talking dictionary to me?"

The young patient's eyes kindled ominously. But the nurse shook her finger at him, smiled, and stooping, whispered:

"I must take her aside and explain, if I can."

Then she drew Mrs. Simmons away from the bedside, and in a few plain words stated the case.

The old clothes vender stared more than ever, and at last answered:

"Well, there! I always thought there was something out'n the way about Billy, poor, dear fellow! And so he imagined himself to be a naval officer. Lor!"

"No, no, no, Mrs. Simmons, he really was a naval officer; only after he received that blow on the head which injured his brain, he somehow or other got the impression that his name was William Simmons, and he laboured under that delusion for more than a year," said the nurse.

"Yes, poor fellow, he laboured hard enough at that hod-trotting, I won't deny that! And never failed to pay his board regular like a honest man, and never grumbled at his wittels, like a Christian," said the bewildered landlady.

## CHAPTER LXXVI

### A NEW COMER.

Let me speak to the yet unknowing world  
How these things came about: so shall you hear  
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;  
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;  
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forced cause;  
And in this upshot, purposes mistook  
Fallen on the inventors' heads.

Shakespeare.

WHILE the nurse was trying to make the case clear to Mrs. Simmons, and the latter was trying to understand it, the real "Simon Pure" was standing staring down at the face of Arthur Powis, until at last he exclaimed:

"Oh, I say, look here! I've seen you before."

"Where?" anxiously demanded Arthur, in the hope that in the answer he might pick up a lost link or two.

"Why, in Scotland, to be sure."

"When, and under what circumstances?"

"Good gracious me! why that night when you went a-bathing, and was like to have gone to the other world."

"Went a-bathing!" breathlessly repeated Arthur Powis.

"Yes; at least, we all thought you did."

"For heaven's sake, tell me all about it; for I have no recollection whatever of the circumstance."

"Very like you haven't; for the breath was clean knocked out of your body, and the senses out of your brains, by that everlasting plunge you made."

"Plunge I made?"

"Yes. You took a flying leap from the bridge into the water, and, of course, you struck one of the timbers that prop the old foundation."

"Friend, I know nothing whatever of all this! Pray tell me the story, as you would tell it to a perfect stranger. I am intensely interested in hearing it," said Arthur Powis, eagerly.

"Well, I haven't got any objection, though it does

seem strange to tell a man his own story. And I'm afraid I shall have to begin at the beginning, and talk about myself, eh, sir?"

"Anything that brings me information."

"Well, then, you must know, sir, when we first went to Scotland, me and John Howe, we wasn't engaged on Government work, but had to take anything we could get to do to bring us wages; so we shipped aboard of an oyster vessel, you see."

"Yes."

"Well, one Sunday evenin', when us men had nothing to do, two of us took the row-boat and we rowed up the river."

"Yes."

"Well, we rowed up as far as the bridge, which was just then getting to be rather shadowy in the twilight, and just when we got there, we saw a man drop over it into the water with a great splash."

"There," says my mate, 'that's a man trying to commit suicide by drowning of himself.'

"No," says I; 'more likely he is going to take a bath.'

"Anyways, sir, we rowed to the spot to see what the matter was; and there we saw the man tangled half in and half out of the water, being caught in the under-pinnings of the bridge. That man was you, sir!"

"I know—I know!" said Arthur Powis, eagerly.

"But, for heaven's sake, go on."

"Well, sir, we lifted you into the boat, and one of the men threw a pea jacket over you, for you was undressed, sir. And then we struck a light and commenced to examine you. You had a awful gash that laid open your forehead, where you must have struck in falling. At first we couldn't tell whether you were dead or not. My mate, John Howe, thought not; for he says, says he:

"If that man meant to commit suicide, he's made a mess of it; for he has mangled himself and only half done the job."

"You fool," says I, 'do men do the trouble to undress before they commit suicide?'

"Oh, I didn't think of that," says he.

"He was going to take a bath only as he jumped off he struck the under-pinnings of the bridge, and here he is." Wasn't I right, sir? inquired Mrs. Simmons' son."

"No, my friend. Neither you nor your mate hit upon the real cause of my injury. But let that pass for the present. You saved my life. I will not thank you for doing so, as I should thank you for handing me a newspaper, or lending me an umbrella; no! but henceforth William Simmons, you are my brother!" said Arthur Powis, fervently, holding out his hand.

The young man was rather overpowered by this excessive demonstration of gratitude, and he blushed like a girl as Arthur Powis wrung his hand.

"I'm sure, sir, I did no more than my duty. Why a heathen infidel would not stand by and see a drowning man drowned, let alone a Christian."

"What next? I want to know what followed, and how I came to be called by your name," said Arthur.

"Well, I will tell you, sir. Well, you see, there you lay in the bottom of the boat, cold as ice, and growing colder every minute, with nothing but the pea-jacket thrown over you. Fortunately I had a extra pair of trousers with me in the boat; and now they came right into use, for we put them on to you. And then we put the pea-jacket on to you, right. And when we had made you decent, we rowed down the river, to find a good landing-place. And there we landed, and went to find some one to help to move you. It was the most lonesome place to be so near. Hardly a house to be seen. Well, we found a house at last; but the man that owned it couldn't take you in; but he told us that the poor-house was not far off, and we had better take you there. And he lent us the loan of his door, which he took off the hinges; and we took it down to the boat and laid you on it, and carried you to the poor-house. You were breathing when we got you there. And the master and the matron came out and looked at you, and asked us about eleven thousand questions—Who were you? Where were you hurt? How did it happen? And all that, and we answered—That you were out bathing, and, in jumping from the bridge to make your plunge, you struck your head against the underpinnings of the bridge, and stunned yourself. And though you say, sir, as that wasn't the way it happened, we certainly thought it was, and we told the governor so, and he believed it. Well, after a little objecting, and so on, they took you in there. And there we left you, being obliged to get back to the oyster vessel as fast as ever we could. And I never saw you again, sir, until I see you here; for we sailed the next morning, and was gone for three weeks."

"You saved my life, and henceforth you are my brother!" said Arthur Powis, with emotion. "But you haven't yet told me how it was that I happened to be called by your name."

"Haven't I? I thought that I had? It was all along of the trousers?"

"The trousers?"

"Yes; you see—but I'd better tell you all about it! At the end of our three weeks' voyage we come back to Scotland with a load of oysters, and the first thing I thought of after we had sold out was the man who had broken his head by jumping off the bridge. So I just went to the poor-house to ask what had become of you, and whether you had got over it, and so on."

"Oh, you mean William Simmons, who had that dreadful fracture in the forehead from striking his head in jumping from a bridge?" said the matron.

"The same," said I—"only his name is not Simmons; Simmons is my name."

"Yes, it is," said the matron.

"How do you know that?" said I, rather mad to see her so positive.

"Why, because Simmons was the name on the pocket handkerchief in his trousers pocket. And Simmons was the name writ on the back of a letter in the pocket of his pea jacket. And when he came to himself we called him Simmons, and he never denied his name. And, moreover, when the clerk who was making out the report asked him if his name was William Simmons, he said he believed it was; and whether his friends lived in Edinburgh, he said he believed they did. But he seemed to be either a half-witted fellow naturally, or to have been seriously injured in the brain by the blow he received," says the matron.

"Well, sir, I saw how it was in a minute. I saw, as they didn't know your own name, it was very natural they should suppose it to be the name found on the letter and the pocket handkerchief about you. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," said Arthur Powis; "and in the weakened state of my brain at the time of my restoration to consciousness it was equally natural, I suppose, that it should very readily receive any impression made upon it. And so when they called me William Simmons, I, being half insane at the time, believed that to be my name. But go on!"

"Well, sir, I asked to see you; but the matron told me that you were not there; that you had left the asylum three days before, with a young man of the name of Slosh, to set out and walk with him in search of work. Then, sir, I left. And that is all I ever heard of you until I saw you here."

William Simmons had finished his story.

Arthur Powis lay, with his hands pressed upon his forehead, in deep and silent thought. Presently, however, he stretched out his arm, took the hand of Simmons in his own, and holding it closely clasped, he said:

"You have done me an invaluable service—not only in the preservation of my life, but in the restoration to me of the lost links in my memory's chain. For, while you spoke to me, I began to remember, as a dream, the incidents you related. In time I hope to recover the whole of my broken life. I have said that you shall henceforth be my brother. You shall. When I rise from this bed, one of my first cares shall be to acknowledge, in a more substantial manner, the great debt that I owe you. Let me see you again to-morrow. Good-bye."

Mrs. Simmons, who had been waiting impatiently for this interview to close, now came forward to take leave.

"Good-bye, Mr. Arthur Simmons—I mean Mr. William Powis. I hope you'll get up soon. I ain't a bit surprised. I knowed a gentleman once, in a brain fever, as imagined his own blessed legs to be glass tubes, and was dreadful 'fraid the nurse might break them every time she straightened the liver; and a lady who imagined her head to be a hot loaf, and was 'fraid to go to sleep for fear the cook would slice it for tea. But they got over it, and so will you, and so good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Arthur, smiling.

When his visitors had left him, Arthur beckoned the nurse to his bedside.

"Nurse, if I am not taxing your patience too much, I should like to ask another favour of you."

"Name it, Mr. Powis. I am glad to be of service to you."

"Well, then—when you were telling me all you knew of my history, you spoke of a Mrs. Slosh among my landladies."

"Yes; she is a washerwoman, and lives in Catherine-street."

"Well, Simmons tells me I came to London in company with a man named Slosh, who must have been of the same family, I think. Now, I want that man found."

"I will go myself this afternoon—I have business in Catherine-street—and I will inquire of the woman."

"Thank you, nurse. Ah! it seems to me that it requires all my breath to return proper thanks for all the kindness that is shown me."

That afternoon the nurse went on her errand. At about sunset she returned. And this was the sum of the information she had obtained from the landlady: That her husband, John Slosh, was a roving, unthrifty sort of man, and that in the last year he had gone to Scotland, and while there had been taken up for vagrancy and committed to the workhouse, where he took a great fancy to a good-natured sort of youth, who was in the house, recovering from a broken head. And that, when his term of imprisonment was out, he persuaded this youth, Simmons, to accompany him in his tramp back to London. And they arrived together, and lived for several months at Mrs. Slosh's house.

"The chain of memory is now complete," said Arthur Powis. "It is strange that I could not remember any incidents of this past year until they were related to me, and that then I remembered them as a dream! But all is growing clearer to me day by day."

Several days passed, and Arthur Powis grew stronger and stronger.

But no answer came to his letter to the Misses Crane.

It was, however, now of little consequence, since, from the statement of the sexton, he firmly believed that Gladys was not with them, but in the hands of her terrible enemy, Mrs. Jay Llewellyn.

Arthur grew more and more impatient to be gone.

One morning, William Simmons came to him, and said:

"This is the last visit I shall pay you, Mr. Powis. I am come to say good-bye. I am going back to Scotland by the night train."

"Going back to Scotland!" exclaimed Arthur Powis, with his eyes lighting up.

"Yes; I can't get any work here to pay me as high wages as I can get there; so I have made up my mind to go back."

"Simmons!" said Arthur, eagerly, "is it necessary that you should go to-night?"

"N-no; but I feel as if I'm losing time and money every day I stay here."

"Oh, then, my good fellow, do me a favour, and I will make up to you all loss of time and money."

"Any favour in the world, Mr. Powis!" exclaimed the young man, with equal cordiality and disinterestedness, for one grows very fond of a person whose life he has saved.

"Put off your journey till to-morrow then, and then I will go with you."

"You, Mr. Powis!" exclaimed Simmons, in astonishment.

"Yes; the doctor says that I can go before the week of probation is out, provided I can get any one to go with me."

"Oh, then, I'll stop and go, of course! I'd stop two or three days, for you, sir."

"Thank you, Simmons, I will speak to the doctor. Come around and see me this evening, and I will tell you what he says."

"I'll do so, sir. Good-bye, sir." And Simmons went away.

When Doctor Howard made his afternoon visit, Arthur Powis broached the subject.

But the doctor would not consent for his patient to start so soon on so long a journey, even in the care of an attendant. But in three days' time he should go.

When young Simmons came in the evening, Arthur told him what the doctor had said.

"Very well," replied the good-natured young fellow; "I can wait. Lord bless you, sir, there's no such hurry, if one has got good reason for stopping."

Arthur pressed the rough hand of the workman.

"What a good fellow you are, Simmons; I really love you."

"So do I you, sir, I'm sure."

After this mutual declaration of attachment, the friends parted.

Arthur Powis announced to the nurse his approaching departure; and she cheered him with good wishes and bright hopes.

The doctor kindly advanced money for the expenses of the journey.

And on the appointed day, a bright, frosty Saturday, Arthur Powis, attended by William Simmons, took the early train for Scotland.

The journey was a propitious one.

Hope buoyed up the spirits of Arthur Powis, and enabled him to endure the fatigue very well.

They arrived about ten o'clock at night.

So, late as it was, Arthur Powis, unable or unwilling to bear the suspense and anxiety of another night, which seemed likely to prove the last feather that breaks the camel's back—Arthur Powis, I say, resolved to go at once to his old lodgings at Ceres Cottage, knock up the old ladies, if they had gone to bed, and gain from them all the news of Gladys that they might be able to give.

William Simmons volunteered to go with his friend;

and see him safely housed before leaving him. And so they hailed a cab, got into it, and drove towards Ceres Cottage, which they reached at eleven o'clock.

(To be continued.)

### THE NAIL HOLES.

"Tom," said a farmer to his son, one Monday morning, "fetch me a piece of board and a handful of nails."

The boy did as his father requested.

"Now, Tom," continued his father, "we are all only too apt to acquire bad habits, and once acquired, a strong effort is needed to get quit of them. The first step towards reformation is making ourselves thoroughly aware of the bad habits in which we are indulging. I have noticed, with sorrow, Tom, that, even young as you are, you have fallen into certain practices which, if not put a stop to now, will, if God spares you, embitter all your future life. You will take this piece of board and these nails to your own room. Every evening, before going to bed, always say to yourself, 'What are the bad habits of which I am guilty?' For every bad habit of which you can accuse yourself, you drive a nail into this board. On every Saturday night you must bring the board to me."

Tom promised that he would do as his father had ordered.

When Saturday night came Tom presented the board to his father. Five nails had been driven into it.

"What bad habits do these five nails represent?" asked his father.

"One of them," replied Tom, "is laziness in the morning; another, putting off time when sent on a message; another, idleness at school; another, not coming straight home from school; and another inattention in church."

"There are many others, Tom, that I am aware of; but, in the meantime these five will answer my purpose. Take the board back to your room; try to reform; and for every one of these bad habits that you get quit of, draw a nail from the board, and bring it to me."

Many weeks passed away; but at last Tom brought the board to his father, and said:

"Look, father, the nails are all out!"

"Yes, Tom, the nails are out, but the holes they made are left. Let this board teach you this lesson, my dear boy—the bad habits that we acquire in youth, although we may shake them off as we grow up, always leave their marks behind. The hours wasted in bed can never be recovered; the time mispent by not going an errand speedily, or loitering on the way from school, can never be recalled; and the inattention in church, or at lessons, can never be compensated for, although we may be ever so diligent and inattentive in after years."

At Compiègne, "Ombres Chinoises" of a very original kind have been given. Masks were made to resemble all the persons who took part in the entertainment, but each one took a mask which was not his counterpart's resemblance, and chose a costume of nature the better to deceive the spectators. Much amusement was thus caused by the difficulty in fixing on the identity of the shadows.

WHAT IS A TRAVELLER?—In Banco, before three justices of the Queen's Bench, came on Saturday the appeal from the keeper of the refreshment-rooms at the Victoria-station against the conviction of Mr. Arnold at the Westminster Court for serving with refreshment, in prohibited hours, persons who had already taken their tickets for a journey on the railway. The judges decided that when a man has taken his ticket he has become a traveller; and Mr. Justice Crompton thought a man might be considered a traveller even before he took his ticket. The intention, said Mr. Justice Mellor, was to prevent a man from going and sitting drinking in a public-house. This liberal interpretation of the statute will, it may be supposed, diminish the number of these annoying cases. The judges nearly all lean to the opinion that a man leaving his house with the intent of making a journey is a traveller the moment he is outside his own door. This seems to throw the *bona fide* of the matter on the customer rather than on the publican.

The building near the Bridge of the Alma, Paris, intended to lodge the Emperor's horses, has been completed within the last few days. A finish is being given to the interior of the riding-school, which is a spacious circus, lighted with bulls'-eyes. The floor is covered with a thick coat of sand and sawdust rolled as smooth as a carpet, and well calculated to prevent any injury from a fall. The walls are likewise padded to prevent accidents, and there is a gallery at one end sufficient to accommodate forty spectators. The apartments for the officers and servants, the saddle-



and coachmakers' workshops, and the smiths' forge are already occupied. The whole establishment is laid out with great taste. The stables themselves are composed of three naves, separated by arches, and divided into stalls by wooden partitions. The mangers are made of cement, nearly as hard as stone, and beside each is a trough always filled with water, so that the horse which occupies the stall may drink when he is thirsty. The interior courtyards are supplied with watering-troughs filled with Seine water.

### MILDRED THE ACTRESS.

The act-drop had just fallen on the screen-scene in the *School for Scandal*, and the walls of the old theatre were yet vibrating with the vehement acclamations called forth by the fine acting of the performers in the comedy.

It was in the palmy days of the drama, when those who adopted the stage as a profession regarded their employment as a high art, and brought to it the same perseverance, study, and enthusiasm which the painter and the sculptor devote to their elevating art—and the public gallantly sustained them.

In the days of which we speak, luxury had not taken a deep root, fashionable society comprised a limited number of persons of refined taste, and moderate in their style of living.

Instead of giving expensive entertainments, parties, and balls, at which each one of the thousand guests is collected in an impure atmosphere, crowded to exhaustion, and happy only at the closing of the festival, they made the theatre their habitual rendezvous, where brilliant and intellectual groups gathered in the intervals of the acts, and wit and mirth held high revelry.

Men of toil found relaxation from their labours in the excellent performances presented on the stage, and the pit was nightly crowded, not with noisy mobs, but with orderly persons, in pursuit of both instruction and amusement.

The stage was a leading means of tasteful intellectual culture. We do not complain that times have changed, and the throng flows now in a different channel.

Different periods have their different fashions. With us the drama has declined—whether it will ever revive, and whether that revival will be fraught with good or evil are questions to be discussed elsewhere.

Well—the act-drop had fallen, and in the long "wait," as it is technically termed, that followed, people amused themselves by reviewing and criticising the performances they had just witnessed.

Though there was a difference of opinion with regard to the Sir Peter, and the Charles and Joseph of the evening, there was none as to the merits of the representative of Lady Teazle.

Miss Lyndford, who sustained the character of the beautiful country girl, transformed into the brilliant lady of fashion, and sparkling, witty, flattered and shining upon flowers to the verge of ruin, was one of those exquisite creatures born to command homage, as a queen to reign.

Her figure, not exceeding the medium height of her sex, was rounded and Medicean in its contour; her hands and feet were exquisitely small.

Her hazel eyes literally swam in liquid lustre; her mouth had a mocking sweetness, than which nothing could be more fascinating; and her elegant head was poised to her shoulders by a neck, the graceful modelling of which art would vainly—has vainly striven to imitate.

But her airy motion—her easy, graceful attitude, the carriage of her arms, the perfect polish of her manner, these elements of individuality it is impossible to describe.

They linger in the memory of old play-goers as among the brightest traditions of their youthful days. She played the mischief with those who once beheld her.

Ever afterwards they could not read of loveliness in history or romance—of Cleopatra, Mary Queen of Scots, or other queens of beauty, without that smiling image presenting itself, and binding the imagination captive to her memory.

"Ah, she is a glorious creature!" cried young Bagle of the Guards, very radiant in his regimentals, "a glorious creature! I suppose, now, there never was a woman so handsome as she is."

"Poh!" said Peregrine Mixture, an importing merchant who had once been to Leghorn; "you haven't seen the women of Italy."

"Haven't I, though?" exclaimed Bagle, warmly. "I saw one this evening, playing on a tambourine. The I don't fancy that style."

"She looks like a very uncommon person," said a rather unkempt young man in spectacles and seedy black, who had been convicted of doing poetry occasionally. "I should think the story of her life must be very remarkable."

"I know all about it," said Major Haddock, an officer in the militia, and an inveterate gossip. "Her mother was a nobleman's daughter, who ran away with an officer in the Guards."

"And what became of him?" asked an inquisitive gentleman with a copper-coloured nose.

"He killed himself," said the major.

"Ratsbane or pistols?" asked the inquisitive gentleman.

"Beer," said the major.

There was a melancholy pause.

"And what became of the mother?" asked the inquisitive gentleman.

"Pined away for the dear departed, and was buried. Daughter took to selling matches. French milliner took a fancy to her—taught her dressmaking and French. Girl became acquainted with an actress."

Actress took her to the theatre—girl liked it—manager liked her—brought her out as Juliet—best first appearance known—took the house by storm, and here she is, scarce twenty, taking the leading parts, and leading the town by the nose."

"She looks amiable," said the rather ill-conditioned young man who was guilty of making poetry.

"Looks! nonsense!" said the major. "They're all alike—coquettes—jilts, every one. It's the profession runs 'em so low—ch—Manners?"

The last expression was addressed to a tall, dark-eyed young man, in black, who had just joined the group. He was a lawyer, rising fast at the bar, and renowned for the eloquence he displayed.

"I dissent from your opinion, major," said Manners.

"It is the individual, and not the employment, that makes the character. I will not quote Pope to sustain my position. But as for the stage, I by no means regard it as fraught with peculiar dangers to mind or morals. It exacts talent of the first order—a high appreciation of mental excellence—an oratory more difficult than the bar or forum require—a versatility greater than either, an earnestness, a purpose, a will, that must tend to the formation of an energetic character."

"These are your notions!" exclaimed the major.

"Theories! theories! theories!"

"I do not rely on theory alone," rejoined Manners.

"I have known actors—ay, and actresses, too—fitted to be ornaments and acquisitions to any society."

"Miss Lyndford, for instance," said the major.

"I did not mention her," said Manners, slightly colouring.

"And what do you think of her?" asked the inquisitive man.

"I am hardly qualified to judge," replied Manners, carelessly. "I merely run into the house occasionally, in the intervals of severe labour and study, and scarcely ever sit a whole play out. But hark! there's the bell, gentlemen; we must get our places."

The group dispersed, and Manners took a seat by himself, where, leaning on his cane, he seemed to give himself up to the emotions evoked by the comedians.

But one who watched him narrowly, would have seen that he took little interest in the progress of the piece.

The flashes of wit that send their corruscations through the whole of Sheridan's dialogue, elicited no smile, nor even that brightening of the eye which those vivid intellectual pyrotechnics are apt to call forth—for wit addresses itself to the perceptive faculties; on the contrary, he evinced impatience at the prolongation of the exciting gladiatorial combat of mind and mind, as if he could have swept those babblers from the scene.

But when Miss Lyndford entered on the stage, a calm seemed to wrap his spirit.

With eyes dilated, and his lips apart, he drank in every motion of her supple figure; every sound of that sweet, metallic voice seemed to thrill on his heart-strings.

Yet when the house shook with plaudits, his hand moved not. He gave no outward sign that he appreciated the marvellous beauty, the transcendent grace and talent of that fair young creature.

More than once he thought her bright eyes, as they moved over the sea of faces that rolled on every side, flashing glances like sunbeams upon billows, rested upon him, and that those luminous eyes dived into his soul.

It was as if an optic glass had brought her suddenly near him—and then she receded again, as if the magic medium had been withdrawn.

Could Edward Manners—who, though tribune of the people, was sprung from a haughty family, and was a pet in aristocratic circles—could he, with his unconcealed prejudices, his high-soaring ambition and thirst for power, his taste for luxury and refined association—could he have fallen in love with an actress—a Pariah—at once the plaything and the scorn of the public—an idol worshipped while its bright colours last, and cast down from its pedestal when old and worn?

Doubtless, Manners, with his susceptibility to the

charms of beauty and art, was dazzled while the meteor was crossing his field of vision, but his heart could not be scathed with its splendour.

He would go home to pore over his law-books and political pamphlets, to read the letters of the great men with whom he corresponded, to dream of the success of his party, to picture, in the bright future opening before him, the parliamentary renown—the seat in the cabinet, which awaited him,—greater by the all hail hereafter—but not to think of one who decked her person, and exhibited her charms, as a hireling before the multitude.

The curtain fallen, Manners rose and left the house. "Kerridge, Mr. Manners? Kerridge? Kerridge?" cried a dozen hackmen, for they all knew him.

"No!" answered the young man, moodily. "I shall walk home."

He pulled his hat over his brows, threw his Spanish cloak over his shoulder, and turned abruptly into the street, mingling with the dense crowd that poured out of the theatre.

But in a few seconds he retraced his steps, and skirting the flank of the throng, dived into a narrow alley, where, posting himself near the stage door, by which the employees were to issue, he seemed to await the coming forth of some acquaintance.

One by one, candle-snuffers, dukes, brigands, clowns and gentlemen, ladies and waiting-maids, with their bundles of "properties," issued forth, joking and laughing familiarly together, as frolicsome as children let loose from school. And they are but boys and girls—these poor children of the stage. They spend their earnings as freely as children do their pocket-money; and when old age, sickness, and want rends the film from their eyes, the perception of reality comes too late.

So Manners waited, paying little heed to the careless remarks of the departing Thespians. All at once he started. Two female figures appeared in the alley. The old black bonnet and veil, the well-worn cloak, adopted with a prudential regard to the vicissitudes of the weather, could not conceal from the perception of his heart the object of his search.

"Edmund!"

"Mildred!"

They linked arms, and the second female—an old woman with a bundle, fell obligingly behind.

When he felt the light pressure of Mildred Lyndford's arm upon his, Edmund forgot everything in the joy of her presence. The blood that coursed through that exquisitely moulded arm throbbled at his own heart, and the current of his own veins seemed transferred to hers. The world—the care of his fame—the doubt of his mother's approval, now absent in a foreign land—all vanished. The whole universe for him was centred in the exquisite creature that tremulously and fondly nestled to his side. There was music in the rustle of her silk dress beneath her faded cloak—perfume in the breath of those lips that murmured close beside his cheek.

"How long, Mildred," he asked, "must I thus meet you and woo you by stealth? How long must this fiery impatience consume my very soul? How long before I throw open the doors of my chosen home, and welcome its mistress, its queen, to my heart?"

"Dear Edmund," said the actress, "are not these brief interviews delicious? Is not the rapture of such a moment as this cheaply purchased by days of self-denial and isolation? Ah! something tells me that these are the happiest hours of our lives, and that in the future that you paint so vividly and eloquently, there are shadows, clouds, and darkness."

"Mildred," cried the young man, as he pressed her arm almost convulsively, "there is eternal sunshine beyond—above the clouds that dim your vision."

"There is eternal sunshine only for those who have passed through the dark portals of the valley of the shadow of death," replied the actress, mournfully. "But come, Edmund," she resumed, more gaily, "I will not play the evil prophetess, nor seek to be a poetess. I will be a rational, human being. Wait a little while. I must strive to make some provision for my poor mother," she added, in a lower tone.

"She shall live with us," cried Manners, warmly.

"No, Edmund. I feel very well that a poor, uneducated old woman, whose associations have ever been of the lowest class—for to give me an education and accomplishments she sacrificed herself heroically—would not be a fitting inmate of your circle. Nor would she be happy there—poor mother! No! when she gives me to your arms, she parts with me for ever."

They walked on in silence for a few moments. It would seem as if Mildred's mother had overheard her last words, though they were guardedly uttered in a low tone, for a smothered sob caught the quick ear of Edmund.

"And there is another, and a more important motive for delay," resumed Mildred. "You know not yet whether your mother will give her consent to our union—and without that consent I have solemnly

resolved never to be yours. You have written to her at Florence long ago, and yet you have received no answer. This silence is ominous."

"Not so; it is propitious," said the young lover; "she is on her way home. She will soon be here."

"Here!" cried Mildred, with a vague presentiment.

"She will see you," he pursued, with animation. "Your beauty, your goodness will vanquish every shade of prejudice; she will be proud to call you daughter."

As they conversed, they had reached the door of Mildred's home.

"I cannot press you to come in," said Mildred. "It is late."

"Oh, do come in and take a bit of supper with us," chimed in the old woman, whose constrained silence now indemnified itself in an outpouring of words. "There's enough for all three on us—and I'm sure you'll be very welcome."

"I thank you, madam," replied Manners; "but I cannot possibly accept your polite invitation. Good-evening, ma'am. Good-night, Mildred."

He walked away abruptly. The coarse tones and ungrammatical expressions of the good old woman jarred harshly on his sensitive nature.

It is thus, in the scenes of one of Shakespeare's tragedies, that the jest of a clown revolts the fastidiousness of a Frenchman, and he forgets that comedy and tragedy, coarseness and refinement, elbow each other in this motley world.

Mildred was worthy of presentation to a queen—nay, to preside herself over the most refined court in Christendom; but what a mother-in-law to introduce to his loving and kind-hearted, but proud and prejudiced parent! Could he hope to win her consent to his marrying into such a family? Well, what if she refused?

He faltered at the thought. He had promised his father on his deathbed to love, cherish, and obey that mother through life, and his heart had ratified the pledge.

Could he break it at the impulse of passion? And even if he resolved to do that violence to the memory of his father, and the grey hairs of his mother, was he sure of overcoming Mildred's resolution?

Alas! he felt that his resolve was unalterable. The high probity of her character forbade all hope from that quarter. What then remained? Patiently to await his mother's decease.

He shuddered as he found himself calculating the chances of that dear life; and so, finally worn out with mental anxiety, he threw himself upon his bed; his uneasy slumber was peopled with a thousand painful images, and confused but menacing incidents.

The next day brought a letter from his mother, which should have been received long before, and which contained, beside the announcement of her approaching embarkation for England, an allusion to Edmund's project of marriage.

It was very ambiguously worded, and yet Manners deceived himself into the belief that his mother's consent was gained, and he flew to make the announcement to Mildred.

From that time forward no secrecy was observed as to his attachment. It became the town talk. Two individuals, so conspicuous, could not make a mystery of their wooing.

Meanwhile, Edmund, whose means were limited, purchased a small house for his future residence, and furnished it neatly and comfortably.

The manager of the theatre attracted vast crowds by announcing the "last engagement of that celebrated actress, Miss Lynford, who retires from the stage on her marriage with a distinguished gentleman"—in short, every species of notoriety attended the engagement.

At last, Mrs. Manners arrived home.

Though she expressed surprise at the interpretation her son had placed upon her letters, still she did not altogether disavow it, nor, on the first day of their meeting, lead him to expect a refusal to sanction what he had done, and the next day he was to introduce her to his bride.

But on the morrow, when he announced his readiness to escort her, he was surprised at her coolly telling him that "it was unnecessary. She had made it her first business to call upon the persons he proposed to introduce permanently into the family."

Then followed a scene it would be too painful to depict.

For the first time, both mother and son forgot their mutual relations.

Charges, denials, criminations and recriminations made up a stormy and heart-rending interview; and the proud son broke away from the prouder mother, to throw himself at the feet of his adored Mildred.

But Mildred was as inflexible as Mrs. Manners. If pride dictated the refusal of her hand, it was an honest pride; and though her heart died within her

with agony, she resisted all importunity with the heroism that only a true woman is capable of.

Her soul-martyrdom was keener than any physical anguish that inquisitor ever imagined, or sworn tormenter ever inflicted.

They parted then with fond embraces—with tears, hot and agonizing—with anguish unutterable.

Each vowed never to wed another.

And so they went their ways—Edmund to receive his mother's thanks and attempted consolations; Mildred, like so many of her sisters, to hide her despair, with a smile on her lips and death in her heart, because her trade compelled her to amuse the public—and she had no right to be other than gay and pleasing.

And this heart-anguish was dragged before the public.

Not as a reparation, but as an act of justice, Manners conveyed the house and property he had purchased to his lost love; and then, having heard, with some relief, that she had departed, he plunged into study and politics deeper than ever.

He drowned his soul in feverish pursuits, as suicides of the body plunge into the turbulent waves of a river.

And he, too, like his lost Mildred, could mask it bravely.

He would not let his enemies perceive their triumph.

He wore a smiling face in public. None gayer than he at parties, balls, and dinners. Never before had his eloquence so thrilled men's souls.

He and his party triumphed.

And now, to show what a riddle is the human heart, we must still pursue his history.

The impostor ends by deceiving himself.

Content, or what appeared to be such, from being simulated, was at last restored to the heart of Manners.

But no! his heart only slumbered!

The one dear image lay in its depth, to be evoked at any hour.

But ambition was aroused within him to a fever heat.

Only one way offered to realize his ambition to its full extent—and that was a rich alliance. The demon that flattered his ambition and tempted him to break his vow to his lost love, assumed the form of his mother, sat with him at the table, in his study, walked with him to church.

He yielded. He bartered his faith, his youth, his beauty for gold. A woman older than himself, imperious, ill-tempered, gave him, in exchange for these priceless gifts, thousands of ready money. They were married, and departed for the Continent.

Who did not envy Edmund Manners—young, rich, and gifted?

To Paris, he carried splendour—and discontent. From the repellant visage of his legal wife he turned to that promised bride whose fair young face smiled on him from the past.

He plunged into a reckless life. His ill-gotten wealth melted away from his grasp.

His wife, who had never loved him, died—cursing his extravagance, and reviling him to the last, though he had lavished on her all the attention that her position exacted. Shortly after the severance by death of this ill-assorted marriage, Edmund heard news of his mother's decease.

His heart, though long estranged from her, was torn anew by this intelligence. Whatever her faults and mistakes, her love for him had been sincere. But it was mistaken.

Thus, in the hope of increasing his inheritance, he had been beguiled into speculation, and the modest competence which, now that his wife's fortune was gone, would have enabled him to retrieve a position, was irrevocably lost.

Misfortunes never come singly. His recklessness had produced ruin. He abandoned, to liquidate his debts, the furniture of the sumptuous hotel in which he had resided. His servants were dismissed, and but one old woman remained to minister to his wants. Added to all this, he awoke one morning with a burning fever.

Just as he was preparing, impoverished, broken-hearted, disgraced, to return home, he was prostrated on his bed for an indefinite period, by sickness. Delirium soon set in; then blank days and nights followed, in which he tossed, unconscious of all around him, knowing not who ministered to his wants, or whether in this world or the next.

Feeble, quivering, worn to a skeleton, he awoke one morning to a consciousness of his situation. He gazed round despairingly upon the bare walls and naked room. A table, covered with physician's prescriptions, stood by his bedside.

His parched lips craved for moisture; but there was no one to moisten them. Once or twice he attempted to call; but only inarticulate murmurs rattled in his throat.

He thought of what he might have been—of the past—of his first, dear love, and then found utterance for the despairing cry:

"Oh, Mildred! Mildred!"

Was it a delusion?

A light step paused at his bedside. A fair face, anxious, sad, but, oh! how beautiful! bent over him, like a guardian angel's.

He could not believe its reality, but closed his eyes. He re-opened them—the angel of mercy was still there.

"You called for Mildred," said a gentle voice, "and Mildred is here."

He essayed to stretch his feeble hands towards her; he raised himself from his pillow, but fell back, exhausted.

Mildred bent forward in alarm.

"Fear nothing, love; I am happy now," murmured the young man, and sank again in slumber.

When he awoke, a kindly-faced physician was standing at his bedside, holding his pulse; and Mildred—for it was no dream—watching his countenance anxiously.

"The crisis is past," said the doctor. "Happiness will work his cure. I leave him in your hands, mademoiselle."

"Doctor," cried the patient, "I am bound to you for ever. There was a time when I could not have thanked you for saving me; but now—"

He glanced at Mildred, and a radiant smile completed his meaning.

"There isn't much left, doctor," he added, sadly; "but, still, enough to pay you and the nurse."

"I am paid already, monsieur," answered the physician, as he smilingly took his leave.

It would take long to tell how, through years, Mildred struggled with her great grief—how she had pitied Edmund, and pardoned him for yielding to the voice of ambition—how, unable to control her desire to see him, she had come to Paris—how she had flown to his bedside only when she found all others had forsaken him.

For Edmund, his recovery was marvellously speedy, and astonished the whole learned faculty. When he went forth into the bright world again, he seemed to have shaken off a load of years. Mildred, too, was more beautiful than ever.

They were married in France, and then returned to England.

A feeling of sadness assailed Edmund as they stepped ashore.

"I have brought you back, my poor Mildred," he said, "but I have no home to offer you."

"You forget, dearest," replied Mildred, "the pretty cottage with which your generosity endowed me. That is still mine and yours. The dreams of other days are realized at last. Your poor Mildred is rich in this world's goods—and richer, far richer, in your love."

F. A. D.

**CHARLES V.'S INKSTAND.**—A very curious object is now on sale at a shop in Madrid—an inkstand, composed of Egyptian amber, ivory, gold, and carnelian, formerly belonging to Charles V. It is in the form of a Greek temple, of the composite order, decorated in all parts with carving and painting of high finish. In the interior are the arms of the Emperor, surrounded by portraits of all the members of his family. On the sides are figures of an immense number of the grandees of Spain of that period—cardinals, bishops, captains, generals, and beautiful women. The lid is ornamented with a portrait of Cardinal Ximenes; the side of which are statues of Diana and Flora. The interior is divided into two compartments; in one is a statue of the Emperor, and in the other that of the Empress; and at the foot of these are smaller figures, representing Piety and Hope. A figure of Neptune, in rose coloured carnelian, is detached, and its proper position cannot be determined. In the opinion of good judges, this curious object represents twenty years' labour.

**CASES OF EXTREME CORPULENCE.**—One of the most corpulent persons known was Daniel Lambert, of Leicestershire, who weighed fifty-two stone eleven pounds, or seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds. At Hainton there died, in 1816, Samuel Rogers, aged fifty-two; and his body, with a single coffin, weighed fifty stone, or seven hundred pounds. In 1754, died Mr. Jacob Powell, of Stebbing, in Essex; his body was above five yards in circumference, and weighed five hundred and sixty pounds, requiring sixteen men to bear him to his grave. In 1778, Mr. Spooner, of Skillington, near Tamworth, weighed, shortly time before his death, forty stone and nine pounds, or five hundred and sixty-nine pounds, and measured four feet three inches across the shoulders. Keylor mentions a young man in Lincoln who ate the eighteen pounds of beef daily, and died in 1724, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, weighing five hundred and thirty pounds. A baker in Pye Corner weighed four hundred and seventy-six pounds, and would



frequently eat a small shoulder of mutton, baked in his oven, and weighing five pounds; he, however, persisted for one year to live upon water-gruel and brown bread, by which he lost two hundred pounds of his bulk. Master Collect, master of the Evesham Academy, weighed upwards of twenty-six stone, or three hundred and sixty-four pounds; when twelve years old he was nearly as large as at the time of his death. At two years of age he required two nurses to lift him in and out of bed, one of whom, in a fit of anger, he felled to the floor with a blow of his hand. At Trenaw, in Cornwall, there was a man known by the name of Grant Chilcot, who weighed four hundred and sixty pounds: one of his stockings could contain six gallons of wheat.

## MEZAR THE MISER.

### CHAPTER XI.

How now?  
Has anything occurred to turn your brain?  
Tis well in you to rave like one insane.

Faust.

ORPHA was rather pleased with her new position. Her duties were light, and her young mistress by no means exacting. Samuella Goldschmidt was by common acclamation pronounced a beauty. Perhaps her father's great wealth enhanced her charms somewhat, as the rich setting improves the lustre of the diamond. Yet she was really a fine-looking girl. Her figure was quite tall and fully developed; Samuella was in her twentieth year—and she had eyes of jetty blackness, lustrous and languishing, and a wealth of hair as dark as midnight, braided into a coronet above her low white forehead. Her eyebrows were finely arched and exquisitely pencilled, her nose slightly hooked, and her complexion a clear olive. On the whole, she would have made a fine type for Shakespeare's *Julius*.

In repose her features wore a look of pensive beauty, which was destroyed when she became animated, by a constant simper, an idiotic laugh as it were, that startled and surprised every one. You only had to be in the society of Samuella Goldschmidt five minutes to discover that she was a pretty simpton with a fondness for the table, which degenerated sometimes into gluttony, and a perfect mania for jewels and fine clothes.

Mr. Goldschmidt, a plain, practical man of the world, was not insensible to his daughter's deficiencies. She inherited all her mother's beauty and all her mother's faults. She had been just such another pretty, spoiled doll of a woman, who had caught her death by a cold in consequence of getting in and out of the carriage in paper-soled shoes, whilst attending a ball.

One of Mr. Goldschmidt's greatest anxieties was to marry Samuella into a family of wealth and position; hence the marriage contract with Mr. Carsten when Percy and Samuella were children, a contract which would have been fulfilled before now but for the absence of Percy. His other anxiety was to obtain a young girl, poor, but of good family and well educated, to be a constant companion and mentor to his daughter, to restrain her simplicities and teach her correct behaviour and deportment in society. Such a person he considered he had found in Orpha Angevine.

He was greatly pleased with her. Her pale, intellectual face, and modest, quiet demeanor, her womanly attributes, so much beyond her years, as it appeared, for she looked much younger than she really was, just suited his idea, and he felt under extreme obligation to the friendly Redtape for furnishing him with a person so much in accordance with his wishes. Samuella was equally as pleased, and she and Orpha soon became the best of friends.

About a fortnight after her introduction into the house of Mr. Goldschmidt, and as she was congratulating herself upon having secured so good a home, an event happened which filled her with apprehension and dismay. She was crossing the garden when she heard a very familiar sound. It caused her to look around.

The sound which had attracted her attention was the air of "The girl I left behind me," which some one was whistling with great skill. A man sat upon the rim of the fountain basin, braiding a whip-lash. He was the whistler. It was curious to note how his fingers kept time with the tune he was whistling. She looked up as Orpha turned round, and she nearly screamed outright as she beheld his face.

"Calvin!" she exclaimed, in utter astonishment.

"Orpha!" ejaculated Calvin, in equal astonishment, forgetting all about the girl he left behind him.

"Here's a go!"

Orpha's heart sank within her at the recognition. She could not think that this man's unexpected appearance boded some evil.

"You here?" she asked, scarcely knowing what she said, but putting the interrogation mechanically.

"Yes," answered Calvin, with a broad grin, enjoying her perplexity. "I am here."

"Did you know that I was living here?"

"No, I hadn't the slightest idea of it. You astonished me, and I ain't easily astonished, neither."

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm the new coachman—came yesterday."

"Then you have left Fallowfield?"

"Yes; for good, too—came here to make my fortune. Old Mezar is here; and, if you want to keep your place, you had better not let him know you are here, because, if he was to find it out and tell Mr. Goldschmidt that you had been accused of a robbery in Fallowfield, more'n likely he wouldn't want to keep you."

Orpha clasped her hands together despairingly. Was she never to be free from this malicious and, as it seemed to her, causeless persecution?

"You will not tell him?" she cried, imploringly.

"Well, I don't know," returned Calvin, doubtfully.

"How have I injured you that you should thus join with others to hunt me down and drive me forth an outcast from every resting-place?" demanded Orpha, impetuously.

"I ain't got anything agin you," answered Calvin, reflectively; "and I don't bear you any malice, though you did give me the sack. Things have changed now, and I don't think I'd have you, even if you was willing. Well, don't turn up your nose as if you snuffed something bad, I ain't going to ask you agin. Folks that was revengeful might take advantage of present circumstances—but I ain't one of that kind. I don't see no use in worrying you, and if you keep your mouth shut and don't interfere with me, I won't interfere with you. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes," exclaimed Orpha, glad to escape so easily, and she hurried away, fearful that her interview with the coachman might attract attention, and their previous acquaintance be discovered.

Her mind was by no means at ease after this meeting, and a foreboding of coming trouble would oppress her spirits in spite of her every endeavour to feel composed. Old Mezar and Calvin had in two instances proved the evil spirits of her destiny, and she could but think that this strange appearance of the latter, in the place of all places where she least expected to encounter him, was pregnant with evil. Her only resource was to wait and watch for the coming of danger, folding her hands calmly in her helplessness, as the traveller bows him in the desert before the approach of the sand cloud.

She found Samuella in the parlour, in high spirits, and very much excited.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as Orpha entered the apartment, "who do you think is coming here this afternoon?"

"I have not the least idea," replied Orpha, smiling at her childish eagerness.

"Thurston Follansbee and Percy Carsten," Samuella ran on, scarcely waiting for Orpha's reply. "Thurston Follansbee is a great traveller of distinguished family, distantly related to an earl. But I don't care for him, though I daresay he is a great man—all travellers are, ain't they, my dear? At least their books make them out to be so. Percy Carsten is the one I think of. You don't know him, do you? Did I never say anything about him? He is my husband that is to be. Only think of having a husband in expectation for ever so many years. We were betrothed when we were children. What fun we did have. He called me his 'little wife,' and I called him my 'little husband!' though he was a great deal larger than I, for he was five years the eldest. I haven't seen him now for nearly ten years, all the time he was at college, and all the time he's been abroad travelling in foreign lands. It's a great wonder he was not killed, don't you think so? But I'm so glad he's come at last. We'll be married. I do so want to get married and have an establishment of my own. You shall come and live with me, dear. We'll have servants in livery, and a carriage, with two milk white horses, and a box at the opera! Won't that be nice?" And she paused, fairly out of breath.

"Do you love Mr. Carsten?" asked Orpha, when this torrent of words became exhausted.

"Oh, no!" answered Samuella, flippantly. "How is that possible? I have not seen him since he was a boy. But that don't make any difference. One is not obliged to love one's husband now-a-days, you know! I remember he was a very good-looking boy, and I daresay he has grown into a very handsome looking man."

"Suppose he should not love you?"

"I don't see how he can very well help it," returned Samuella, gazing complacently at her reflection in the full length mirror. "But he is bound to marry me or forfeit his fortune, so says his father's will."

"It is hardly justice to compel a man to wed against

his inclinations; misery only can be the result of such a union."

"Miser? Nonsense! How you talk! How can people be miserable when they have plenty of money?"

"Money alone does not constitute happiness."

"That may be, but you can purchase a great deal of happiness with it." Considering the state of Samuella's intellect, that was not a bad remark. "They will be here to-day," she hastened to say. "Father met them, and invited them to call. He was somewhat surprised at Percy's return; it was so unexpected. Besides, there was a report that he had been killed in the desert; and at one time I began seriously to think that I was a widow without ever having been a wife; but that would have been funny—wouldn't it dear? But it has all come round right. They will be here shortly, and I will give you an introduction to Percy, and I want you to examine him critically, and tell me what you think of him."

So Samuella continued to ramble on for half an hour or so, until the servant brought in cards that announced the arrival of Percy Carsten and Thurston Follansbee, whom he was desired to usher into the parlour.

Orpha gave Samuella a few hints on decorum and etiquette while they awaited the appearance of the visitors.

Orpha expected to see two fine-looking gentlemen, nor was she disappointed, though there was quite a contrast in their appearance, as they entered the room. One was quite tall, and slightly inclined to corpulency, with short, curly, brown hair, and whiskers of the same hue.

He had a florid complexion, a good natured blue eye, and an ease and grace of bearing bespeaking the gentleman. His companion was quite short, below the medium height of man, but well formed. He was quite delicate-looking, with a pale face, and deep-set dark eyes, his wavy black hair, and full beard of the same hue, increasing the natural paleness of his complexion. He had a hesitating way of moving, that seemed to proclaim much natural timidity.

Orpha was not left long in doubt as to the identity of the two visitors; for Samuella, with girlish frankness—perhaps a little too frank—precipitated herself upon the neck of the shorter of the two, exclaiming, vehemently:

"Percy—dear Percy!"

Percy seemed quite overcome by this vociferous welcoming, and seemed about to be crushed beneath Samuella's affectionate greeting.

"Samuella! Miss Goldschmidt!" he stammered.

"You recollect me?"

His companion came instantly to his assistance, with well-bred ease.

"My young friend," he said, "was apprehensive that his foreign travels had so much changed him that you would not recognize him at first. But this cordial greeting has convinced him that his fears were groundless. The eye of affection is keen, and seldom deceived. You will understand, of course, my dear young ladies, the natural embarrassment of such a meeting. Favour me with an introduction, my dear Percy. You seem to have forgotten, in the joy of this reunion, that I am a stranger."

"Beg pardon," hesitated Percy. "I really—overcome, as you say—sudden joy, and all that—Samuella, this is my old and esteemed friend, Thurston Follansbee. Thurston, Miss Samuella Goldschmidt."

Samuella acknowledged the introduction graciously.

"A relative, I presume?" observed Follansbee, glancing at Orpha.

"No, only a friend," returned Samuella. "Permit me, Miss Angevine—Mr. Follansbee."

He gave quite a start as he heard the name; but he recovered himself in an instant, and bowed quite low.

Orpha glanced in his face, as she returned his salutation, and their eyes met. A shock like that of electricity passed through her frame. The face was strangely familiar.

Where had they met before?

She passed her hand dreamily over her brow. Memory was treacherous—she could not recall the time or place.

"Your features are strangely familiar to me," she remarked, in a musing tone. "Have we ever met before?"

"Quite impossible, my dear Miss Angevine," returned Follansbee.

"It is very strange," persisted Orpha. "I am almost positive that I have before encountered you."

"Some resemblance, I daresay, has misled you. I am one of those unfortunate individuals who resemble a great many people. It is quite awkward, I assure you, to be taken for somebody else—particularly if the mistake is made by a sheriff's officer," laughed Follansbee. "Do you know that once, while travelling in the highlands of Scotland, on a visit to our





arrogant and exacting with the weak. Had Orpha threatened instead of imploring, her point would have been the sooner gained.

He had outgrown his love for her, if indeed his passing fancy could be dignified with such a title,—like a child, cried a little for his plaything when it was taken from him, and then forgotten it. To acknowledge Orpha, would be the ruin of a scheme which promised to enrich him for life.

His avarice was stronger than his fears; he must repudiate her.

"Young lady," he began, with a nonchalance which astonished even himself, "I have been telling you ever since you insisted upon an interview, that I am not the person you take me for."

"Then why did you consent to this interview?" asked Orpha, quickly.

"Simply because I think if your story be true that you may have a family claim upon me. I had a brother, a twin brother."

"A twin brother!" echoed Orpha, faintly—the possibility of her having made a mistake causing her heart to flutter painfully.

"A twin brother," reiterated Carsten,—"named Wilner—Stephen Wilner Carsten was his name in full, though he was never called Stephen from the day of his christening, and the name was eventually dropped and he was known only as Wilner. It is barely possible that it was he you knew under the name of Stephen Willis. What gives stronger probability to this reasoning is the fact that some five years ago Wilner became entangled in a love affair, and I believe married. I remember that my father was greatly enraged at the time, and took him to task for it very severely. Wilner, as you probably know, was never celebrated for great strength of mind,—at least everybody thought so, and took great pains to let him know it, and so he yielded to his father's threats and caresses, deserted his wife, and in order to make the separation sure and decisive, sailed on a three years' voyage to the Indies, in one of his father's ships. I went with him."

"You know the circumstances remarkably well," observed Orpha, eyeing him keenly.

"I have a good memory," he returned, placidly, "though I should scarcely have thought of the affair again if you had not recalled it to my mind. But the remedy as prescribed by my father was quite efficacious. Wilner soon forgot his wife, and all the time we were abroad he never breathed her name."

"Where is he now?" she asked, thoughtfully.

"Do you not know?—have you not heard?" he exclaimed, affecting great surprise.

"Know what?"

"That Wilner was killed in the desert?"

"Percy was the one reported killed."

"And, like most reports, it was false, as you see. There is but one of us alive, Percy! Are you satisfied now?"

"Yes," answered Orpha, promptly. "I am satisfied from what you have told me—and I consider you excellent authority—that Wilner Carsten, my husband—whose true name I have at last discovered—is a villain, unworthy the love of a good, true woman. Had I discovered his true character sooner, it would have saved me much anxiety and many tears. Five years of my life have I devoted to a man who coldly forsook the woman he had sworn to love and cherish, abandoning her without one regret to a life of privation, and perhaps of shame!"

"Let me make amends for my brother," said Carsten, quickly. "Return to the house of Mr. Goldschmidt, and resume your situation as if nothing had happened. Let us meet as strangers, for there is no need of revealing this family history to the world, and when I become the husband of Samuella, your future shall be well provided for."

"You cannot marry Samuella Goldschmidt," said Orpha, coldly.

"Why can I not?" he asked, in great surprise.

"Because you are forbidden by law to wed the second wife while the first still lives—and your first wife is still alive!"

"My first wife!" he echoed, trying to force a laugh, but it rattled huskily in his throat.

"Your first wife—myself—Orpha Angevine! Weak man! did you think you had deceived me? Did you think you could deceive the woman who gave you her heart's first, pure love? Did you think that time, absence, or any change, could ever make her forget the father of her child? When I spoke of that child's death the tear instinctively welled to your eye—but that one touch of nature vanished before the sordid thoughts of future gain. I have appealed to you with the voice of affection, and my words have fallen upon a deaf ear—they touched no answering chords. I shall appeal to you no longer. You are Wilner Carsten, passing under your brother's name for some nefarious purpose, to which you have been urged by that unprincipled man, Lathrop Momeyment. You are but a tool in the hands of that schemer, and when he

has made a cat's-paw of you, when all the guilt is fastened upon you, and all the plunder his, he will abandon you to a shameful fate!"

"He dare not!" exclaimed Wilner; but her words troubled him, notwithstanding his asseveration.

"You will see. Do you think you can put yourself within the coil of the serpent and escape? I will save you, for it is my duty. You seek to repudiate me—I will force you to acknowledge me before the world as your wife. I can do so, as you will find. I give you three days to choose between your vile associates and your wife—a wife who can support you, if you are not able to support her. At the expiration of the third day the blow falls. You know where to find me. Come, or send me word, within the time specified, of your decision."

"But, Orpha—good heavens!" he remonstrated.

"If you are Percy, how do you know that my name is Orpha?"

"I am Wilner!" he exclaimed, snappishly. "There is no use trying to deceive you, and if I do what you demand I shall be ruined. Can't we come to any understanding? Name any amount of money as the price of your silence—"

"No amount of money can purchase my silence. I have waited patiently for five years for justice. I have been branded in the eyes of the world, my fair fame clouded; but now all can be made clear. The world must know that I had a husband—that my child was not born in shame. Acknowledge me as your wife publicly, and then go wherever you will, for I have no wish to see you more. I will sue for a divorce—we can both become free in a short time—and then marry whom you will, and God have pity on the poor woman you select! I ask a simple act of justice at your hands, and I will have it!"

"Give me time to think."

"Three days are plenty."

"You will do nothing about the affair until the three days are expired?"

"Nothing—but to make preparations."

"You shall hear from me before then."

Orpha left the office, but she did not go directly to her home. Being so near Willis Linton's office, she thought she would give him a call. She felt that she needed counsel in this great emergency of her life, and he was the only person to whom she could apply.

Wilner Carsten, in a very unamiable frame of mind, went home to dinner. He found Thurston Follansbee and Mezard Pinkerton awaiting him there.

(To be continued.)

## THE HEADSMAN'S SON.

A SWISS TALE.

In one of the picturesque villages of Switzerland, a pretty house stood, some years ago, enclosed by a stone wall, and strangely enough, without any perceptible entrance from the front or ends of the building. This wall extended far down the road each side of the house; and at each extremity a turnstile gave access to the grounds; but on approaching the house, there was no door visible. Behind, however, fully concealed by a screen of scarlet runners, hanging from a platform above, was a deep arched door.

Every window was latticed; and no sound of mirth or music ever issued from them. It lacked but the iron-bars to denote it as a prison or madhouse, standing as it did, far apart from every other building.

Occasionally, men were seen entering the precincts, but no female ever was known to make the attempt, save the wife and daughters of the rector who officiated at the pretty church of St. Agatha.

One of the latter, indeed, went daily for years; and when she ceased, the father succeeded her in these diurnal visits.

It was the house of Claude Essler, the headsmen of that canton; a man who lived continually shunned and shunning. He well knew the merciless obloquy which society heaps upon the head of a man in his situation, notwithstanding that, as in his case, it comes by inheritance and compulsion, and not by choice.

His father, the former headsmen, pleaded with the authorities, upon his dying bed, not to perpetuate his disgrace in his son; but the ancient custom must be obeyed, and, as was savagely remarked, "there is no difference worth being talked about, between an executioner and the son of an executioner," and poor Claude Essler was doomed to bear the burden of his father's life-long cross, through to the bitter end.

In the vague hope of having the ordinance repealed, in his person, or somehow evaded, Claude had married before his father's death; and it was not until he was summoned to appear before a court, that he could realize that Louise and the two little girls would be disgraced, even as he had been.

He remembered well how the hot blood would flush

into his face when his father would remind him of what he was born to; but he could not believe that the terrific sentence would not be averted, and that he would yet stand before men free from that ghastly horror that had overshadowed his young days.

When it really came, he was heart-broken. He walled up his dwelling, blocked the entrance, and closed the windows, never to be opened.

Man had laid this burden upon his unoffending shoulders, and to man he became an enemy; or rather, he knew that all men looked upon him as one out of the pale of common humanity.

It was therefore with anguish and pain that he looked upon the newborn son, laid in his arms but a few days after his unwelcome office had been forced upon him. He even wished the child might die ere it could know and feel what a fearful destiny it was to inherit.

For years he could not look upon him without a pang; but as years upon years went on, a milder feeling of submission came over him, and he grew calm and meek under the judgment of God. Louise had never accustomed herself to think of it much. A passing shadow had crossed her mind, but she would not bid it stay. She, however, joined her husband in his bitter but unavailing regrets, now that the doom had become a certainty. She had not meant that she should know it while she lay sick; but the little Celeste, the eldest of the children, had unwittingly told her that her grandfather was dead, and alone in her chamber, it rushed to Louise's mind, how much the sentence involved. When Claude came to bid her good-night, the heart-broken expression of his face shocked and distressed her; but he strove to hide from her his sorrow.

Like a good wife, however, she knew that sorrow would be less deep, if shared by her, and she became the comforter and soother, until Claude was compelled to own that she was the stronger of the two.

"Yet heaven knows, dearest," he exclaimed, "that it is not for myself alone that I feel, but for you and these children."

"I know it, Claude," she answered; "but do not grieve for us. I am happy enough in your love, and in knowing how good and worthy you are; and as for these little ones, it will be so long before they can feel it, that it is scarcely worth making yourself miserable about them. God has given you a loving wife, dear Claude, and darling children; and we must live for each other, if the world denies us companionship with others."

If Claude ever grieved afterwards, he shut it within his own breast.

He kept aloof from others as far as possible, proffering no friendship, but doing good when occasion offered.

He loathed the money that came by his hated calling. He never looked at it, nor applied it to any household purpose.

His goats, of which he owned large flocks, were the means of maintaining his family; and he scorned to increase their comforts or luxuries by the wages drawn from the death of others.

The first time he had performed the office, he was carried home in a dead faint; and, during his life, he never attempted it without chills and sickness.

Meantime, his children were rapidly growing up. The rector's daughter had never married, and she had attended to the rudiments of learning with the whole of them, for there had been five—one son and four daughters—while the rector himself had completed their education.

They lived in such seclusion, that Albert Essler had never yet heard of the fate that would befall him should he outlive his father; though he was not ignorant of the odium attached to the office.

Claude had kept it from him—conscious that he had not suffered less by having always known it, and willing to throw sunshine upon his boy's path as long as possible.

Albert had even been permitted to go and visit some relations in another canton, when he arrived at the age of twenty-one.

In one of these visits he went out upon the lake, with a party of young people, and here he first saw Constance Schepler, the daughter of a wealthy landholder.

She was an only child—a sweet, happy girl, whose childhood had passed always in sunshine and song.

How dear she was to her father's heart can only be told by those who have but one object on earth on which to bestow love.

Little did he think, when Constance was rescued from a sudden and fearful death by drowning, by Albert Essler, that he was the son of the headsmen of that name. Little did he dream, when Constance in an agony of tears, confessed that she loved her preserver more than life itself, that he should ever blush at his daughter's choice. His only question to Constance was this:

"Has he declared his love for you, my daughter?" And when he learned that he had not, he felt hurt and disappointed; for Albert had seemed all he would have wished for in her husband. Constance had been sought by one in her own station; but she had been so bitterly opposed to him, that her father had utterly refused to sanction his addresses.

Stung by the refusal, he gave way to the most violent passion, and even threatened revenge upon Constance and her father. This man, Paul Garnier, was in the boat when Constance lost her footing and was precipitated into the lake. He had not noticed the accident until he saw Albert Essler swimming towards the boat with Constance in his arms, and saw others standing ready to receive them. The sight had filled him with anger and jealousy; and he immediately set on foot inquiries respecting his rival—his birth and station, prospects and character. Of the latter he heard nothing that was not pure and upright; but alas! with the praises of his worth, came also the knowledge of his parentage.

Triumphant at the thought of revenging himself upon the Scheplers, he set the story afloat; and before the next evening, everyone was fully aware that the stranger they had entertained was unworthy their notice. In short, that he was the son of the headsmen, Claude Essler.

Constance heard the tale without comment or thought. She did not know that it meant that Albert Essler was a man banned, proscribed, deemed unworthy to mingle with his brother men. The words passed over her without leaving their sting; and when her father entered and proclaimed what to him was a terrible fact, she, poor child, looked up with her innocent face, to ask if there was anything wrong in Albert.

The question penetrated to the heart of the wordly man. Had he foreseen all the misery, he would, perhaps, have thrown his prejudice to the winds at that moment, rather than have risked the coming anguish to his innocent child. But he stifled down the rising pity, and only said:

"It cannot be, dear. It is simply impossible."

Her look of terror frightened him.

"Constance! dear love! would I refuse you this, if it could be helped?"

"Ah, no," she murmured; "you have been always so kind to your little Constance; but, oh, father! it is hard!"

"I know it," he answered, remembering a pang of his own youth; "but we live to see that it is better to sacrifice some feelings than to brave the scorn of the world."

Poor Constance! she cared little for the worldly part of this speech; but much for the affectionate tone and manner; and her heart gave up its first sacrifice, not without deep wailings of sorrow, but as she would have laid down her life—an offering to filial love.

That day, Albert met Paul Garnier. Some officious friend had told Albert all; and it may be supposed that he looked on Garnier with no friendly eye. Still he would have passed him with silent contempt, had not Garnier paused in his walk, uttering the most bitter and deriding language.

"You—a low, degrading thing! the son of an executioner, and the heir to his perpetuated dishonour, to attempt smuggling yourself upon a family like the Scheplers! By heaven! had I known it the first time we met there, I would have kicked—"

He stopped short, for a blow from the hand of Albert ended his speech, and laid the insolent swaggerer upon the ground.

Satisfied that he was not dangerously hurt, he pushed the body with his foot, to the roadside, and walked on; every nerve in his frame tingling at the insult he had received.

He made his way to Constance at once—saw the fearless agony that had swept over her young face and had left a shadow in its path. He saw Mr. Schepler, too—heard his objections; objections that were so tempered with real genuine kindness and pity, that the sting was softened before it reached him.

The parting between the lovers was terrible indeed. There was not a hope to cheer them. Fate, that had parted, would not remitte them in the future. This fact they tried to keep before them. It must be—now and for ever—eternal.

In a little Alpine cottage, six months from the time these events transpired, a gentleman and his daughter, young and beautiful, but pale and worn, were slowly recovering from the effects of a mountain storm which overtook them in travelling. The gentleman had been very ill, until the last few days; but a hope had sprung up that he might possibly be removed before long. The poor goatherd and his wife had done everything for their guests that could be done in a place so far from help; and grateful hearts had appreciated the kindness.

Every arrangement was made for their removal, when, in a single moment, all plans were frustrated. A second attack of fever set in, and before morning the young girl was fatherless.

Constance Schepler, for it was she, drooped beneath this blow; and for weeks her life seemed to hang upon the feeblest thread.

The kindness she had received before was redoubled now, and after many weeks of illness, in which Mr. Schepler had been consigned to an Alpine grave, she revived to a sense of loneliness unequalled before in the poor girl's experience.

To her lonely heart, how little seemed the distinctions of earth now! One true, loving nature, on which she might lean for support in this dark hour, would have outweighed all else.

A few doubts and terrors quivered in her soul, and then all shone out, bright and real. From that deep solitude she wrote thus:

"Come to me, Albert. If your soul has not cast me out because of the past—if you love me as you once did—come to me, and let me hear a friendly voice once more. Alone and sad, I think of you, and my heart tells me that you will not delay to answer my summons."

He came, and bore to another land the frail, drooping girl.

In the sunny air of Italy, far from all who had known the headman's son, they found joy and peace; and, better still, the dark cloud that hung over Albert Essler's life was dispelled for ever.

Sons and daughters grow up about him, haunted by no such dismal shape as had darkened his father's life and his own; and, under another name, he lived and died, beloved and respected, beneath the sunny skies of his adopted country.

The name of Essler died out with Claude. His daughters, with their mother, made a new home far away from the dreary house, and the canon was served by a new headman.

H. E.

## SCIENCE.

**A CHIMNEY**, about 100 feet high, comprising about 90,000 bricks, and estimated to weigh over 200 tons, was recently moved a distance of 100 feet in Worcester, without breaking a brick.

**RAILWAY BRAKE**.—An experiment was lately tried to ascertain how quick a railway train under full headway might be stopped. It was allowed to attain a speed of fifty miles an hour, when the brakes were applied and the steam shut off. It came to a dead stand after running about 500 yards, being 60 yards more than a quarter of a mile.

### ENORMOUS WEIGHBRIDGE.

A new weighbridge has been placed by the Manchester markets committee in Liverpool Road. The platform is 16 feet 6 inches long, and 9 feet wide, in one solid casting, and the machine is adjusted to weigh from 2 pound to 70 tons. It has been tested up to 50 tons.

The transferring lever is 25 feet 6 inches long, and is made upon a new principle, as applied to weighbridges, being constructed of wrought iron boiler plates, riveted together in the proper form, after the manner of the modern tubular bridges. Its strength was demonstrated when the machine was tested, with 50 tons, which remained on the platform forty-three hours, and the deflection of the lever at that period was very slightly over the eighth of an inch at the middle of its length.

The weighbridge was made for the markets committee by Mr. Thomas Steen, of Burnley. The foundations are cased with a space between each to lessen vibration from passing carriages, and, together with the machine house, were erected from plans and under the direction of Mr. Tynde, the city surveyor.

**RAILWAY IN BRAZIL**.—A new railway has recently been opened in Brazil, which crosses the mountain chain, Serra-do-Mar, and connects the interior fertile plains, with the sea-coast. It is eighty-eight miles long, and attains, in the course of five miles of mountain-steep an elevation of 2,600 feet. The entire ascent is divided into four lifts, or inclines, of a mile and a quarter each, running at a gradient of one in ten. A level platform, or "bank-head," marks the summit of each incline, and at the upper end of the platform is a stationary engine. This engine has double cylinders of twenty-six inches diameter, with a five-foot stroke, and has been calculated to haul up fifty tons at the rate of ten miles per hour. Five boilers, of the Cornish description, are placed with each engine. On the upper half of each incline there is a double line of rails, with arrangements for passing-places on the middle of each of these lifts. A single line of rails then runs on from the centre to the foot of each of the four divisions into which the ascent is divided. A steel wire rope,  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch diameter, is made for pulling

up the ascending trains. This rope, tested to a weight far exceeding the requirements that will be made upon fly-wheel shaft. The inclines are partially self-acting, at the same time passing one train down to the foot of the Serra and drawing up another to the higher levels on its way out to the province beyond.

**A SIGNAL GUN** now announces the time to the citizens of Melbourne. Two 32-pounders have been mounted at the Melbourne University, and at one o'clock p.m. each day one of the pieces is discharged. At present the discharge of the piece is timed by a chronometer, but as soon as a wire can be laid down it will be fired from the observatory by electricity.

**ALUMINUM BRONZE BEARINGS**.—Aluminum bronze, it is said by a contemporary, is a most excellent composition for boxes or bearings that run at a high speed, such as saw mandrills, fan blowers, &c. There is a small mandril in Carhart and Nieldham's machine factory, New York, which runs 7,000 revolutions per minute; it has aluminum bronze boxes, which are perfectly cold to the touch. Mr. Carhart informed us that he had tried everything before this, without success. Aluminum bronze is made from copper, 90 parts, aluminum, 10 parts. Propeller shafts and boxes troubled with chronic heating might be cured by this metal. Boxes for fan blowers particularly, the shafts of which run from 3,500 to 4,500 revolutions per minute, might be easily lined with this metal. It is pronounced by those who have used it to be a superior composition for all journeys at great velocities.

It is stated that a novel form of "brake" for railway carriages is coming into operation on the Continent. Its main feature is that electricity is the means employed in working it, and it seems that it is capable of being instantly applied to the whole of the carriages in a train. When it is required to "put on the brake," the electric current is interrupted by means of a little apparatus attached to the tender, and hence under the control of the driver. When contact is made, and the current again established, the brakes cease to act. By means of an additional contrivance, the guard and passengers can communicate with the driver. From experiments which have been already carried out, it appears that the arrangement is a most efficient one, trains going at a great speed being brought to rest at a distance of about 300 yards from the point at which the brakes were first applied, instead of at a distance of 15,000 yards as when the ordinary system of brakes has been employed.

### ON THE INFLUENCE OF WATER AND ICE IN FORMING THE PHYSICAL FEATURES OF THE EARTH.

It is an opinion that was once so common as to have been almost universal, and that is still expressed in *cathedra*, without the slightest hesitation, by geologists of the old school, that fractures, violent and sudden upheavals, and other convulsive movements of the earth's crust, have originated all the marked and prominent features of the surface of our globe. The reader, if he has derived his knowledge of geology from some of the many popular elementary books on the science, will probably believe that this doctrine is one of the most elementary and unquestioned in the science. He will have an impression that water, although powerful as a depositing, is comparatively unimportant as a formative, modifying, excavating, and destroying agent. Such was to a great extent the geological faith of a quarter of a century ago, and therefore in all works in which the knowledge of the author is derived second-hand from books, it is likely that such principles will prevail. There is, however, a modern school of geology, in which water is recognised as a first class power in nature.

Whether in its fluid or solid state, water is believed to have been a *primum mobile* in all places and under all circumstances in which it can act. But most of all is the influence of water now recognised as a mechanical agent, when it becomes necessary to account for the grandest of all phenomena, the configuration of a great mountain chain. The giant needles of granite shooting upwards, through the clouds, the sharp serrated ridges of naked and hard rock, the deep gorges, often systematic, and either seeming to radiate from a centre or run parallel to each other for a long distance, the absence of such soft stratified rock as we see forming the lower hills and the plains, the general wildness and ruggedness, and the apparent permanence of the phenomena, the scenery remaining unaltered as we think from century to century—all these combine to suggest some great convulsion of nature as concerned in the work before us, and some cause which, having effected a change, ceases to act, and leaves the face of nature undisturbed. And when we examine the deep chasms connected with certain valleys, and see the contortions of the rocks which apparently correspond on opposite sides of these valleys—when we recognise details which render it certain that enormous upheaving and squeezing forces have been concerned, we



are yet more inclined to take for granted the further assumptions of those who adopt the fracture theory.

It is easy to believe, with these facts before us, that all valleys that are deep and strongly marked are valleys of elevation, or fault valleys, and that lakes occupy the depressions caused by the slipping down and falling in of strata, or the removal of rocks broken during the convulsive throes of a great upheaval. We see in imagination a fearful disruption and a rending of the solid crust of the earth; wide and deep fissures are produced, granite is thrust up through the softer and more yielding shales, clays, sands, and limestones; the whole form of the mountain chain and all its details are determined by the first elevation, and the continued thrusts upwards in the same direction are all subordinate. Each thrust upwards is an epoch, and rest must follow each effort. At length there results a chain like the Alps, presenting every variety of form; and the chain, once formed, must, we imagine, remain quite unaltered for ages.

#### MASONIC QUALIFICATIONS.

THE "Exoteric Usages" of masonry consist of rules prescribing the moral, physical, intellectual, political, and domestic qualifications necessary to be possessed by all aspirants desirous of being admitted to the benefits and privileges of the mysteries contained in the exoteric usages of the society. These usages are publicly proclaimed, that all men may know them. They contain the written tradition of the fraternity:

1. *Moral.* A candidate for the mysteries must be a man of irreproachable conduct, a believer in the existence of God, obedient to the precepts of moral law; neither an atheist or an irreligious libertine; but of still tongue, good report, and well recommended.
2. *Physical.* He must be a man, arrived at a mature age; upright in body, with all the senses of a man; not maimed, dismembered, or deformed, but with hale and entire limbs, as a man ought to be.
3. *Intellectual.* He must be a man of even and well-balanced mind; not so young that his mind shall not have been formed, nor so old that it shall fall into dotage; neither a fool, an idiot, nor a madman; a lover of the liberal arts and sciences, and disposed to make continual progress in the pursuit of wisdom and virtue.
4. *Political.* He must be free-born, and in the unrestrained enjoyment of civil and personal liberty; a dutiful subject or citizen in fulfilling the requirements of the civil laws of the country where he resides; and obedient to the authorities which are set over him and yield him protection.
5. *Domestic.* He must be a lover of quiet; frugal, industrious, and temperate in his habits; carefully providing for his own necessities and those of his family and dependents. He must always be ready to contribute to the wants of the poor and distressed around him to the extent of his ability. Hence he must be a good father, a good husband, a good brother, a good son and neighbour.

It is somewhat singular that the title and estates of the Earl of Carlisle, through several generations, extending over two centuries, have descended in a direct line from father to son, till now the first break appears. The eighth earl, the Rev. William George Howard, is unmarried, and has long been an invalid. The next in order is Admiral the Hon. Edward Howard, who has no issue, and therefore the presumption is that the title and estates will ultimately fall to the Hon. Charles Howard, whose son, Mr. George James Howard, married the daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley, a few weeks ago.

**DISCOVERY OF SILVER MEDALS NEAR PRESTON.**—Two more silver medals have lately been found at Alston, near Preston. The first has on one side a likeness of Sir Thomas Fairfax, and the inscription "Tho: Fairfax, miles militi Parl. Dux. Gen.;" on the other side, "mirmisti post hanc meliora, 1645." The second medal is the coronation medal of King Charles II. in silver. On one side is a fine bust of the "merry monarch" with the crown on his head, "Carolus II., D.G. ANG. SCO. FR. ET. HI. REX." On the other side he is represented as seated in the ancient coronation chair, with a winged figure placing the crown on his head, and round the medal the words, "eversio minus succurrebat sceler 23 April, 1661."

**STEEL-CLAD FRENCH LADIES.**—The *Progres de Lyons* (French paper) announced some days since that a manufacturer of that town had received an order for 800,000 kilogrammes of steel hoops for corsetines (there are 45-55 kilogrammes in 100 lbs. avoirdupois). The *Nord* remarks that this figure, which appears extravagant, is far from representing the full amount of steel used for ladies' petticoats. One house in Paris sells annually 600,000 kilogrammes weight of hoops. To give an idea of this trade, which sprung up with the use of corsetines, it is only necessary to

consider that every woman possesses one or two hoops petticoats, each of which contains from 20 to 30 yards of metal, weighing on an average 1 lb., and as the adult French female population is at least 12,000,000, there are 12,000,000 kilogrammes of steel placed annually at the service of the fairest half of the French people.

A BURGLARY was committed on the night of the 1st December, at the Castle of Sybillersort, near Breslau, in Silesia, a residence of the Duke of Brunswick. The thieves succeeded in carrying away twelve dozen new silver plates, besides a great quantity of silver keys, spoons, knives and forks. The plate was principally marked with the duke's arms as Knight of the Garter, and the value of what has been stolen is from four to five thousand pounds.

**SHEFFIELD INUNDATION CLAIMS.**—Some rather strange claims have been brought before the Sheffield Inundation Commission. A grocer claimed compensation for the drowning of customers, and for the destruction of houses which had caused customers to remove to other parts of the town. A rat-catcher sent in a claim for damage, "because the flood had drowned all the rats in the district that he was accustomed to operate in." A surgeon sent in a claim for damage caused by the removal (in consequence of the flood) of many ladies whom he would otherwise have had to attend at their confinements!

**DIAMONDS IN AUSTRALIA.**—The *Technologist* says:—"If any doubt existed on the subject of Australia being a diamond-producing country, it is now removed. A successful digger, named Williams, from the Yackandandah district, submitted to Mr. Crisp, jeweller, Queen Street, a collection of small stones which he had picked up while washing out gold. Amongst these was a diamond, the largest yet found in the colony, so far as is known, and of purest water. Its natural facets are perfect; its colour is a pale green, but approaching much more nearly to the pure water of the East Indian diamond than the stone which was the subject of a conversation not long ago in the Legislative Assembly. It weighs 2½ 132 carats, or nearly 3 carats and was found at Woorgy, near the Maggie, Yackandandah, in auriferous earth taken from a hill-side."

## LADY VENETIA.

### CHAPTER XV.

Hath not this hand against a foeman's life  
Or drugged the dire bowl, or raised the murderer's knife?  
Gray.

On his return from the Marino, Amalfi summoned to his presence a confidential servant, who had lived with him from his boyhood.

Tomaso was fully cognizant of all the secret transactions of his master's life, and he had taken an active part in many that were most questionable. His fidelity was undoubted, for he was bound to his employer by the ties both of affection and interest.

He was a small, dark man, in the meridian of life, with a keen eye and thin reticent lips, which gave assurance of the discretion of their owner.

He saw at once that something had greatly disturbed Amalfi, but he respectfully waited for him to speak and reveal the new service he felt assured he would be called on to perform.

"Tomaso," said Amalfi, "I have summoned you to inform you that our work is to begin again. The man we have so long thought dead is yet living; is probably on his way to this island to proclaim my treachery, and wrest from me the fortune I have so long enjoyed. I naturally turn to you as the person who can most efficiently aid me in this crisis."

"You have only to command, signor, and I am ready to obey. I have always feared that Count Vicenzio would return some day; but we crushed him once, and I do not see why we shall not crush him again."

"That is now my only hope, and I summoned you hither to tell you what I have learned. If Bandino was not a fool, he would never have trusted me with the information he was kind enough to give, in the silly belief that he could save my daughter from the sudden shock of discovering that she is a pauper and her father a villain. You see I speak the truth to you, though to all other men I am a living lie."

Tomaso's deep-set black eyes flashed.  
"Has he dared to return without accomplishing the errand he undertook to perform? He is a perjured villain, for he swore on the cross to do your bidding; and if it is necessary to your interest to put him aside, I will find the means of doing it, for I owe him an old grudge."

"I know there was little love between you, and your time has come to carry out your spite against him. He is in Palermo, bearing on his person papers that are of vital importance to me. He must be found out—followed when he leaves the city, and those letters brought to me."

Tomaso asked in a suppressed tone:

"Am I to understand, signor, that you only desire the despatches in his possession, or must he be dealt with finally?"

Amalfi changed colour slightly, but he firmly replied:

"He must never trouble me with his presence again. What he can tell must never be spoken to human ears. I do not ask you to hunt him down—it might be traced to you. See that you find one who will be certain to perform the task he undertakes; and leave no clue to him by which he can identify his employer."

"I can find the man you desire, signor; he will do your bidding and ask no indiscreet questions; but his terms are high."

"Here is gold; money is no object with me in comparison with what is at stake. Set out on your errand at once, Tomaso; you have served me faithfully before this in as difficult a crisis as the present one, and I feel that I can trust you implicitly."

"You may surely do that, signor, for am I not your foster brother, and have I not been your devoted slave throughout my whole life? If your cousin is coming back, you can trust me to welcome him at the dagger's point sooner than see you cast down from the high estate you gained by your superior craft."

Amalfi grasped his hand warmly, and said:

"Our interests are one, Tomaso, and I may tell you the whole truth. Vicenzio not only lives, but his daughter, that child you so perseveringly sought—that we believed had perished in infancy—yet lives, and Bandino is on his way to reveal to her her true name and rank—to tell her that her father will soon be on his way to Italy, bringing with him a pardon and permission to resume possession of his estates and title."

The bead-like eyes of the listener glowed like coals of living fire, as he rapidly replied:

"Trust to me, my lord, and you shall never be interfered with by him. I should know him among a thousand, and neither he nor his daughter shall thrust themselves between my young lady and her inheritance. After all these years of quiet possession, it will be too much to lose all that was gained by such skill as you evinced."

Amalfi took several turns across the floor, and then turning to Tomaso, sternly said:

"Release me from this dread, and your fortune is made. I leave all to you, for I know you to be faithful as steel."

"You are but just, my lord, and now I will depart on my errand at once. I must find out where Bandino lodges, and what route he will take, before midnight. Has he altered much in all these years?"

"I knew him at once; and you will remember him. He wears a shabby suit of dark clothes made in England, and there is nothing Sicilian about him but the large sombrero slouched over his brows. Here is gold to pay the bravo whose services you will engage."

Tomaso took the purse, and went out on his terrible mission; true to his fanatical attachment to his master, he was ready to do anything that could secure his interests.

He knew moreover that his own ruin would be consummated in that of his employer, and the opportunity, long coveted, to wreak vengeance on Bandino for rivaling him with a girl they had both loved in early life, was at last found.

Amalfi remained absorbed in bitter thought a few moments; he then seized his pen and wrote the letter to the Marquis of Colonna which we have already seen.

That despatched, he summoned a domestic, and sent him with a request to the medical attendant of his daughter to come to him immediately.

The errand was soon accomplished, and in half-an-hour, Dr. Solandi was beside him.

He was a small, keen-looking man, with great courtliness of manner, which recommended him to the wealthy classes, among whom his practice chiefly lay. He returned the greeting of his host, and said in a soft, silky tone:

"I hope nothing is wrong with you, signor. You are looking tired and annoyed, but I detect no appearance of disease."

"I am quite as well as usual, I am happy to say, doctor. It was not on my account that I summoned you. Sit down, if you please; for I have something particular to say to you."

"It is Lady Venetia, then, on whose account you wished to see me? I trust that the excitement attending her present position has not induced any violent action of the heart. Repose is necessary to her; I warned you of that, my lord."

"It is of her I wish to speak; there is nothing new to apprehend on her account, but I wish you to declare that it is necessary to her health, nay, to her life itself, that no delay shall take place in removing her to the baths you recommended."

The physician looked surprised.  
"I am afraid I do not quite understand you, signor."

"Yet I speak plainly enough, I think. You must seek Count Colonna, and urge on him as speedy a marriage and departure as possible. It is of vital importance that their union shall take place without delay, and my poor child be far away before an event happens which may prove a fatal blow to her. I confide this much to you, that you may understand how critical her position is."

The physician still seemed puzzled. He slowly said:

"Any violent agitation may undo all that I have accomplished. I have not concealed from you that your daughter holds her life by the feeblest tenure, and a sudden shock may destroy her. Do you apprehend any calamity to yourself, my lord?"

"If I do, I can meet it with a firm heart, and overcome it with an iron hand," was the stern response. "My chief concern is my daughter. Aid me to hurry on the marriage, which both she and her betrothed wish to have postponed for two months. It has become necessary that it shall be solemnized within the next ten days, and you must use such arguments to Vittorio as will leave him no choice. I tell you this much in confidence, Dr. Solandi, and a professional man dares not violate the trust reposed in him by repeating what his clients confide to him."

"I perfectly understand that," replied the physician, a little stiffly. "It was not necessary to remind me of the obligations by which one of my profession is stringently bound. Since the welfare of your charming daughter is at stake, I will use all my power to induce Count Colonna to insist on a speedy marriage. A young bridegroom will surely be eager to meet your wishes, especially when he gains beauty, intelligence, and fortune with his chosen bride."

Amalfi repressed the pang his last words gave him, and quickly replied:

"Assuredly—of course he will; and it shall be my office to prepare my daughter to receive his solicitations in the proper spirit. When Count Colonna has seen you, request him to seek me here, if you please."

The medico bowed and took his departure, wondering what evil could menace one apparently so elevated above the ordinary casualties of humanity. He was not acquainted with the early life of Amalfi; he only knew that he had emigrated from Italy many years before, bringing with him great wealth, and the prestige of a distinguished name.

Finding in his own thoughts no solution of the hint he had received, he dismissed the subject as an unprofitable one, and sought the young count. In the interview which followed, he so diplomatically used the discretion delegated to him, that all the latent tenderness for Venetia which lay in Vittorio's heart was brought in action. His fears for the life of his gentle bride elect were skillfully aroused, and he was made to believe that a speedy removal to the German baths was the only remedy that could promise a return of health.

Dr. Solandi insisted on a private marriage, and an unostentatious departure, as soon as they could possibly take place. After extracting from Vittorio a promise to that effect, he informed him of the message of Amalfi, and bade him adieu.

With a sad shrinking of the heart, Vittorio walked toward the private sanctum of his host. He found him looking troubled and excited, and so soon as his visitor was seated, he rapidly said:

"Dr. Solandi has been with you, my dear boy, and you know how much depends on getting Venetia away as soon as possible. It seems indelicate on my part to urge you thus, but what alternative is left me when a life so precious to me is at stake?"

There seemed to be genuine feeling in his manner, and the count gently replied:

"It is most natural, signor, that your daughter should be your first care. Since our union is decreed to take place, it can matter little to me whether it is solemnized in a few weeks earlier or later. Fate seems to drive me on, and I resist no longer. The life of Venetia is too precious to me, as well as to yourself, to be lightly tampered with. Is she aware of this change in our plans? Will she consent to it?"

Amalfi fixed a penetrating glance on him.

"She will consent to anything you urge with the tenderness of a lover. Make Venetia feel that you are in earnest, and she will at once submit to your wishes."

"You may overrate my influence, signor, but I pledge myself to do my best. I will write to-day to have apartments engaged for us, and I can with honour assure you, that when Lady Venetia is my wife she shall never have cause to suspect that my heart ever swerved from its fealty to her."

"Thank you. I feel that I may trust you. Now we will seek my child. I will soon leave you to plead

your own cause; but remember, Vittorio, that you must show yourself most interested in hurrying on your nuptials. If you can thus convince her of your love, you will render her far more happy than she has been of late."

Distasteful as was the task before him, Vittorio could see no avenue of escape from it.

Fully believing the assurance of the physician that further delay in the removal of Lady Venetia to the baths might prove fatal, he bitterly felt that if his life must be sacrificed to save that of another, it would at least be well to make that sacrifice in such a spirit as would save his betrothed from the knowledge of how much it cost him.

He loathed himself for the part he was compelled to play toward her, and was only sustained in it by the remorseful tenderness with which she inspired him. Yet, alas! he felt that this was as the pale glimmer of moonlight to the strong, fervid glow of the summer sun, when compared with his passionate love for her he believed lost to him for ever.

How he wrought on the loving heart that confided in him to consent to his proposal, we shall not relate. Suffice it, that his betrothed was not obdurate, and she gave him the promise he sought with the sweet certainty that he loved her above all others, or he would not so earnestly have urged a speedy union.

The bustle of preparation immediately commenced, for the heiress of Amalfi could not be wedded ever so privately without much ado.

The *trousseau* came just when it was most needed, and the maid of Lady Venetia was kept constantly busy in arranging and packing the magnificent wardrobe of her mistress, while she herself looked on the beautiful things which had been ordered for her with something of the elation of a young and inexperienced girl in the first possession of such costly and tasteful articles of dress.

Her laces were of the most gossamer texture, and her jewels magnificent; but she sighed as she turned her eyes from their contemplation to the reflection of her own stunted figure in a large mirror, and wished, for her lover's sake, that she could have grown into womanhood as tall and stately as nature had designed her to be.

On the evening preceding the bridal, Amalfi received the reply of the marquis to his letter, together with the one sent to his son.

As he was preparing to take it to Vittorio himself, a peculiar rap was struck upon his door, and a sudden pallor swept over his face; for he recognized the signal established between himself and Tomaso when the latter wished to communicate with him in private.

Could his errand have been successfully accomplished?

Since the evening of their last interview Tomaso had not made his appearance in the palace, and he had begun to have fears for the issue of his enterprise.

He hastily struck twice upon the floor, and his faithful servant entered.

He approached the table beside which his master sat and placed upon it a dagger stained with blood, and a package of papers, carefully sealed. He sentimentally said:

"Signor, behold the proofs that I have not been idle in your service. Here is what you desired to obtain, and the bearer lies stark and cold in his own blood."

A slight shiver shook the frame of the listener; but he grasped the coveted papers, and eagerly said:

"Well and faithfully done, Tomaso. Your reward shall be the olive orchard you were speaking of not long ago. Give the owner his price, and I will advance the money. But where did you find our quarry?"

"That was easy enough. I remembered Bandino's former habits, and I was sure that he was to be met with in some drinking house. After some delay, I found him in a wine shop, and I knew him at once, for he has not greatly altered. I watched him while he drank, but held myself aloof lest his memory should prove as good as my own. When he left, I dogged his footsteps to a common lodging house, and took a room next the one occupied by him. I sat up all night, and I decided that I could settle this matter without the assistance of a hired assassin. I have long hated this man, and with good cause, and I was glad of the chance to fight with him."

He paused, and Amalfi impatiently said:

"Well—what next—what next?"

"I went out and procured a disguise for myself which would secure me from recognition by anyone who had ever known me. I then remained on the watch till dawn. Bandino arose with the first light of day and went out. I followed him, and while he bargained for a mule to take him on his journey I also did the same. We set out nearly at the same time, but I remained some distance behind till we were clear of the city and its suburbs. I then spurred up my animal and entered into conversation with him. After

some shyness on Bandino's part, I got him to talk freely with me, and he soon became confidential. He was a great fool, and his experience in English life seemed to have destroyed the mistrust that is a part of the Italian nature. He was imprudent enough to brag considerably of the confidence reposed in him by a certain great nobleman, whose return to his native land would soon be known."

"I humoured his silly vanity, and gained his confidence so far that he invited me to share the dinner he had provided for himself."

"I did so, and we got on famously till toward nightfall."

"We were approaching a ravine hemmed in by hills which has been the scene of some notable exploits among the brigands."

"I knew that Bandino was heavily armed, and I watched an opportunity to attack him at advantage."

"He seemed unwilling to permit me to fall behind him; but in the dense I spoke of, the pathway was too narrow to enable two to pass abreast."

"I lingered, and, momentarily forgetful of his mistrust, Bandino rode on."

"I put my mule to his best paces, gained on him, sprang suddenly upon him, and buried my dagger to the hilt in his back."

"In falling, he fired a pistol he had grasped at the sound of my sudden approach, and the ball grazed my temple, inflicting a slight flesh wound."

"He fell heavily from his mule, and, after a few convulsive struggles, I saw that he was quite dead."

"I rifled him of his papers and the money he had about him."

"The last I appropriated as my lawful spoil. I trust that you are satisfied with me, my lord."

"More than satisfied, my trusty Tomaso. I have long known that in you I possess a treasure, for I am aware that my secrets are as safe with you as in my own keeping."

"You are right, signor. My life as well as my fidelity belong to you. You have always been my best friend, and I have proved that I am not ungrateful."

"You have hitherto served me well, Tomaso; but this surpasses all you have done before, and you may claim your own reward."

"Oh, my lord, you are too liberal. I covet the orchard of which you just now spoke; a comfortable annuity besides will not be too great a price to pay for this man's blood and that of him who will follow him hither; for his fate, too, must be left in my hands."

"It shall be so; and now leave me to examine these papers. I must learn their contents at once, but all that is of importance to me shall be subsequently made known to you."

The same mother had nursed these two men, and the foster brother had devoted his life, with that unquestioning fidelity which led him to serve his master faithfully without caring what results to others flowed from his acts, and he was too deeply interested himself in the continued prosperity of his master to permit him to hesitate in the present crisis.

With a respectful bow, he quietly retired from the apartment, and Amalfi seized the packet with nervous haste and broke the seal.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

Out! fevered fancies, visions of remorse!  
I banish ye for ever from my brain.

*Crassus, King of Lydia*

If passion were not banished from my soul,  
I could almost imagine that I loved her.

*And*

COUNT AMALFI glanced at the address on the envelope, and every shade of colour left his dark face as he saw written in clear characters:

"To Signorina Lucia Vanessa, care of Pierro Baldoni, steward of the Colonna estate."

Could it be possible that this despised young girl, whom the marquis had been so anxious to separate from Vittorio, was the true heiress of the wealth the old man had sacrificed the happiness of his best-loved son to secure?

Three letters fell from the envelope. One was from his cousin to Baldoni, thanking him for the care he had given his daughter during her desolate childhood, and stating that the writer would soon return to claim the guardianship of Lucia herself.

The second one was addressed to the Marquis of Colonna. In it he expressed his gratitude that, at the solicitation of Baldoni, his daughter had been received in his family, and rejoiced with the culture of a lady.

He owed a debt to the steward for placing her among those of her own caste, which he would seek by every means in his power to repay.

The writer merely stated that he would soon be on his way to Sicily to make known his true name,



claim his daughter, and restore her to her own rank in life.

Amalfi read this letter twice over, amazed to find that in all probability, Baldoni was aware of Lucia's claims, though he had carefully kept such information as he possessed from her protectors.

Why he should have done so he could not understand, unless some advantage to himself was to be gained.

How far the steward's knowledge extended, and what use he intended to make of it, Amalfi determined to discover without delay.

As he gazed on the page, he muttered:

"So—Vicenzio will claim the girl first, and then use the fortune he has acquired to wrest from me that of which I defrauded him. Yes—I did do so; but for me, he would never have been incarcerated in a dungeon, from which he only escaped to that long exile. He was imprudent, and talked too freely, but his act would never have brought him to that if I had not forged accusations against him. I made him out the blackest of conspirators, and now he knows it. Well—war to the knife is declared between us, and we shall see which will go to the wall."

With a ghastly sneer, he lifted the remaining letter, and his lip curled as he again spoke:

"My fair signorina, your marriage with that old dotard will most effectually settle your claims on my inheritance, for Colonna will never permit the interests of his darling son to be compromised by putting forward your pretensions, even if he becomes aware of them. But there is little likelihood he ever will, for your father shall never reach your presence to reveal to you this important secret."

He broke the seal of the third letter, and slowly perused the following lines:

"London, June 10, 18—

"MY LUCIA.—When you read this you may reproach me for having left you so long in ignorance of your family; so long dependent on others for the care and kindness you had every right to claim from your own father, for the writer of this holds that tender relation toward you, my precious one.

"Before you judge me, learn the sad history of my life, my child, and you will exonerate me from all blame.

"That I have never utterly lost sight of you, even in my long and weary exile, will soon be proved to you. Born to a lofty station and great possessions, I could not crush down the high spirit with which nature had endowed me.

"I beheld the wretched condition of my countrymen, and I spoke freely and imprudently of the abuses of the government.

"Secret societies were organized under my supervision—not to overthrow the authority of those in power, but to demand the redress of the public grievances, even at the foot of the throne itself, with so strong and united a voice that refusal would have been impossible.

"That was the extent of my daring; but one I loved and trusted, who held the secrets of my life in his possession, played the part of the traitor to me. He was of my own blood, and profited by my downfall; for he has been permitted to possess himself of my hereditary estates, and I have now the evidence that he used every art to blacken me in the eyes of those who had power over my fate.

"Without warning of approaching danger, I was arrested in a summer palace in the southern part of Italy, to which I had retired with my newly-wedded wife; hurried to a loathsome dungeon, in which I languished for months.

"While thus incarcerated, I learned that the home in which I had left my wife had been burned to the ground by the emissaries of my base kinsman, and she herself compelled to fly, to escape death at their hands. The woman I adored was thus thrust out upon the world to become a wanderer in the cold and arid deserts of poverty and desolation. I maddened over the bare thought of the sufferings of my Clarice, and for weeks I raged through my narrow cell more like a wild beast than a creature bearing the impress of humanity.

"I believe that I should have perished in my utter wretchedness had not a sudden gleam of hope fallen on me. Through the humanity of my gaoler, a brief note was conveyed to me, which a friend had bribed him to deliver. It was from my wife; and she informed me that she had escaped to Sicily, and taken refuge with a widow and her daughter in humble circumstances, who lived near Syracuse. That there a child had been born, which claimed me as its father, and she implored me to break the bonds that held me captive, and come to her before she died. She further stated that my friends in Naples had tampered so successfully with my gaoler that he would not watch me so keenly as to forbid all hope of escape.

"From that moment my energies returned. I planned and executed an escape, which is still the

wonder of those who knew anything of the strength of the prison in which I was confined. Suffice it, that I regained my freedom, and made my way to the cottage in which my Clarice had been received;—but only to find her cold corpse awaiting me.

"I pass over the bitter, unavailing anguish of that hour, though its impress has never left my life. I saw her laid in her grave, and then turned my thoughts to the necessity of concealing your existence from the knowledge of my cousin, for I knew he would never leave a living child of mine to dispute his right to the inheritance he had so iniquitously obtained.

"Your mother had confided you to the care of the widow's daughter, and bestowed on you her name; but I dared not leave you where you would certainly be traced by the emissaries of Juliano. I asked permission to retain you with me for a few hours on the night after your mother's interment; and as soon as the inmates of the cottage were buried in sleep, I stole from it, carrying my sole treasure in my arms.

"I felt assured that my steps would be traced to the house in which my wife died, my child torn from the kind girl who had promised to be a mother to her, and no alternative was left me but to remove you clandestinely, leaving behind me no clue to whither I had gone.

"I fled through the night, carrying you, a wailing, suffering babe in my arms; I procured food for you in such secluded cottages as I deemed it safe to enter, and after weary days and nights of wandering, I thought myself far enough from the scene of your mother's death to render it safe to leave you.

"Money had been furnished me by a friend outside of my prison walls, and I had the means to pay with liberality the peasant woman who consented to take charge of you. I agreed with her to permit you to remain with her for the space of a year, and at the end of that time, if I did not reclaim you, the same sum was to be remitted annually as long as you continued to reside with her. I permitted you to retain the name of Lucia, as I feared it would not be safe to give you that of your lamented mother.

"I succeeded in effecting my escape from Sicily, and went to England. There I prospered beyond my most sanguine hopes, and I wrote constantly under a feigned name to the steward of the Marquis of Colonna, on whose estate lived the woman to whom I had entrusted you.

"I remitted to Signor Baldoni the money to pay your expenses, and he regularly acknowledged the receipt of my letters. He kept me informed of your progress, and finally stated that he had become so much interested in your beauty and intelligence as to use his influence with the lady of Colonna in your behalf.

"She had no daughter of her own, and she was easily induced to remove you from the humble home in which I had left you and take you to her maternal heart as her own child. This information afforded me the most exquisite satisfaction, for in brighter days I had once met with the fair woman who assumed the place of a mother to you, and I blessed her for her kindness to the desolate child I could not claim myself.

"I dared not write to the Marquis of Colonna and tell him who you were, for I had known him as the intimate friend of my treacherous cousin; and although I had no cause to doubt his honour, I feared to trust him with a secret of such vital importance. Some imprudence might betray your existence to my kinsman, and in that event I knew that your life would not be safe.

"I yearned to have you near me, but the hope that I should yet triumph over my enemy, and return to my native land, withheld me. I did not wish you to lose your nationality so completely as you must have done if reared from infancy among a strange people. I believed it would be better for your future happiness to leave you in your native land among the scenes and associations that would surround you in maturity; for it has always been my fixed purpose to return to the genial clime in which I was born.

"If I failed to obtain the pardon which my friends have laboured so long to procure, I designed, when my gains rendered me rich enough to follow my own inclinations, to take up my residence in the northern part of Italy, still retaining my assumed name. But I thank the merciful God that a better hope has at length dawned on me. The falsehoods, the base machinations of my foe, have at length been laid bare, and the ban which drove me from my country, and from all I held dear on earth, has been removed.

"I have in my possession the pardon of the king, with permission to return to Italy and resume possession of the honours and fortune my kinsman has so long been suffered to usurp. My estates were not absolutely confiscated; he was only allowed the enjoyment of them till I could prove myself innocent of the charges he preferred against me.

"The unwearied efforts of a devoted friend have at last been rewarded with success, and my arrangements to embark on my voyage home are nearly completed. My treacherous cousin believes me dead long

since, and I shall give him no warning of my advent till I stand face to face with him and demand the restitution of my rights.

"I am already rich, Lucia, through my own energy and enterprise; but for your sake I covet the restoration of family prestige and brilliant fortune. You will be the greatest heiress in Sicily, and, I trust, one of the loveliest and most charming of women. If you resemble your mother, it cannot be otherwise.

"The bearer of this has been several years in my employment; he is trustworthy, though often imprudent in speech. I suffer him to precede me that he may prepare you to receive your long-absent father. Keep him near you till I arrive, and suffer no hint of this revelation to reach Juliano Amalfi.

"Baldoni is distantly related to him through his mother, and was at one time in his employment; but now I have every reason to know that he is devoted to me—he will tell you himself how we met, and why he transferred his allegiance to me. I would have found a more prudent messenger if it had been possible to do so, but I think Baldoni will be cautious, for his own sake as well as mine.

"My affairs here are complicated, and I may be detained yet several weeks, but I shall hasten to you on the wings of impatient love in the first moment of freedom.

"Betray the confidence I have reposed in you to no one, as I wish the knowledge that I have reappeared to fall as a thunderbolt on the bad man who revels in the Aladdin's palace he has created with my wealth, and hugs to his soul the belief that retribution will never overtake him.

"I have written to the marquis, and also to Baldoni, but I have betrayed my name to neither of them, nor must you divulge it till I arrive in person to proclaim myself Count of Amalfi, and the undoubted possessor of my family inheritance.

"May God have you in his holy keeping, my blessed child, is the prayer of your father's heart.

"VICENZIO AMALFI."

That dark, stern kinsman read every word of this long epistle with many wavering emotions struggling for the mastery.

He laid it down with a sardonic expression of triumph shining from his eyes, and muttered:

"Now I am in full possession of your plans, my well beloved cousin, and I know the ground I stand on. I have long been aware that intrigues were going on against me at court, but I had no idea they had proceeded thus far. Who is that fast friend to him, who has done me this evil turn? Some one near the king, that is evident. But I will find out; and after this trader comes hither and has been safely bestowed, I will turn my attention to crushing him who has dared to intrigue against me in this underhand manner.

"And the girl to whom all this is addressed is the rival of my daughter in more ways than one. Yes—the beloved of Vittorio is really the heiress of the wealth his father has sacrificed his affections to obtain! The short-sightedness of men is wonderful.

"But this Lucia shall never know the state to which she was born. It is my duty to protect my own, and I will do it even at the sacrifice of life itself. What is his life to me? Would I not have taken it years ago? Then why hesitate now, when everything I hold dear is at stake? I can trust Tomaso as myself, and I know of old that his hand never falls. He will track Vicenzio as unerringly as a bloodhound, and to him I can safely leave the task of dealing with my most deadly foe."

Thus musing, his eyes fell upon the letter of the Marquis to Vittorio. Rousing himself from the dark thoughts that filled his mind, Amalfi again glanced over the one addressed to himself, and said, half aloud:

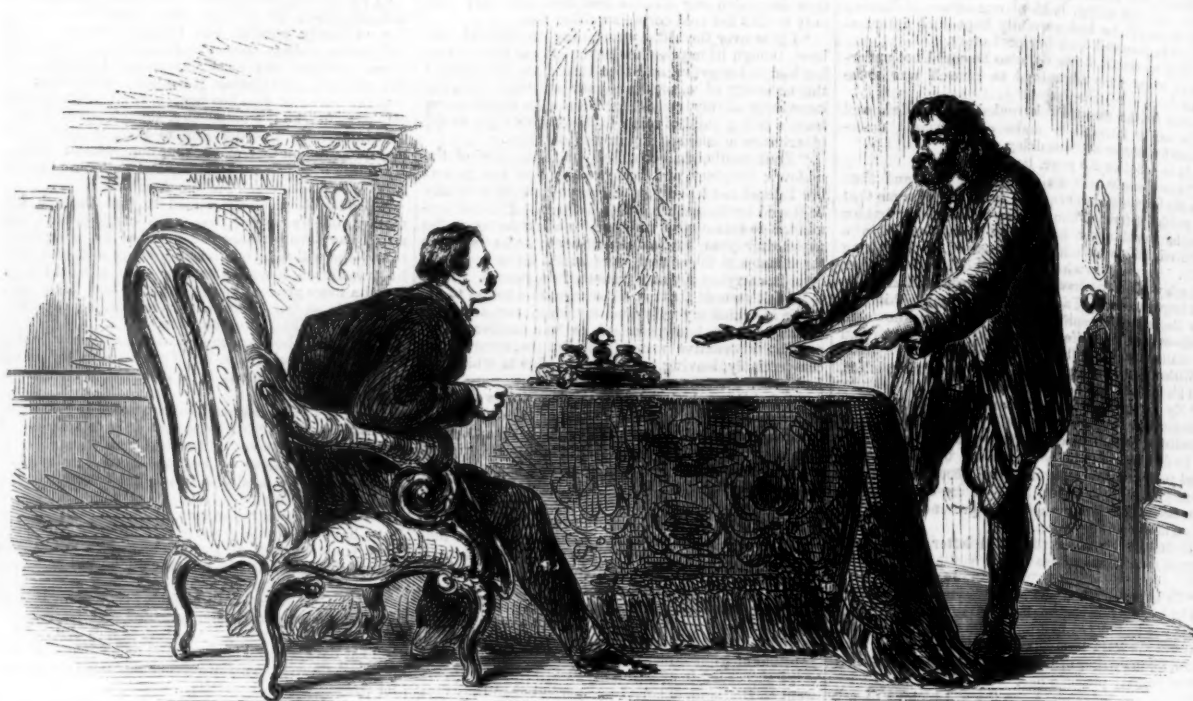
"This will end Vittorio's romance, for he can never again respect or love the mercenary creature who accepts the father's hand when all hope of securing the son is at an end. He will think of her only with disgust, and the affection of my daughter will meet its just return. Oh! for Venice's sake I am capable of doing all—of daring all; for she is the only living creature I love—who loves me truly and disinterestedly. In her life and happiness my own is irrevocably bound up."

Amalfi rang his bell, and sent a messenger to the young count with the letter of his father. Then securing the stolen letters in a strong envelope, he placed them in the secret drawer of a cabinet in which he kept his most valuable papers.

As he anticipated, the agitated step of Vittorio was soon heard without, and his rapid knock was replied to by Amalfi opening the door in person.

The young count looked pale and shocked, he sunk upon the nearest seat, incapable of speaking for several moments. Amalfi spoke in a tone he vainly endeavoured to render sympathetic:

"Your letter, I perceived, contains the same



## [TOMASO'S MISSION PERFORMED.]

astounding announcement that is in my own. I could scarcely have believed my old friend capable of such folly; but he is very aged now, and we can excuse him, though for the girl who thus sells herself there is no reprobation too strong."

Vittorio made a fierce gesture.

"Forbear, count! Do not speak thus of Lucia. If she has consented to this sacrifice, some evil influence has been brought to bear upon her. She would not willingly wring my heart thus. If her hand was given to any other man I could better have borne it—but to my own father! there is a profanation in the very thought of how much I have loved her. Yet, what matters it now? I have no further claims upon her, and we both have bitter cause to know that my father will always be master. If I thought there was time to prevent this horrible union, I would at once set out for the castle, and insist, as the price of my own submission to his will, that this shameful sacrifice should not be consummated."

Amalfi, alarmed at the suggestion, hastily said:

"You would be too late, Vittorio; besides, you should remember what is due to your own betrothed. This is the eve of your own marriage, and so mad an expedition as that would be must enlighten Venetia as to your feelings toward her rival. I insist that you shall remain here quietly, and let things take their own course at the castle. I demand that you shall act the part of an honourable man toward her you have thus far so successfully deceived."

His words and manner stung Vittorio, but they recalled him to the consciousness of what was due to his present position.

It was true that he had been thrust into it; but since he had accepted it, he had no right to trifle with the feelings of his betrothed.

He bowed his head a few moments, and then bitterly said:

"I believe you are right, my lord; but my feelings carried me away. This last blow was not needed to drive me into giving my hand to your daughter, though my father evidently thought so when he determined to place this barrier between myself and Lucia. Since our public betrothal, I regard Lady Venetia as much my wife as if the priest had already pronounced the nuptial benediction over us. If that poor girl had been permitted to occupy her usual place in my father's household, I should gradually have learned to think of her as a very dear sister. Now I can only think with horror that the woman I have so madly loved has been forced to consent to stand to me in the position of a mother!"

He dropped his face upon his hands, and his frame quivered with emotions he found it vain to attempt to repress.

Amalfi kindly said:

"My dear boy, I feel for your distress. It is natural in such an unheard-of crisis as this. Suffer your mind to turn from the contemplation of what must so bitterly annoy you, and feel thankful for the tender love that is ready to console you even for such an affliction as this."

There was a pause of several moments, and then the young count raised his agitated face, and, with assumed calmness, said:

"Be assured, my lord, that my affection for this unhappy girl has in this hour received its death-blow, and henceforth I live alone for Venetia. I am glad that our union has been hastened, for I would now claim her as soon as possible, and leave the soil that is desecrated by the marriage my father has made. Reply to those letters, if you please; I cannot—I dare not, lest I say too much."

He threw his own pen upon the table and rushed from the room. But it was impossible to rush from himself, and in the solitude of his own apartment a fiercer storm than any which had swept over him crashed and tore his quivering heart. The desecrated image of his first love was violently torn from its shrine, and in its place contempt and scorn for her who had been so easily consoled rioted there.

After all, it was the position and title she had coveted, or Lucia would never have consented to accept his infirm and helpless father. Until that hour Vittorio had never permitted himself to dwell on the possibility that a few fleeting years might release him from his marriage bonds, and enable him to realize the fate predicted for him by the nun; but in that hour of supreme suffering he knew that such a thought had lain perdu in his heart. He was aware that Lady Venetia could not live many years; but he would not permit himself to think of that method of release; he would have considered it too base: but in that dread hour his heart was unveiled before him, and he knew that this silent conviction had enabled him to resign himself with more philosophy to the necessity of giving her his hand.

Shrinking with horror from himself, his tortured soul acknowledged that this was a fitting punishment for a hope founded on the grave of another; but he felt in all its bitterness the ruse practised by his father to cut off every hope of a future union with Lucia.

His father's wife by this time!

The thought was such exquisite torture to him that

he could not control his feelings. He felt it impossible to appear before Lady Venetia in this frame of mind, and he sent down an excuse for not appearing at supper. He was suffering from a severe headache, and could not leave his room.

Lady Venetia sent her own maid with aromatic vinegar, and wrote him a loving little note, lamenting his indisposition and the stringent etiquette which forbade her to minister to him herself.

He pressed it to his lips with such love-like fervour, that Fatima returned to her mistress with the assurance that no cavalier could be more devoted than the young count was to her; and Lady Venetia blushed with happiness and pleasure when the girl described the tender reception of her letter.

On the following morning, Vittorio made his appearance, looking pale and ill; but in his eyes there was an expression of tenderness as they rested on his betrothed which she had never seen there before, and in his manner a lover-like devotion which filled her heart with joy unutterable.

In the dire struggle of the preceding night Vittorio had determined that it was not enough to tear Lucia from his heart, but that he must really enshrine there the devoted one he felt to be worthy of all his love. So he came forth no longer to play the part of the wooer, but to show her how real and vital was the power she held over him.

The hours passed as a feverish dream till the important one arrived, which Vittorio now welcomed, much as he had lately dreaded its approach.

A yacht, splendidly fitted up, was to receive the bridal pair, and take them to Marseilles, whence they would proceed to their destination as rapidly as Lady Venetia could travel.

A few friends of the family assembled in the cathedral to witness the ceremony, and Count Colonna looked on the angel face—into the soft eyes of his bride, and believed himself fortunate to secure the lifelong devotion of so pure and lovely a being.

He tried to believe himself happy in the future that lay before him, and vowed silently that she who so implicitly trusted him should at least be so, if the tenderest and most thoughtful care could secure her from evil.

Amalfi parted from them on the deck of the vessel, with a promise to join them as soon as possible.

He bade them God speed, with a smiling brow, for he was satisfied that he had provided for his daughter an honourable and wealthy protector, whatever his own fate might be; and he turned with nerves of steel to grapple with the danger that menaced himself.

(To be continued.)





[LADY DE REDGRAVE'S CONFESSION.]

## THE WARNING VOICE.

By the Author of "Mrs. Larkall's Boarding School," "Man and his Idol," &c.

## CHAPTER LXXII.

## THE BROTHERS.

I knew him! Yes, this ghost of days gone by, this shadow of the thing that I had hated,—There was the earl! 'Twas fit indeed that I should meet him thus. Poor puppets, it was fated!

The Secretary.

WHEN Ingarstone entered his own drawing-room, under favour of Flacker, he found a grey-haired man, tall, thin, and cadaverous, coolly sitting at his lordship's own Davenport—as fashionable writing-desks are called—engaged in turning the papers it contained out upon the carpet.

There they formed a heap. This occupation was so absorbing that for the moment the old man did not look up; but at the words "Mr. Ingarstone," he raised a face so like that of the individual introduced, that their relationship was clear at a glance. And this in spite of the fact that the man at the desk was nearly a foot taller than the other, and was as wasted and emaciated as if he had just recovered from an illness.

This, indeed, was the fact; but it was an illness of the mind, as we have already had occasion to suggest. "Bernard!" exclaimed Ingarstone, advancing towards his brother, and holding out a hand in a cordial manner. "I'm heartily and unfeignedly glad to see you back again in the old home."

The man thus addressed, fixed two piercing grey eyes on the speaker, and his lips, loose and unsteady, widened out into a grin.

"Are ye, Humphrey?" he asked, with a meaning chuckle.

"You doubt it?" the other asked in return.

"Well—yes. I think I ought. Eh?"

And he looked inexpressibly sly, and grinned.

"No. 'Pon my life, no, Bernard. Was I ever a bad brother to you? Did any ill-treatment of mine bring on your unfortunate weakness? And have I ever taken any steps to deprive you of your property? No. I've nursed it and preserved it for you; and now that you have turned up again in such a providential manner—quite restored, too, I see, quite restored"—he gazed hard and scrutinizingly as he spoke—"it will be my pleasure as it is my duty to see you reinstated in your own place."

The man addressed, chuckled and grinned again.

"And you?"

"Oh, I must be content to take my proper place. I am the younger brother. There's no denying that. Nothing can alter the fact; and having done my best for you in the management of the property in your absence, I must now retire—if it is your wish."

"It is my wish," said the other, decidedly.

"My dear Bernard," cried the younger brother, "—"

"Stay!"

The old man started up. His eyes glowed with a sudden fire; and as he stood, tall and emaciated, with his white hair flowing about his ears, his appearance was both singular and impressive.

"Stay!" he repeated. "You're my brother, Humphrey; but for all that, you're a humbug—a confounded humbug. You speak, and I hear you—but you don't feel your words. You can't look your words. You don't mean your words. You wish me at the bottom of the sea rather than here. You'd have followed me to my grave with more pleasure than you attended your daughter to her wedding. Nice wedding, eh? Nice son-in-law, isn't he? Oh, I know, bless you! Curse you, I mean! I know all about it. Capital joke. Ha! ha! ha!"

He broke out into such a paroxysm of violent laughter, that his face became purple, and the veins on his forehead were swollen almost to bursting.

Ingarstone—as we will still call him—looked on, white with fury.

"Look here, Bernard," he said, as soon as the other was able to listen; "you think I've said what I have to please you—to curry favour with you?"

"I'm sure of it."

"You think I've no natural affection as a brother?"

"Not a grain?"

"You wrong me, then; and you do it without the slightest warrant for it in anything I've said or done. It's natural you should think it. It isn't pleasant for a man to be turned out of house and home, and have to relinquish a title he has borne these twenty years. But you forget two things. One is that it is to my own brother, my own nearest relation, that I'm giving up. The other is, that I've only held title and property in trust all these years; I've lived in the constant expectation that you might be restored to us."

"In the constant dread, you mean?"

"'Pon my life, Bernard, you're hard—mons'ous hard on me. Has my conduct warranted this? Let's look back. Let's recall the past. What do we find? You as a young man, handsome, witty, and well-connected, attract the special notice of the Regent, just before he became George IV. You are invited to Court, petted, fondled, and admired—in other words, you plunged

into the vortex of pleasure with which the Regent's name is associated. A glorious time that was! Nothing like it since. But the pace was fast—too fast—and as a natural consequence, the weak soon broke down. Only the very tough could stand it, and you were not among them. You hadn't the stamina, and you had to give in. Your head was affected. You had strange fancies, horrible dreams, suicidal tendencies, and after one night setting out to walk from Ingarstone to London in your dressing-gown only, it was found necessary to place you under restraint. These are not pleasant reminiscences, heaven knows; but they are necessary to be mentioned, more particularly to show that I was not your enemy in those days. I did not bring your mania upon you. It was not even at my instigation that you were confined in a private lunatic asylum."

"A fearful place!" exclaimed the elder brother.

"Doubtless—but not of my making. You didn't like it—you were too cunning for your keepers—you escaped. Instead of making for your home or reporting to your friends, you fled the country. After an interval of two years, we heard from you in Spain. You stated that you had perfectly recovered, and required money to bring you back to England. The money was sent. It was on my advice, and with my full concurrence, that the money was sent."

"'Twas mine. I'd a right to have it sent where I chose," said Bernard Ingarstone, savagely.

"Praps so. There were those who thought otherwise; those who did not believe in your recovery, and recommended that the money should not be sent. I was not one of them. I saw that your letter was simple and coherent; and by my advice, the request it conveyed was complied with. You then wrote to say that you should return in the ship Zanadu, which sailed on the fifth of the next month. The ship sailed and was wrecked. I had no hand in the wreck of the ship; all I did was to read in the newspapers that the Zanadu was lost, and that all hands had perished. I had no reason to suppose that you had not sailed in that ship! I had no reason to imagine that you had escaped the common fate of those on board her."

"But I had," the other chuckled.

"You did take your passage in the Zanadu, then?"

"Yes. I did. I sailed in her, but I didn't wait for the storm in which she perished. I wasn't quite such a fool. I used to consult the barometer every day myself, not trusting to the fool of a captain, who had no more brains in his head than a pumpkin. Not I. One day I found the mercury so low that I knew something

was up. 'Captain,' said I, 'we're going to have a cyclone or something of that sort.' 'Idiot,' he answered with a growl, 'say that again and I'll have you put in irons.' The idiot didn't say it again; but that evening, at dusk, when we were passing within a quarter of a mile of land, the idiot dropped quietly overboard, and swam ashore. Next day the storm came, and the idiot watched from the cliffs the old ship sucked up like a cork in a whirlpool. I laughed then, if you like; and the more when I thought how the news of the loss of the Zanadu would reach you, and you would bless me for a good fool of an elder brother, and would seize my title and my property, and get warm in them, and I should come back and out you—as I do to-day."

At the thought of this, the man laughed as at a joke of superior quality, till the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Gad! a capital practical joke," said Ingarstone, with a grim smile; "but allow me to observe that you have been some time playing it out."

"Yes," was the rejoinder; "but that was no fault of mine. First, I fell in with a set of Spanish brigands, who wanted a ransom, but refused to let me write home for fear I should bring the whole British fleet to carry me off by force of arms. Then they got a notion into their heads that I was insane and dangerous, and so sent me up the country, and left me there among a set of barbarians who treated me worse than a negro slave. So, from one adventure I went on to another,—passing my time sometimes in prison, sometimes in asylums, sometimes in lazarettos, and occasionally at large under the protection of different consuls."

"And during all this time we heard nothing of you, Bernard," said Ingarstone.

"As much as you wanted to hear, I guess," was the retort.

"I waited two years, during which I caused every possibly inquiry to be made—"

"Within five miles of Ingarstone?" asked Bernard.

"Not only so, but throughout Europe; and without effect. Then had I not every reason to think you had perished?"

"The wish was father to the thought, man," said the elder brother.

Ingarstone did not notice the insinuation.

"Was I not justified—fully justified in then acting as if you had ceased to be in existence?" he asked.

"You would have been, but for two reasons. One is, that a communication was made from the English consul at Oporto to the English government, which must have reached you—"

"And which did," the other admitted; "but only in this form, that a roving Englishman at that port claimed to be the heir of Ingarstone. The claim was not in your writing, and what more probable than that some one who knew your story was trying to raise a little money by practising an imposition?"

"Nothing more probable—except that I, your brother, should be alive and well, and in want of means to save me from starvation? But you made no inquiry. Why should you? If I was starving, so much the better for you and yours. So you argued. But I didn't starve. No, no; I was destined to live and to return."

"And you're welcome," said Ingarstone.

"Pshaw!" "Well, well! argument is useless on that point; but you spoke of a second communication to me—how was that made?"

"Through an English woman—if I may apply that term to one half Spanish, half gipsy—who met your precious son-in-law, Ormond Redgrave, at Cadiz, and who was made acquainted with my existence, and undertook to inform you of it. She called herself Ximena de Cordova—you knew her?"

"Too well."

"And she did make the revelation entrusted to her?"

"Well—yes, to my son. But we had no ground for supposing that you had been restored to intelligence, or that you were capable of taking the direction of your own affairs."

"You did not care to know. You took no steps to ascertain," said the other, bitterly; "else you would have ascertained that it was false—that it was all a calumny. I have never been mad. I have been brain-sick, excited, full of fancies, but not mad—not mad! I am impulsive, and the ignorant construe it into delirium. They did so on the night when I reached England—having escaped from Spain by a miracle. I had an impulse then, and was tempted to jump into the river, it was so fine a night. And I did it. I jumped too hard, became dizzy, and was all but lost. By a strange fatality I was picked up by a boat belonging to one Darn Crook—ah, you know that name?"

"Go on," said Ingarstone imperatively.

"It was his daughter who was called Ximena de Cordova—her real name was Mildred Crook, as you know, as all the world now knows. The father is a man of many pursuits; among others he has in his pay

men whose business it is to collect for him the refuse of the Thames, including the bodies of seamen and others drowned in its waters—partly with a view to rifling them, partly to obtain rewards offered by the relatives. The boat which picked me up, bore me to a place of his, an old house by the river side; and there, to the astonishment of Darn Crook and his associates, I recovered."

The reader will recollect the body borne up the stairs of the old house on the occasion of Ximena's night visit to it?

That apparently lifeless corpse was the true Lord Ingarstone, who now addresses his younger brother!

So strange are the accidents of life!

The younger brother, at the bottom of his heart, could not help wishing that this Darn Crook, of whom it appeared he was never to hear the last, had himself been lying in the mud of that river from which he had so inopportunistically rescued his relative. But his face alone gave expression to this feeling. He did not give utterance to it in words. When he spoke, it was only to express his wonder at the story to which he was doomed to listen.

"And now, Bernard," he continued, "since you are restored to life, to reason, to your title and possessions, what is to follow?"

"With regard to —?"

"Myself."

"Yourself? Oh, you know your portion well enough."

"As the younger son?"

"Yes."

"Bernard!" exclaimed Ingarstone, "you surely do not mean to leave me at my time of life in the beggarly position of the younger son?"

"Why not?" asked the other, with a chuckle.

"Because it is cruel; because it is unjust."

"Indeed! How so?"

"For this reason: Your singular fate has placed me in a false position. As a young man, I believed myself the head of the family. I have gone on in that impression, relying upon our family resources for the supply of my own wants, and those of my children. Had I known that my position was to be that of the younger son, I should have followed some profession, or obtained some office under government which would have yielded me a competency. As it is, I am a beggar. My boy, Cecil, is penniless; and worst of all, my poor girl has this very day given her hand to a man who—as it turns out—is only our equal in destitution. Brother, this day is the darkest that has ever dawned for me. It seems singled out of the calendar for misfortunes. You alone can throw a ray of light upon it, and upon the course of my future years. Out of your recovered superfluity, you can afford me and mine the means of life. You will do this?"

Observe how in this crisis Ingarstone insensibly dropped all the affectations of speech which had become habitual to him. He was in earnest now.

Bernard saw it.

His eyes sparkled and gloated as they scanned the face from which a few hours' misery had already torn the courtier's mask. There was a touch of mania in the excitement with which he uttered this cruel answer.

"You have put your side of the question," he said; "now hear mine. For twenty years you have enjoyed my title and my property. In all that time you have given no more thought to me than to a dead dog. In those twenty years I have suffered all that a man can suffer—cold, hunger, nakedness, imprisonment, torture. I, Ingarstone, have borne all this, and you have never stretched out a hand to help or solace me. Even at the last, when you knew that I was alive, well, and in this country, you have remained heartless and impassive. Now, then, listen: the measure you have meted out to me, I mete to you and yours. To all your pleadings and entreaties I answer—no! You will leave this place at once; and it will be at your peril that you remove a particle of what it contains. All is mine, and I will have it. At my death, it will revert to you—I can't help its doing so, or, by heaven, I would! Till then may you live to feel in all its bitterness the misery you have entailed upon yourself!"

Ingarstone listened to these words in stupid amazement.

He could not credit the brutality which dictated them. Some idea of pleading, reasoning, entreating, rose in his mind; but a glance at the face of the man who had turned from him with a proud, defiant air, restrained him.

That face was stamped with the impress of mania, brought out the more strongly by the utterance of these vengeful words, as the faint impression of a coin is revealed by the action of heat.

It was clearly useless to argue or to plead; and the younger brother, heart-sick, and utterly crushed, ventured only one further remark.

"This is your deliberate resolution—Bernard?" he said.

No answer.

"You can find it in your heart to doom me and my children to beggary?"

Still no answer.

"Then, may God forgive you!"

He waited a few moments, waiting to see if the brother, who had now turned his back on him literally, would deign any answer. But nothing more was said, and he walked slowly to the door of the room, outside which he found Flacker standing sentry.

## CHAPTER LXIII

### THE WEDDING GIFTS.

Let the young be glad. Though cares in crowds  
Leave scarce a break of blue,  
Yet hope gives wings to morning clouds.

Fests.

It was with a livid face and a tottering step that Humphrey Ingarstone suffered himself to be shown out of the mansion, of which he had been the master for twenty years—in which, moreover, he had resided from boyhood.

He felt the ignominy of his position keenly.

He slunk abashed and ashamed among his own servants, not daring to look them in the face. No position could have been more humiliating; yet what could he do but submit to it? The elder brother had returned, was lord and master, and had a right to act as he had acted. Not only had he gained those nine points of the law, possession; but the tenth was undeniably in his favour. The step he had taken was cruel and brutal, and had been dictated by a most vindictive feeling; but there is no statute against coarseness or brutality of mind, and the feelings which such a mental state engenders may be indulged in with impunity.

Clearly it was the wisest thing for Humphrey Ingarstone to quit the place as he did—quietly, and without protest. But the bitterness of heart which the interview with his brother had stirred up is not to be described.

As he passed out of the gate, which was closed with a brutal clang behind him, he found Cecil waiting near, tramping up and down in a little track his feet had already worn in the grass, and chafing and fuming with impatience.

"Well, father," he said, rushing up to him; "what news?"

"The worst, Cecil."

"Why, you don't mean to say that—"

"That your uncle has turned us out of house and home."

"He has insisted on our leaving Ingarstone at once?"

"Yes. This very hour."

"But this is ridiculous! We have no resources! We haven't twenty pounds in our pockets! Everything we possess is at Ingarstone's."

"And is likely to be kept there," said the father with much bitterness. "Cecil, I am beside myself with the events of this day! I cannot realize them yet. I'm like a man with a nightmare. Has the whole world conspired to crush us at a single blow?"

"Not the whole world, my lord," replied Cecil, unconsciously using the title which his father could so longer claim. "It's a very small portion of the world, I fancy; but a very crafty and venomous portion. What we have done to excite their animosity, heaven knows; but there can be no question that all this is the result of a conspiracy, and that of the most diabolical character."

"Beggared in a single day!" exclaimed the old man, agast at the horror of his position. "Beatrice, too, made the victim of a penniless impostor! 'Tis too much, Cecil; too much. I cannot bear up against it. But your sister? I left her in the carriage—where is she?"

"At the parsonage. What could we do? She could not remain in the carriage. They refused to admit her there. The Ingarstone Arms was engaged by—by so friend of ours. So in our need I bethought me of the parsonage, and they have driven her there."

"Alone?"

"I can hardly hope that Dora is with her."

"Dora!"

There was a withering scorn in the emphasis which Ingarstone threw upon that word. Cecil felt it; and his whole frame quivered with indignation. For the first time, he saw the terrible barrier which the events of that day had raised between him and the object of his devotion.

The wrong which Ormond Redgrave had done his sister Beatrice, had torn Dora Redgrave from his arms!

In a flash, this thought crossed his brain, and he recoiled, sick and dizzy as if from a blow. But it was no time to yield to weaknesses, and, with a desperate struggle, he recovered himself; and, taking his father's arm, proposed that they should proceed at once to the parsonage. This was assented to, and they set out



taking a road across the fields, so as to avoid the observations of the villagers, who, unable to understand the nature of what had taken place, could only stare in helpless wonder at the victims of the morning's work.

The field-path ended at the back of Ingarstone manor, a Gothic structure, half-covered with ivy, and standing in a garden with a privet hedge. Round this hedge they passed to the gate in front of the house, opposite the porch.

At the moment this gate was reached, some one, approaching rapidly in the opposite direction came up.

It was Ormond Redgrave.

Humphrey Ingarstone drew back as if from a viper.

"What do you do here, sir?" he demanded.

The other looked at him—not in his usual proud and defiant manner—not with head erect, and straight, unflinching glance, but as if already overcome with a sense of humiliation.

Already the crushing revelation of that morning had begun its work.

But, stung to the quick by the tone of the words addressed to him, Ormond plucked up what courage he could, and replied:

"My wife has been removed here, my lord."

"Your wife, fellow? Your wife?" cried the old man, with boisterous derision. "How dare you apply that term to my daughter, sir? Do you suppose that there is no law against impostors of your kind? Do you flatter yourself you will be permitted to keep the prize you've carried off under the most infamous of false pretences? No: the trick has been too clumsy—the imposture has been too palpable. If there ever was a case of criminal conspiracy, it is this—as you will discover to your cost, you infamous ruffian!"

He would have passed on.

Ormond caught him by the sleeve.

"Stay!" he exclaimed. "You shall at least hear me. I swear, before heaven, that, until this morning, I was utterly ignorant of all that has since come to light. I swear it, my lord."

"Of course—of course. Monsieur good, that," sneered Ingarstone. "It's your part in the conspiracy to swear that, just as it was my Lady de Redgrave's part to conceal your illegitimacy to the last, and Captain Redgrave's to put in his claim to the property, which was never yours, when you had gone far enough, as you thought, to finger my daughter's dowry. The conspiracy was well planned between you; but it has been defeated—defeated, sir, by a blow which even you could not have anticipated. By heaven, Cecil, he continued, addressing his son, "beggars as we are, it is something to know that our misfortune knocks on the head the machinations of these heartless wretches. It seems as if Providence itself had interposed to rob them of the reward of their iniquities."

Cecil generously interposed.

"Surely, my lord, you are unjust!" he exclaimed.

"I cannot believe Ormond capable of what you charge him with. Nor will I credit that Dora's mother would be a party to such a piece of iniquity."

Ingarstone turned on him a look of angry astonishment, and his wrath fairly boiled over as Cecil grasped the hand which Ormond promptly held out to him.

"Thank you, Cecil!" exclaimed Ormond—"thank you for those words. It is a drop of joy in my cup of bitterness that you do not despise me enough to be unjust to me. My lord," he added, turning upon Ingarstone, "I have a right to enter this house: wherever your daughter is, that is my place. And, in spite of all you have insinuated, I should claim that right, but that I feel I can trust my cause in Cecil's hands. He will justify me to Beatrice—will you not, Cecil?"

"Yes; I promise it," said the other, frankly.

"And that promise I consent to gratify his lordship by not intruding myself upon my wife—as I have a right to call her, in the sight of heaven—except at her expressed wish. This repudiation for an unintentional wrong I have at least in my power to offer, and I do it willingly, since I feel I can trust my interests in your hands."

The friends clasped hands; and Redgrave, annoyed and mortified, quitted the spot. He did not yet know what had befallen the Ingarstones. The words he had listened to about the interposition of Providence to defeat his ends were dark and unintelligible to him. He only felt that he had done a wrong; but smarted under the unjust suspicions, which magnified that wrong a thousand fold.

Had he known all, nothing would have induced him to desert Beatrice in this hour of looming poverty.

Ingarstone, warped by suspicion and smarting under wrong, at once seized upon this point.

"Now," he exclaimed, as Cecil and he went in at the garden-gate, "see how this cur admits the justice of my charge, and treats your weakness! See how he seizes the first pretext for beating a retreat!"

Why? Because the news of our calamity has reached him, and he knows that it is useless to attempt to fleece the shorn lamb. Had our position remained as it was, nothing would have driven him from this door."

"I believe you wrong him, father; I do believe it," Cecil ventured to remark.

An impatient gesture on the part of his companion warned him not to pursue a topic which, in that trying moment, was particularly offensive.

They found Beatrice reclining on a couch in the drawing-room of the parsonage. She had recovered; but was pale, excited, and tremulous.

The opening of the door increased her agitation.

She had heard footsteps, and her heart throbbed tumultuously at the thought that it might be Ormond.

One glance dissipated the fond hope; but it was something even to see the familiar faces of her companions in adversity.

As her father and brother entered, she would have risen to meet them—indeed, her strong impulse was to throw her arms about them and weep tears of sympathy over the unhappy events of that day. For any such demonstration, however, her strength failed her.

"Oh, father!" she managed to exclaim, "what a day! It is like a dream."

"Except," interposed Cecil, "that its horrors are real."

"Ah, yes!" she cried, hiding her face in her hands. "It is too true. Oh! what have I done that I should endure this?—that I should be a mark for the finger of scorn—a thing for the idle, the heartless, the brutal to break their jests upon? Oh, father—Cecil—it is hard to bear!"

"Hard!" cried Ingarstone; "the very thought of it infuriates me."

"Ah, you think the worst of Ormond?" Beatrice gasped.

"What else can I think?" he returned, impetuously.

"Surely he was self-deceived? Surely he was ignorant of his own position?" she pleaded.

"I believe it with all my heart," interposed Cecil. A grateful smile beamed upon him for a moment; but it was frozen in the rigid, austere expression which knit up the father's face.

"Delusion—mere delusion!" he exclaimed. "Oh, Beaty, my poor child, that you should have fallen a victim to the arts of this impostor, and that accursed fate has robbed me of the power of making you the commonest reparation. This morning I talked of a divorce. There was consolation in that idea; but now even that is denied us. Divorce is the luxury of the rich: it is not for—beggars."

In her heart of hearts the distracted woman thanked God that it was so; but she did not give expression to this pious sentiment.

"Are we, indeed, so helpless?" was all she asked.

"We are penniless," returned Ingarstone.

"Not literally?"

"Yes. My brother refuses us the shelter of his roof, and will allow us nothing for our support. That we have no private resources, you well know. What are we then, but what I have said—beggars?"

"And he, too, is rendered incapable of helping us," said Beatrice.

"He—who?"

"Oh, father, to whom should I look but to my husband!" she answered quietly, but with all the firmness natural to her.

Ingarstone looked aghast.

"What is this, Beaty?" he demanded: "what does it mean? Obstinacy—aggravation—what? I can make every allowance for excitement, for strong feeling, but this moment must settle the future as between us. Either you side with this fellow or with me. Not with both—that is impossible. I've done with him. You must have done with him, or I with you. Understand this, Beaty; let there be no mistake in this."

"But—but—he is —"

"Your husband? Yes—as a matter of form. Nothing more. As you honour me, and respect yourself—nothing more. The ceremony of this morning goes for nothing, Beaty. Remember that. A scoundrel steals you from my roof under wicked, false, infamous pretences; but he defeats himself. His duplicity robs the sacred rite of all its virtue. Every particle of it. You are under no obligation to him in my eyes, or in the eyes of heaven; and you shall not act as if you were. It is but a question of time and money. This iniquitous union must be dissolved, and I look to you to throw no impediments in the way of what is inevitable."

The pale, trembling woman listened to these words with positive horror.

"Oh, my father!" she gasped, "I love, I honour you. I have never yet disobeyed your lightest wish. I know, too, that in all you have said you are ac-

tuated only by your strong affection for me. But, think—for mercy sake, think—what it is you require of me? Ormond Redgrave is my husband. The tie that unites us is a sacred one, and until it is severed I am bound by it. More than all—far, far more than ought else that I could urge—I love him. Yes, father, I am his in right and in heart; and until he releases me from the obligation, I must be true to my engagement—I do love, I must honour and obey him."

She had spoken more than she meant.

Her heart flowed through her lips and made her eloquent.

As she spoke, her voice rose, her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkled, and her bosom heaved with the intensity of the feeling that inspired her.

Ingarstone listened with darkening brow and angry scowl.

"This to me? To me?" he demanded.

Cecil interposed.

"Not now, father," he said—"pray not now. This is no moment for angry words. You are excited, and Beaty is scarce herself."

"But, sir!"

"Not now. To-morrow, anywhen, it will be time enough to talk of this. At present more urgent matters need our consideration. We cannot remain under this roof, dependent on the charity of these people; but where to go, and what to do? That becomes the question now."

"You are right," said the old man, sorrowfully; "but remember—"

As he spoke there came a short, sharp tap at the door of the apartment; and on its being opened, Aggy Crofts rushed in, and with the reckless impetuosity peculiar to her, threw herself at the feet of her mistress.

"Oh! my lady, my dear, dear lady, here's goings on!" she exclaimed, dabbing her sharp, black eyes with the corner of her shawl. "I could cry my eyes out, that I could; and they wouldn't let me come to you, the brutes—wouldn't let me out of the house. As if they thought they could keep me under lock and key!"

Beatrice took the hand of the poor, faithful girl, and pressed it fervently.

"You escaped, Aggy?" she asked.

"Yes, my lady; leastways—that is—oh, oh, dear! oh, dear! I never could—"

She stopped, confused and flurried, and her cheek glowed like a burning coal. Then, as if forcing herself to make some pre-arranged statement, she said:

"They—I mean he—the old, old man as have turned you, and my lord, and my Lord Cecil here, out o' house an' home, he don't want he say—he won't, he say, take what's not his'n, and what never belonged to he. He's content, he say, with getting all he can lay his hands on—lawful—without robbing—which it would be downright robbery, my lady—and so he've sent these things after you,—here she drew from under her shawl, something hastily wrapped in a dinner-napkin—"as being yours of your own right. For nothing's freer than a gift, as is well-known all the world over."

With much stammering, hesitating, and blushing, Aggy Crofts contrived to get through this speech, which she had evidently made up in her mind as she came along, and repeated as from a book.

At its close, she thrust the parcel into her mistress's hands, and turning aside, said, half-audibly:

"Heaven forgive me for thieving, and for all the lies I've told this minute."

The exclamation was unnoticed, as the attention of all present was centred in the mysterious parcel, supposed to have been conveyed direct from the new tenant of Ingarstone.

As she unfolded this, Beatrice uttered an exclamation of joyful surprise.

"My jewels!" she cried.

"What?" exclaimed her father.

"My wedding presents. See! Here is the diamond-necklace, the brooch, the bracelet—Oh, father, brother, these will save us from immediate want. We are not penniless; we are not beggars while we have these, which are ours by right. And surely the man who restores these to their right owner cannot be altogether unjust or pitiless? See! Their value at the least is five thousand pounds."

"So much!" cried Ingarstone. "Thank God for that! Give them to me, Beaty. You are right. While we have these we are not penniless, nor are we powerless. These will suffice to restore you to freedom and to honour."

"What mean you, father?" Beatrice exclaimed.

"What? Why, that here—here"—and he pointed to the glittering gems—"you have the means that will procure you a divorce!"

"A divorce—from him?"

She heard the words with a piteous groan; and the momentary joy which the sight of the jewels had imparted was swallowed up in inexpressible anguish.

## CHAPTER LXXIV.

## LADY DE REDGRAVE'S CONFESSION.

I bore it with rage at my heart, and the flush of shame upon my cheek; I bore it all, and all for her.—*Camilla's Husband.*

DELICACY had induced Ormond Redgrave to desist from forcing himself into the presence of the wife he had so unintentionally wronged; but he turned from the door, sick at heart, and with a terrible misgiving as to the step he was taking.

Manliness would have dictated the truer course.

But he hardly felt a man at that moment. He was bowed down with shame: was a prey to loathing and self-contempt. The sudden fall from the pride of birth and amplitude of fortune was so crushing that it seemed impossible of endurance. His only thought was, how he might justify himself to Beatrice, and make amends for the wrong he had done her. As for himself, he was absolutely indifferent to his fate. It was in all sincerity that he had said to Beatrice, "Hew down my ancestral tree, make me out a nobody, a nothing, a beggar of yesterday, and I could not endure it. I should not care to live." What he had so shrunk from had happened. The illusion of his life had vanished; and, degraded and debased, life itself had no longer a charm for him.

Worst of all, this calamity had reached him through his mother.

We know how he loved—how he idolized that fond parent. It was a beautiful trait in the character of the young man that he believed her superior to any woman living, and that he clung to her and sacrificed himself for her in every possible manner. And now to think that from this source the fatal shaft had come—that in his fall he dragged his mother down into the abyss of infamy. As he thought of her pure white hair, her angelic countenance, the cultivated refinement of her mind, the spotless morality of every sentiment that had ever escaped her lips, he could not believe the revelation that morning made to him. And the difficulty of doing so was increased by the mystery of her own explanation.

What had her words meant?

Again and again he asked himself that question, each time unable to guess at any probable solution of the difficulty.

"I will hear more," he at length resolved; "I will not condemn her unheard or half heard; I will be just. I will be generous to her. The thought of her infamy is intolerable to me. I cannot endure it."

These thoughts were in his mind as he left the parsonage and proceeded toward Morris Holt's cottage, to which, at the old man's own request, Lady de Redgrave had been conveyed from the church.

On arriving at that lowly dwelling, he found her seated in an arm chair, propped with pillows by the fireside.

Dora was with her.

At the sight of her son, her ladyship began to tremble violently, and it seemed as if she would have a relapse; but, by a great effort, she partly composed herself, though her lips quivered, and her hands, clasped together on her knees, trembled as with palsy.

"I am so glad you have come, Ormond," said Dora. "Mamma has been unable to rest. She has still something which she wishes to impart to you—something which it is right that you should know."

"Is this so, mother?" he asked, standing before her with a mournful, downcast face.

"Yes," she replied, faintly—"yes, Ormond. You have heard enough to-day for you to condemn—to despise me. But you have not heard all. When you have, I do believe that you will pity—that perhaps you will forgive me!"

"God grant it may be so!" he ejaculated.

"You have often heard of the gay doings at Whitecrofts—our family seat—in your grandfather's time, Ormond. Distant as it was from the metropolis, all the men and women of fashion, all the best families found their way there in due course, for the hospitality was boundless. The hunting and shooting delighted sportsmen; and, indeed, Whitecrofts shed a lustre over the whole county. I was then a young woman, my father's estate joined Whitecrofts, and I was engaged to Ernest Redgrave."

"My father?"

The lady did not answer—perhaps she did not notice the question—but went on.

"I was not my father's only daughter."

"Indeed!"

"No; I had a sister. She was named Margaret. You have never heard of her? No. There was a reason why it was better that you should not. I could to heaven you had gone down to your grave in ignorance of her existence."

Ormond was all amazement.

"Pray go on," he said.

Lady de Redgrave complied.

"My sister Margaret was very beautiful. She

knew it, and that knowledge half destroyed the charm of it; since it rendered her too obviously vain of her attractions. She had many admirers, and among others, a gentleman high in favour in the Court of the Regent, afterwards George IV., who spent several months at Whitecrofts. His stay was prolonged in consequence of my marriage, in the festivities attending which he took part. When we set out on our wedding-tour we left him there, apparently passionately devoted to my sister, and my last words to Margaret, as I entered the carriage, were—'You will have Bernard's society to console you.' She blushed, turned deadly pale, held out a hand that was ice-cold, and so we parted."

"This man's name was Bernard?" said Ormond.

"That was his Christian name. But listen! We were absent on the Continent three months. When I returned Margaret's admirer had left. She spoke little of him, and received all allusions to him with disfavour. But I saw that from some cause, which she would not confide in me, her spirits were broken, and she was absolutely changed. I often asked her the cause; but she assigned it wholly to failing health. And, indeed, her hollow eyes, and wasted cheeks gave fair warrant to the truth of this assertion. Time went on, and my husband took for me a charming little cottage at the sea-side, in which we proposed to spend the summer, and prepare for an event which was becoming inevitable. One summer evening as I sat alone in the drawing-room, looking out on the sea, I was startled by a cry in the room, and turning, beheld my sister. The shock proved most disastrous to me; but at the time I thought not of that, my whole anxiety was centred in her. She had come to make a confession to me, and to ask my aid and advice. She told me, in two words, that she had been secretly married."

"To this Bernard?" asked Ormond.

"To Bernard—Ingarstone!" suggested Dora.

"I fear so," ejaculated her ladyship.

"What?"

"Yes, to the brother of the man whose daughter has this day become your wife."

"Incredible! But go on. They had been married."

"So she told me; but remember—it was in secret; and, only a few months after, a terrible calamity befel the husband. He became insane. He was removed to a private lunatic asylum, and, when in a lucid interval she had an interview with him, he laughed the idea of the validity of the marriage to scorn. That crushed her. And now the worst was come. She had found it impossible to conceal the results of the marriage. She was powerless to vindicate her own position—if, indeed, as I but too strongly suspected, this tale of the secret marriage was not a pure invention, to hide her shame even from me; and in this straight she had come to avail herself of such concealment as I could afford her. I did what I could for her, with the full knowledge and concurrence of my husband, and in due time she gave birth to a child—a son—and, in doing so, yielded up her own life. Can you not understand why I am narrating these facts to you?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Ormond, burying his face in his hands; "I understand but too well. I am your sister Margaret's son."

"It is true. My own child was still-born on the same night; and to hide Margaret's shame, and leave her memory spotless in the eyes of those who loved her, we gave out that she died of fever, and I adopted you as my own son. It was wrong, I admit it; but it seemed for the best then, and I had my husband's full, loving concurrence for what I did. With his death I believed all knowledge of the fact died out. It was a secret locked in my own bosom, until this morning, some secret, venomous foe, so heartlessly revealed it."

Ormond Redgrave stood dumb with astonishment.

The revelation had utterly confounded him.

"But there might have been a marriage," he said at length.

Lady de Redgrave shook her head.

"I do not dare to hope it," she replied.

"But have you endeavoured to ascertain the truth?" he asked.

"In every direction. Even within the last few days I have taken such measures. In her last illness your mother mentioned to me that a woman on the estate, named Hannah Tofts had been much in her confidence. I knew that she had left Whitecrofts suddenly, about the time of my marriage. By accident I discovered from Ingarstone that this girl had been brought to this place by his brother, and that she had married Morris Holt, who occupies this cottage. She is recently dead; but without explaining why, I have urged Holt to hunt up every scrap of paper belonging to her, in the hope that some clue to the marriage might be obtained."

"But this has been without effect?"

"Utterly."

"And you think that no marriage could have taken place?"

"That is my firm conviction. And now, Ormond, now that you know all, can you forgive me? Can you, in consideration of my pure motives, and of the mother's part I have played, pardon me the duplicity I have practised?"

He took both her hands in his; he laid his head upon the breast where it had so often reposed.

"Oh! my more than mother," he said, "may God reward you for all your goodness. But for this Ingarstone—" he shouted, starting up.

"God will judge him," said the soft voice of Dora, who had been a tearful listener.

(To be continued.)

## THE MIND.

THE mind hath many gems. Deep, deep within the earth are laying many hidden treasures, and all that is lacking to make them of great worth and beauty to mankind, is the letting in of a sufficient amount of light, which can only be done by digging, and by constant and unremitting labour. So, deep within the mind, there are many treasures which can only be brought out by constant study; by a strong determination to dig until the diamond is reached.

Truth, pure and simple, when acted out in the life cultivates the mind, brings out the good that may be in the heart, striving ever to choke down the evil, for they, being deadly enemies, cannot dwell together.

And thus, in cultivating the mind, we not only make life pleasant for ourselves, as we journey along, but those that journey along with us feel that life is not altogether dark and gloomy.

Thus mind will act upon mind. We cannot chain it, any more than we can chain the wind, for good or evil; it has its influence, and the amount of that influence depends wholly upon the culture of the mind. If an evil nature predominates, so goes our influence. If a good nature, why, then, the opposite effect.

And many others there are to whom we might refer, who have left behind them those pure and noble gems, products of a pure and cultivated mind, which now have their influence upon the hearts of men, leading them in new paths, and awakening within their breasts new thoughts, which, in their turn, must and will reach other hearts, influencing in proportion as they receive the light.

Then the cultivation of the mind is a duty which fall upon all. The poorest labourer should not be exempt from this, though his chances for improvement may be far less than many others around him.

Yet he can improve, and indeed he should, for there are others that are looking to him for example in the great drama of life. He must act a part. He, too, must help in the busy onward rush towards eternity. As a labourer he may always remain, yet it is not impossible that he may rise to the highest position a nation can bestow upon man.

G. S. G.

THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.—The past, with all its joys and sorrows, hopes realised, and cherished plans defeated, is ever held in reverence as the record of passing moments. Memory kindly leads her aid in bringing to mind the facts and fancies, as well as the characters that have taken a part in the great drama now withdrawn from the stage of life for ever. To some the past, when enacted, was but comedy, and retrospection rehearses it with the same light and merry feeling. To others it was tragedy, and to recall it brings to mind scenes of startling interest. But the past that is rehearsed with the most pleasure, and gives character to the present, are those quiet scenes of quiet domestic life, when the happiness of the full enjoyment of life's blessings were appreciated. Characters that had a place in those domestic scenes are all remembered, and as we call over their names, cordially greet the answering ones; and when we call a name and no answer is returned, we drop a tear to the memory of the departed, and place their names where 'twill ever be green, and hang in memory's sacred halls—the portrait impressed upon the mind. In those halls and corridors we love to stroll, and gaze in admiration upon the choice collection there embraced. Here we see a face that brings to mind incidents of a peculiarly pleasing character, that brings a smile to our countenance by the recollection. Again we gaze upon a face that the remembrance of brings to mind all our blasted hopes and aspirations. Over this we linger and drop a tear to the memory of one closely allied with ourselves. If we were not permitted to dwell upon future hopes, or had no intimation of the life to come in the great hereafter, we should sink down beneath the weight of distress that so suddenly overcomes us; but with an eye to future hopes, and a vision that reveals the blessings to be awarded to the deserving, we turn with cheerful heart to the contemplation of other scenes. In reflecting upon the past, it brings to



mind the fleeting moments of the present, and the uncertainties of the future. The present consists only of moments. They fly past us, and, like the swift current of a river that rushes by to be swallowed up by the ocean's depths, carry us on with equal rapidity to the great ocean of eternity. When once alight on the river of time, our course is fixed. We may smoothly glide with the current, but no power is able to ascend the stream, and no cable strong enough to hold us to the shore even for a moment. While thus swiftly rushing on to our destiny, 'tis but natural that we should look forward to the unrevealed, not realizing that every moment is a portion of that great unknown. To the question of "how to make a past of glorious recollections," we should say improve each moment of the present according to the "rules of right," and as they rush by you, they will sparkle in the sun of hope, and throw beams of light into the darkness of the future, irradiating, with increasing brilliancy, the blessings of an immortal life.

### A MYSTERY OF PARIS.

It was during the season of the Carnival, and I was at a masked ball, at the French Opera House, in Paris. It was past three in the morning, and I was seriously thinking of retiring from that wild, boisterous scene—not to call it by any harsher name—in which I had been a participant for hours.

I was weary—wearied of the dance, the lights, the music, the crowd, the noise and confusion, the silly notions that were being continually dinned into my ear by the flirting maskers—and I had withdrawn from the press and seated myself in the most quiet spot I could find.

While I was thus sitting apart from the throng, listlessly gazing upon that which no longer gave me pleasure, a mask, in the dress of a page, sauntered quietly past me, and said, in a low, guarded tone:

"Monsieur will not seem to see or hear, but will look for the blue domino with a single spot of red on the bosom, and follow so carefully as not to attract notice."

I was only sure this language was intended for me by finding there was no other at the moment within hearing; but what it meant, if it had any meaning, I was at a loss to conjecture. I would have questioned the page, notwithstanding the caution not to seem to see or hear, but that individual had already passed on too far, and was about mingling with the noisy crowd.

As I sat thinking the matter over, it occurred to me that I had been mistaken for another person, and that what had been said to me had really been intended for some one else. If this was so indeed, it might lead to a novel adventure, and no one was ever more ready for a novel adventure than myself.

"Look for the blue domino with a single spot of red on the bosom, and follow so carefully as not to attract notice," I repeated to myself. "Very well—I think I will—if only to discover what it means."

The next minute the object for which I was about to seek, slowly passed along, not very near me, but in plain view. I arose with a yawn, and quietly, with a sleepy, indifferent air, sauntered after the blue domino. I had no difficulty in keeping it in sight—for the masker, so disguised, moved very slowly through the crowd, seemingly with no particular purpose. If she intended leaving the house, it was not apparent to me then, nor for some time after; and being really very much fatigued, and not certain I was not the sport of a mischievous page, I was about to depart myself and finish my night's adventures in my own bedroom, when I perceived my fair unknown coming towards me with a finger on her lips. She came up close beside me and stopped, apparently for the purpose of observing something in another part of the house; and then, to my surprise, I heard her say in English, in a low, sweet, musical voice:

"Listen, my friend, but seem not to hear. In five minutes I shall leave the house by the entrance on the Rue Lepelletier, and will meet you at the Place Vendôme—after which we will perfect our plan. Do not fail me this time, or we may not have another opportunity before the count's return. Till then, adieu!"

As she ceased speaking, she moved away, and was soon lost in the crowd. What did it all mean? Unquestionably I had been mistaken for another person, as the words, "Do not fail me this time," evidently proved. Who was the count alluded to? and what was the plan on foot, to be perfected during his absence? My curiosity was excited, and I resolved to go forward in the part thus thrust upon me till I could ascertain something more definite. And then her words in English, so correctly spoken—plainly showing that either she was, or knew me to be, a foreigner, or perhaps both—made me still more eager to fathom

the mystery. Perhaps some may blame me, knowing as I did there was a mistake, for seeking to find out that which did not concern me; and I have nothing to say in my defence, except that I saw before me the prospect of a novel adventure, the temptation of which I was not just then in the humour to resist.

The French Opera House had three main entrances, for three ranks, on as many streets, namely: one on the Rue Lepelletier for those who came in carriages, one on Pinon for those who came in fiacres, and one on Grange Batelière for those who came on foot.

My fair unknown had stated that she would leave by the Rue Lepelletier, which went far to prove that she laid claim to the highest rank among those present, if not indeed among society in general, and I went out on the Rue Pinon, to order a fiacre and join her at the Place Vendôme.

I reached the Place first, and dismissed my driver before her carriage appeared, which stopped near the triumphal pillar of Napoleon le Grand.

As I hastened up to the carriage, which was plain black, without emblazonry of any kind, the door was opened by a small, gloved hand from the inside, while the driver sat still, neither turning his head to the right nor left. I could just see that my fair unknown was its only occupant, and I quietly entered and took my seat beside her, feeling a little nervous and somewhat guilty I must confess.

The door was then shut quickly, I heard the sharp snap of a spring, the blind was let down, and we were whirled away in almost total darkness.

For nearly an hour we rode in silence through the streets of the great city, I seeing nothing but the dim form of the fair unknown beside me, and having no idea of the direction we were going.

I thought over some curious stories I had heard of—strangers being by one means and another decoyed into dens of robbers, and began to feel rather uneasy. My pistols had been left at my hotel, and I had not a single weapon with me, unless a small pocket-knife might be so called. I had not the feeling, moreover, of acting in a right and honourable manner, to give me manly courage; and I could not but admit to myself, that, should harm come to me through this adventure, it would, in a great measure, be owing to my own folly.

I had been thinking this matter over for some time, and had just come to the determination of declaring there had been some mistake, and taking a hurried leave, when the carriage came to a sudden stop.

"Here we are, at last," said the sweet, musical voice of the fair masker, the silvery tones of which, coupled with my native language, tended much to reassure me.

The next moment the door was opened by the driver.

As I descended the steps, and offered the lady my hand, I glanced quickly around, and perceived that we were in an inner court, surrounded on all sides by lofty buildings.

If I had really been entrapped, escape was now impossible, and a sudden feeling of alarm made even my hand tremble.

"Come, my friend!" pursued the lady, whose face was still concealed by the mask; and taking my arm as she spoke, she led me forward to a door, which she unlocked, and threw open.

All was dark inside, and I fancied the air felt cold and damp. I hesitated, and even drew a step back.

"What!" she exclaimed, with a light laugh, "are you afraid to enter here to-night, Sir Richard, where you have so often been with me before?"

These words convinced me that I had indeed been mistaken for somebody else—no less, in fact, than an English baronet—and determined me to go forward and see the end of the strange affair.

"Of course, I am not afraid of you," I ventured to say; "but what if the count should have returned during your absence?"

This was the first time I had spoken in the lady's hearing, and I was not a little curious to know what effect my voice might produce, notwithstanding her eyes had been deceived by my personal appearance, for I had at no time been masked myself. To my great relief, she did not indicate in any way that there was anything wrong in either the sound or the words, but answered, with assuring promptness:

"Oh, if that is all, have no fear, for he cannot possibly reach Paris under three days. But how was it, Sir Richard, that you disappointed me before?"

"I must explain that some other time," I evasively replied. "Here, madam, please give me your hand," I added, as she was about to set forward through the dark passage in advance of me; "I can always walk better with such a sweet friend to guide me."

She gave me her hand, though I fancied there was a slight hesitation. It might be only fancy, but somehow my suspicions were reawakened. Could it be that we were both playing a part? that the whole affair from the beginning was merely a plot to decoy me, a foreign stranger, into her meshes, for the pur-

pose of robbery, if not murder? that what I had supposed to be a mistake was merely a ruse? and that for her own wicked purpose she was permitting me to think I was deceiving her? The very idea, under the circumstances, was so startling, that in a moment I felt a cold perspiration start from every pore, and I would have given half my fortune to have been safely at my hotel.

It was now too late, however, to attempt a retreat; we were groping our way through a dark passage, with the door closed behind us; but her hand rested in mine, and I held it in such a way that she could not withdraw it without my consent. Daylight, moreover, could not be far off, and there was some little consolation in the thought.

We presently came to a flight of stairs, ascended to another story, passed through a long, narrow corridor with several sharp turnings, and at last stopped at a door, which she unlocked and threw open. A blaze of light from a large chandelier almost dazzled me, and I saw at a glance that the apartment was luxuriously furnished.

As soon as we had entered, the lady locked the door, and then removed her mask, disclosing a young and beautiful face, so animated and radiant with smiles that instantly I felt ashamed of my base suspicions.

"There now, Sir Richard," she said, gaily, "you shall seat yourself in that *fauteuil*; we will have a glass of wine together, and then we will arrange our plan with what haste we may, so that you can depart before daylight if you wish."

Could it be that even here, in this light, at such close quarters, she still mistook me for one who by her own showing was an intimate friend? The thing hardly seemed possible. If true, our resemblance to each other must be remarkable indeed; if not true, then had I been lured hither for some dreadful purpose. I seated myself as directed, and awaited the result with a good deal of nervous anxiety. She stepped out of the room for a minute, through an inner door that was slightly ajar, and returned without her domino, in a very rich dress, and with a decanter and two wine-glasses on a silver waiter.

"Here is your favourite sherry, Sir Richard," she said, with a sweet smile, placing the waiter on a small table, pushing the latter up before me, and seating herself on the opposite side.

As I filled the two glasses, the thought occurred to me that the wine might be poisoned.

"If she drinks, however, I will," I said, mentally, "but not otherwise."

We touched glasses, and both carried the wine to our lips. My eye was upon her. She coughed slightly, and removed hers untasted. In an instant I threw mine over my shoulder, unperceived, and remarked, as I replaced the glass, that I had never tasted anything better.

"Try another glass—one hardly gives you the flavour!" she said, with her sweetest smile.

I thanked her, refilled the glass, took it in my hand, and soon managed to get rid of it in the same manner as the other.

"Now, then," she pursued, "let us arrange our plan about Marie, while we have an opportunity. You know the count opposes your marriage, for no other reason than—But, by-the-by, Sir Richard, you have neglected to drink her health!"

"True!" returned I; "how could I have been so thoughtless?" I refilled the glass. "To the health of my dear Marie, and our speedy union!" I continued, raising it to my lips. The eye of my fair hostess, gleaming with a peculiar light, was now watching me closely. "Hark!" said I, suddenly, looking quickly round, "what sound is that?"

"Where? what, Sir Richard? what do you hear?" she exclaimed, with a startled glance around the apartment.

"I think I was mistaken," I said, after a short pause, during which I had managed to get rid of the wine without drinking it.

When she turned to me again I was in the act of removing the empty glass from my lips. She saw this, and on the instant a strange expression of wicked triumph flitted across her beautiful features. It was momentary, but it was fiend-like. I felt my blood curdle. My worst suspicions then were just! I was ensnared! How was I to escape? Instantly I resolved that she should not again quit my sight, and my hope lay only in threats upon her life, while alone with me and in my power. She now, without alluding to the plan which we had ostensibly come together to discuss, commenced an animated conversation about the masked ball—glancing furtively at me the while; as I fancied, to note the effects of the wine. To be certain I was right in my surmise, I thought it best to feign a heavy drowsiness, and secretly watch her motions. I did so, and gradually appeared to fall asleep. As she perceived this, the mask of nature was also removed, and I saw her dark eyes gleam with a deadly light, and her proud lip curl in scorn-

ful triumph. At length she ceased speaking, and for a minute or two sat and watched me in silence. Then, as if to make sure, she approached and shook me, saying:

"You pay me but a poor compliment, Sir Richard, to fall asleep in my presence!" And then, on finding I gave no sign of consciousness, she added, in quite a different tone: "Poor fool! it shall be my care you do not wake again! You have played your part to suit me, and now I will play mine to suit myself!"

She turned away, as if to leave the room—probably to summon her accomplices to finish her wicked work; and at that moment I laid hold of her arm. As she looked around in alarm, she found me wide awake, and my eye fixed upon hers, with a severe, penetrating expression.

"Madam," said I, in a low, stern, measured tone, "if you would save your guilty life, do not attempt to escape, or call for help! I am not the poor fool you suppose! You have played your part, and I mine! Do not flatter yourself I have been ensnared! I know you, and boldly came here to detect you in your guilt! Not a single drop of your poisoned wine has passed my lips! Your whole establishment is under the surveillance of the police! and unless I return to my friends by daylight, your mansion will be entered by the officers of the law, and every living soul in it will be taken into custody! Now mark well what I say! You must instantly yourself conduct me clear of your premises! and if you dare to falter in the least, or attempt to raise an alarm, that moment, so sure as there is a God in Heaven, you die! Now give me your hand and lead the way!"

White with terrified amazement, and trembling like an aspen, the guilty, wretched woman stood cowering before my stern, penetrating glance.

For nearly a minute she seemed too much overpowered to move from the spot.

I took her hand, grasped it like a vice, and silently pointed to the door.

At length she went forward with tottering steps. In silence she led me through the dark corridor, down the stairs, through the passage, into the court, through another passage, and opened the last door that admitted me to life and light.

Morn was just breaking; and as I felt the cool air of heaven upon my fevered brow, and thought of my narrow escape from death, there came such a whirl of strange emotions that I reeled forward like a man intoxicated!

The mansion I had just quitted stood on the banks of the Seine, about two miles below the old city; and I believe, if I had drunk the wine offered me, my rifled body would soon have been cast into the rushing waters. I believe, moreover, the mansion, grand as it appeared, was only a den of robbers and murderers—that the woman was simply a beautiful decoy for strangers and foreigners—and that many a poor, unsuspecting soul had taken its flight from there to the eternal world! I did not communicate with the police, for the reason that, in the first place, I could bring no charge of crime against any person; and, in the second place, I did not wish to become involved with the French courts of law; but, thankful beyond expression for my own escape, I firmly resolved never to risk my life again in another mysterious adventure in Paris!

E. B.

**EDUCATION OF GARDENERS.**—The Royal Horticultural Society has just issued its programme for the ensuing year; and members of the Society of Arts will see with satisfaction the announcement made respecting the education of gardeners, as follows:—"Examinations and Certificates for Gardeners."—Central examinations of gardeners in theoretical and practical gardening will be held annually at South Kensington, and local examinations will be held in the country. Certificates of competency and prizes will be awarded at both examinations."

**THE TEMPLE OF VENUS VICTRIX AT ROME.**—We have before now told our readers of the discovered statue of a youthful Hercules. In making further excavations to find, if it might be, the pedestal and missing foot of the statue, they have opened up the walls and pillars of the Temple of Venus Victrix, of solid masonry:—This temple was built on the summit of the Cavea of the theatre: it is, of course, mutilated. It has always been known to archaeologists that the temple had stood in this part of the theatre. It was erected by Pompey, in order to enable him to have his theatre inside the walls of Rome; for in his days theatres were badly looked upon—they were considered very demoralizing places, and were not permitted within a mile or two of the city. By having the temple there, he invited his friends to worship the goddess, and then treated them to theatricals. The portico adjoining the theatre was called Hecatonstylon, or hundred-columned, and ran to the rear of the stage, inclosing within its ranges beautiful gardens and a senate house: the latter has been made memorable by

the death of Cæsar, which occurred within its walls, at the base of Pompey's statue. This morning I descended into the hole, as it is called, and found myself walking about on the Platea, or ground-floor of Pompey's Theatre. I walked up the foundations of the Temple of Venus, and near there into some of the corridors supporting the sloping tiers of seats from whence the spectators viewed the spectacle. The Cavalieri informed me that he intends to excavate the whole of the ground there belonging to him; and, instead of filling it up afterwards, he will protect the whole space with a vaulted building, and have gas laid all through it, so that the archaeologist hereafter may be able to explore, study, and enjoy it.

#### WINTER.

The frost-king is roaming  
And wild winds are moaning  
Over the valleys, the hill tops and sea:  
Over the wide wilderness,  
So gloomy and cheerless,  
Over the waves of the deep-rolling sea.

The tree tops are bending,  
'Neath the snow-flakes descending,  
So gently to cover the wide earthland o'er;  
Like sentries they stand,  
A stern rugged band,  
With their locks all frosty and hoar.

The flowers we cherished  
Have withered and perished,  
And buried 'neath the cold pearly snow;  
But spring's balmy days,  
And sun's genial rays  
Will cause them again in beauty to grow.

The bright singing rills,  
That danced from the hills  
In ice-fetters bound now murmur no more;  
But they'll sparkle again,  
Through meadow and plain,  
With a merry sweet song, the same as of yore.

'Tis winter so drear,  
The night of the year,  
Enshrouded in darkness and gloom;  
But the morning of spring  
Will over us fling  
A garland of roses in bloom.

N. A. S.

#### THE ARCHDUKE.

A TALE OF THE MEXICAN EMPIRE.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

What purpose you?

You come to tear me from this place? Beware  
Ye drive me not to desperation! Do it not!  
Ye may repent it!

Butler.

WHEN Pacheco—to return to this doughty warrior—had shaken off his supposed enemies, his grim features relaxed, his manner became careless and contented, and he allowed his mule to fall into a walk.

He had reached a lonely point on the Villa Nueva road.

"Poor little toad!" he muttered, patting the animal. "How long we've been as brothers! Pity I can't ask you to take a friendly drink—I shall have to take an extra glass for ye."

He assured himself that his saddle-bags, blunderbuss, knives and pistols, sword, &c., were safe, and continued:

"It's time for dinner. Yonder is a posada, with chickens roosting on the window-sills. The only difficulty in the way is, that I haven't a real. That, however is a mere trifle. A man who can't dine without money must have limited ideas of the starry heavens!"

He arranged his arms in the most imposing order, stiffened himself on his mule, and took his way at a slow pace towards the inn, in the door of which a jolly-faced landlord soon made his appearance.

"Good day, señor landlord," said Pacheco, bowing politely. "Have you seen a specie-train pass this morning, on the way to Guadalajara?"

"Specie-train?" repeated the innkeeper, with a stare of blank amazement.

"Yes—five hundred mules, each carrying the usual load of two thousand dollars in silver.\* Have you seen them?"

"No, señor—your excellency—"

"Never mind, señor landlord. They cannot be far distant. I think I'll have dinner, and wait for them. What have you to eat?"

The innkeeper enumerated a far greater variety of

\* These specie-trains, called in Spanish *conductas*, are quite common on the roads in Mexico, the silver in circulation in large sums from one point to another being conveyed in this manner.

estables than the exterior of the house had led Pacheco to expect.

"Is that all?" he asked, dismounting. "That'll do, however. Let me have a couple of boiled chickens, a cold duck or so, with vegetables and chocolate, as soon as they can be got ready. I've been watching the French this morning—in fact have had fighting with them—and have got up an appetite that's quite unusual. What did you say, señor?"

The innkeeper had said nothing, and so stated.

"Ah, excuse me—I thought you said 'marquis.' I forgot that I am a stranger to you!"

The inn-keeper bowed himself nearly to the floor, as he said:

"Walk in, your excellency. Your dinner, marquis, shall be ready in the shortest possible time. I will send a man instantly, your excellency, to care for your mule. Take a seat, most noble marquis, in the best chair in the best room. Make yourself quite at home in my most miserable and unworthy hut, your excellency. I will report from time to time if the specie train is within sight."

"That's right—I am greatly obliged to you," said Pacheco, with an air of dignified condescension. "Let there be no delay in the dinner!"

Protesting that the greatest possible haste should be made, the landlord withdrew, after several deep salaams to the supposed marquis, and Pacheco heard him excitedly declaiming to his wife in the kitchen that their humble inn was honoured by the presence of a real marquis, whose fortune of millions upon millions of silver dollars was expected to arrive at any moment.

A shrill feminine exclamation followed, and Pacheco then became conscious that several pairs of bright black eyes were peering at him through cracks in the door dividing the kitchen from the apartment of which he was in possession, and he drew up his burly form pompously, and assumed the air of one used to command.

Then followed various flattering remarks that considerably inflated Pacheco's self-love, and a gaudily-dressed girl entered, assisted by some pushing from her maternal relative, to drive the chickens from the windows, and render the barren-looking room more worthy of its present occupant.

It was not long before the dinner was smoking temptingly upon the table, and Pacheco seated himself and ate heartily, being waited upon by his obsequious host.

"Have you any wine, señor landlord?" said the pretended marquis, when a few dissected bones were all that remained of the plentiful repast.

"I have, your excellency, wine of a most rare vintage," responded the landlord. "It shall be here in a second."

He withdrew, immediately returning with two or three bottles of French wine, of really good stamp, which he placed before Pacheco, who drank the contents of one, put the second in his pocket, and shared the contents of the third with the innkeeper, urging him with the most serene condescension to drink with him.

"Nothing of the specie train yet?" he said, at length, arising. "I think I'll go up the road a little way to look for it. Possibly the French may make me some trouble about it; but I trust not. My brave muleteers will defend their master's silver with their lives! Landlord, have my mule brought around instantly."

The order was obeyed, and Pacheco mounted, reiterating his intention of going but a short distance to look for the specie train, and then walked his mule away, while he whistled and hummed and flourished his sword in the most playful manner. He did not neglect to glance back over his shoulder to mark the effect of his departure, and was gratified to behold an admiring group, composed of the innkeeper, his wife, and two or three daughters, of various sizes, regarding him with the most profound attention.

When he had passed beyond their sight, at a turn in the road, he exclaimed with a chuckle:

"Now, mule, do your best. Travel!"  
By the combined aid of whip, blunderbuss, and spur, he soon provoked the unfortunate animal into a kind of mad gallop, which did not abate until he was several miles from the scene of his last exploit.

"My next step, of course," he muttered, when the mule lapsed into its ordinary walk, "is to fly to Sonorita Mar. What a harrowing tale I shall have to tell her! How we fought and fought until we were buried beneath the corpses of our slain, and how I crept out at the bottom of the pile, while the enemy was hacking at the top tier to get at me! Oh, it will be gory! A little blood on my clothes will render the account effective. Presenting myself to the young lady and that old fool of a duenna under these interesting circumstances, I shall receive the attention due to a hero. I shall be petted, winced, polioiced, and fed on boiled chicken, and other good things."



Smoking his lips in anticipation of this treatment, he quickened his speed towards Mar's. We need not pause to record his craftiness by the way to avoid the French, but will proceed directly to the fact that he arrived late in the afternoon, near the hacienda, mounted his mule, and crept cautiously on his hands and knees toward the house.

"That count's here, no doubt," he muttered, "and Mar is also my deadly enemy, deeming me the confederate of his daughter's lover. I shall have to be cautious."

He soon perceived the men Mar had posted about the house, ostensibly to look out for Comanches, but in reality to prevent Ada from flight.

"Ah! I see it all," he groaned. "They're on the watch for me! They know that I was with the captain, his right-hand man, and all that. Perhaps they've offered a reward of ten thousand francs for my capture. That old fellow I met has probably reported what I told him. If so, the name of Pacheco the Destroyer is now ringing from one end of Mexico to the other."

Visions of being shot to death with musketry overcame him, and he turned, sneaked back to his mule, mounted hastily, and fled at full speed.

"Strange how soon they found out I had a notion of hanging around that duenna," he ejaculated. "A man can't look at a woman now-a-days without throwing the whole earth into commotion!"

He turned into an open field, intending to avoid the city of Zacatecas, and soon resumed his mutterings as follows:

"Of course, the French are on the watch for me at the residence of the marquis. I can't go there. My only course is to travel about the country, and look after my specie-trains and other great interest!"

We cannot record all the adventures of the wanderer during the next day. Let it suffice to say that he arrived, in due course of time, at the little inn on the Rio Caliente road, near where a fork leaves it for Agua Calientes.

This inn was the Valo Posada, where Count Viletto had engaged to meet Senor Mar.

"A nice and retired place," the wanderer thought. "I can pass a few days here in safety and comfort."

At this inn Pacheco talked like a prince, ordered a magnificent dinner, drank several bottles of excellent wine, and finally turned into his landlord's best bed with his hat and boots on.

A day or two of these operations followed, but the innkeeper at length detected some discrepancies in his guest's narrations, and an unfortunate bottle of wine too much, which left his wits in a fog, settled Pacheco's business for him, leaving him unmasked to his entertainer.

A rude awakening followed.

After learning from the babbling wanderer that he had lately been a peon, and had not a real in the world, the innkeeper waited until Pacheco awoke sober, and then said:

"See here, Senor Pacheco, this farce has gone on long enough. I want pay for the chickens you have eaten, the wine you have consumed, and the trouble you have caused me."

"Pacheco?" echoed the guest, with a start of astonishment. "You call me Pacheco?"

"Yes, you've let it all out in your cups, and there's no use in making words about it. What do you intend to do about my bill?"

Pacheco remained silent a moment, crest-fallen by his landlord's discovery, and then, plucking up some spirit, said:

"You can take my mule in payment."

"Your mule?" returned the man, scornfully and angrily. "There are a thousand million mules in Mexico, and I wouldn't give a dollar a piece for all of 'em. Why should I want your little dwarf?"

Pacheco was overcome with confusion.

"You've been a peon once," resumed the landlord, "and you'll have to be again, till you pay up the debt of nine dollars you owe me. Just walk out to the stable, and go to work. I'm not going to support you in idleness."

Pacheco endeavoured to protest against this treatment, but the innkeeper's ire increased every moment, and he finally said:

"I do not want another word on the subject. Come to my stable instantly, and work out your indebtedness at legal rates, or I'll send for an alguacil and have you arrested as a common swindler. According to what you've said in your drunkenness, you've been running about the country and living upon other people long enough."

This address effectually silenced Pacheco, and he meekly followed the innkeeper to his stables, where he was put upon the duties assigned to him.

"Six weeks of hard work to pay for a dinner or two," he groaned, when left to himself. "And by the end of that time I shall be six weeks more in debt, and so on for ever! *Dios mio!* the old slavery's begun again! I have a mind to commit suicide, and have

done with it. Oh, Dolores! bright angel of light—my rescuer—my benefactress! Would that you could see me in this lost and degraded condition! I'm ruined—murdered—devoured alive—consumed to ashes!"

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Yes, let us be of good cheer to-day:  
For there's hot work before us, friends. This sword  
Shall have no rest till it be bathed to the hilt  
In th' invaders' blood. Schiller.

A BEAUTIFUL spring evening—for in Mexico it is spring in February—had thrown a dusky veil over the land. The scenery around the Valo Posada was indescribably wild and romantic.

The inn is approached from the north through a deep gorge, winding between densely-wooded hills, and this gorge commences, where the building stands, to widen into a lovely plain.

A grove of splendid oaks and other trees stood behind the house, appearing to lean against the hazy, starlit sky, and the adjacent plains and valleys bloomed with flowers, trailing vines, and blossoming shrubs, and were sprinkled with brilliant mosses, giving to the whole scene a charming freshness, fragrance, and beauty.

On the steps of the inn, at eleven o'clock at night, sat Pacheco, in an attitude of despair, and with a soul laden with woe.

The beautiful sky and stars, the scenery around him, the innumerable voices of the insects and night birds, were all unheeded.

Senor Valo, the landlord, had retired, and left his new servant to the double task of waiting for benighted travellers and of looking out for robbers, and Pacheco was improving the opportunity of bemoaning his fate and wishing himself dead.

"I can't endure this sort o' thing much longer," he muttered. "Better the grave than this life of slavery. Had I a gallon or so of *mescal*, just to drown my senses, I'd roll into the nearest barranca. It hurts to commit suicide on cold water, or even now the clouds of the valley would have bloomed above my midnight grave."

He snivelled at the pathetic picture his imagination had drawn.

Suddenly the mourner heard the clatter of horses, next the sound of voices and laughter, and then he saw a dozen or more torches flashing and advancing, borne by as many mounted men, whom he soon discovered to be French dragoons.

"They're on the hunt for me, of course," he muttered, excitedly. "They have tracked me to this inn. I shall be shot, if taken! Flight is my only resource!"

He crept away, concealing himself in some bushes on a crag overlooking the road at a little distance, and watched the new comers.

What was his astonishment on soon recognizing Senor Mar, Ada, and Dolores.

The troopers halted on a grassy lawn near the inn, on the same side of the road with the watcher, and the ladies dismounted.

Dolores actually strolled away, in an abstracted mood, towards the place of the peon's concealment, and Ada and Senor Mar sauntered towards the inn, both somewhat excited, she with thoughts of Hernan's proposed coming, and he with the views he was seeking to impress upon her.

The duenna soon halted near the concealed observer, and looked around upon the scene offered to her vision.

Mar and Ada continued to converse with each other, at a distance, and the troopers were pounding on the doors and windows of the inn to arouse the landlord.

Moreover, the space between Pacheco and Dolores was strewn with bushes, and all these favourable circumstances speedily induced him to fling himself on his hands and knees, and creep cautiously towards her.

Arriving within a few yards of her, he partially raised himself from the shrubs, and exclaimed, in a shrill whisper:

"Oh, Dolores, angel of my life! Do I again behold thee?"

The duenna gave a faint shriek; but, recognizing the peon, pronounced his name.

"It is that miserable wretch," whined the peon. "Oh, angel of goodness, I beheld you from yonder rock, and have perilled my life to once more gaze upon your gentle face! I am between two deadly and murderous fires! On the one hand a hard-hearted master, on the other armed troops in search of me."

"Armed troops," echoed Dolores; "where?"

Pacheco pointed at the soldiers.

"They know nothing about you," declared the duenna—"care nothing. They came to protect us. They never heard your name—"

"They must have done so," interrupted the peon. "Mar had pickets at his house to watch for me."

Dolores explained, and the peon breathed freely for a moment, but soon resumed, in despairing tones:

"Oh, sweet Dolores! if you but knew the depths of affliction in which my soul is buried. If you could realize, but the half I have endured! But no! I would not have you. You will go your way to the gay capital, and shine resplendent in the halls of mirth and fashion. You will wed some gay and titled cavalier, who will do fitting homage to your youth and beauty; but sometimes, I implore you, give one sigh to the memory of him who lived but in your smile, and over whose lonely grave will then blossom the cactus."

Dolores was touched and flattered at the allusions to her "youth and beauty," and a simper rested on her shallow and faded face, which died out and gave place to tears at the harrowing picture drawn by the peon.

For a moment the couple wept together, and the duenna then asked:

"Oh, dear senor, I never heard anything so affecting in my life! Why should you—ahem—why should you assign me to some gay cavalier? Perhaps—although I may transgress the bounds of strict maidenly modesty in so saying—perhaps I shall not have to go so far to find my congenial heart. But you have not told me your troubles. Pour them into this breast. Treat me as a sis—as a friend, I mean!"

Thus adjured, Pacheco told the story of his adventures, interspersing it with fictitious accounts of his prowess, and concluding with the details of his present situation.

"A peon! and for nine dollars?" said the duenna. "Rise, Senor Pacheco, and pay the cruel landlord, and then return to me. The world is not all cold and heartless, Juan—that is, senor—and your great genius will find some appreciating hearts."

She produced the required sum from her pocket; and the peon sprang to his feet, throwing his burden of grief from him as if it had been a sack of potatoes, exclaiming:

"A second time I owe more than life to you, gentle being. I will endeavour to speak my gratitude in more fitting terms as soon as I have paid the grasping wretch who owns yonder inn."

He hastened to the posada, avoiding the notice of Mar and Ada, and found that the innkeeper was up and dressed, waiting upon some of the troopers.

"Ah, there you are!" cried Senor Valo, as the peon entered. "Where have you been, you lazy rascal? I have called you a dozen times—"

"You may call for ever!" interrupted the peon, pompously. "I shall not answer. There's the nine dollars I owe you for your miserable board. I have influential friends, senor; and I warn you to be more particular another time how you treat distinguished men who are unfortunate enough to stop at your miserable posada!"

He made a scornful bow, threw back his head, and strode from the house with all the pomposity imaginable. Taking care to avoid Mar, he returned to Dolores.

"Won't you come in and get something to eat or drink?" asked Mar of Ada, at this juncture.

"No, thank you," she replied. "You can do so; I will wait here for you."

Mar entered the inn, and the maiden walked toward the bushes bordering the spot where she had alighted.

Her face was expectant, anxious, even a little troubled, her thoughts being of Hernan and his projects.

"Tis time," she murmured to herself. "We have come very leisurely. Perhaps—"

She was a little startled by the snapping of a twig near her, but her heart told her its occasion—the coming of her lover. The next instant she saw him, stepped into the midst of the bushes concealing him from all other eyes, and was clasped tenderly and fervently to the bosom.

His first inquiry was after his father.

"He has not come yet," Ada replied, "but cannot be far distant."

She hastened to tell him that Mar had witnessed her parting with him, and had sent a message to Zacatecas, besides bringing a dozen dragoons with him.

"I've seen them—noted all our circumstances and surroundings," rejoined our hero, whose face was pale with anxiety and exertion. "I've had trouble in getting here. The road, as you've seen, is full of French pickets. We've stumbled upon them twice, despite all our precautions; and, of course, it created a general alarm; but our superior knowledge of the by-paths has enabled us to escape them. My friends are here, just behind me—only sixteen of them, all told! On reaching home I found that Rafael, our old servitor, was gone with two companions searching

for my father—three neighbours who would have helped me were ill, and I was obliged to move on the instant, so that I had no time to collect a greater number. The French had been at our house repeatedly, and even maintained a guard there two days; but, fortunately, they withdrew last night, or I should have been unable to raise half the number I have with me. I hope and pray that Count Viletto may have but few attendants with him. In that case, I can and will rescue father; but if he comes with a heavy force I may fail. "If I do," and his face grew whiter and more resolute, "I will have a terrible revenge for my father's sufferings. I shall go for my guerillas, and our deeds shall strike new terror to the hearts of our enemies. Of course, darling, if I fail to rescue my father, you will proceed with Senor Mar to the capital, and await a change in our fortunes. By careful observation you can learn many facts of interest to me and to our cause, and I will be sure to see you occasionally, let what will happen."

Ada promised to carry out her lover's wishes, and he clasped her closer to his heart, blessing her fondly and proudly, with a lingering tenderness.

At this instant Dolores and Pacheco made their appearance from the background, and were both astounded at beholding Captain de Valde.

"Can I believe my senses?" ejaculated Pacheco. "Is it, indeed, my master whom I behold? What a blissful moment!"

Notwithstanding the fellow's cowardly conduct on the occasion of their encounter with Viletto and the ladrones, Captain de Valde took his hand cordially, answered his excited inquiries briefly but kindly, and reinstated him in his former situation as his body-servant.

"And now, darling, I must go," said Hernan, to his betrothed. "We shall instantly attack the count, on the way here, before he effects a junction with these Frenchmen."

"Yes, yes, that's best," returned Ada; "but—I have fears—forebodings—"

"Hope for the best, darling. If I rescue my father, I shall speedily come for you, for we shall then have money, and I shall want you to go with me to New Orleans, as so many lovers have done, and be married. Be firm and hopeful!"

Pacheco did not relish such a speedy and ominous parting with Dolores; but a few words from our hero caused him to put a bold face on the matter, and he went for his mule.

At this moment the count's party was heard coming. Hernan uttered an exclamation of regret.

"I had to come here," he muttered. "Hunted—moving in fields and male paths—I knew nothing of the count's whereabouts, and presumed that he was here long ago. My first step was to reach the rendezvous. Had I known—"

He paused, startled by the sight which now burst upon him: a party of thirty or forty men, just emerging from the gorge, well-armed and well-mounted, each bearing a torch.

"*Dios mio!*" exclaimed Hernan. "They are four or five to one!"

He recognized the count at the head of the party, and a nearer approach, with a vivid flaring of the torches, enabled him to recognize the prisoner in their midst—his father, the Marquis de Valde!

The hair of the distinguished prisoner had blanched to a snowy whiteness, his noble countenance was ghastly pale and haggard, his form was attenuated, his hands were thin and bony, and yet he retained to the full in his carriage and aspect an undaunted and noble soul.

"Do you see him, darling?" whispered Hernan, as Ada, pale and half-weeping, gazed upon the father of her betrothed. "Oh God! I cannot save him!"

The emotions of the young couple were deep and terrible, and Ada reached her hand into that of her lover as if by its silent pressure she could impart hope and comfort to his wounded heart. Pacheco had secured his mule and sneaked with it into the bushes behind the lovers; and Hernan, seeing him, instantly added:

"Yet I shall make the effort! Remember what I have told you, darling."

He tore himself away, followed by Pacheco, who had taken a fearful adieu of Dolores, and vanished, while the count's party neared the posada, and Mar hastened forward to meet its leader.

"Some enemy is dashing along the lines to-night," said Viletto, after exchanging brief greetings with his confederate. "We must be on our guard. Let us cross the bridge to the other side of the barranca, where the ground is less favourable to an attack. I don't like this deep gorge. Where is your silver?"

"On reaching Zacatecas," returned Mar, "I found a good opportunity to send it to Vera Cruz, under French convoy—so I got rid of it. We shall not be annoyed with it."

Viletto bit his lips, and a disappointed expression mantled his features.

The truth was, he had intended to steal it.

"Where's Ada?" he asked, masking his disappointment.

He perceived the maiden approaching him, and saluted her politely, observing, as he marked her pallid face:

"I suppose you've been in continual alarm since you left home, but be no longer troubled. There are fifty or sixty of us in all to protect you."

He turned to Mar, adding:

"The ladies had better mount. You manage your escort, and I will attend to mine!"

"I am astonished at their number," said Mar, "I did not know—"

"I have been recruiting them for the Franco-Mexican service," explained Viletto.

"Good! Let's be off!"

"The whole party was quickly mounted, and resumed its way, soon coming to the bridge the count had mentioned. It spanned one of those wild ravines, called barrancas, which characterize the table plains—an awful chasm, hundreds of feet deep, with perpendicular sides, and having a stream of water at its bottom.

"We'll halt for a rest soon," said Viletto, when the whole party had cleared the bridge. "Meanwhile, we'll be watchful. I suspect that infernal guerilla is on the road to-night, but whether seeking his own safety or intending to make us trouble, I cannot say."

Ada had been deeply touched by the position and deportment of the Marquis de Valde, and she rode up to his side, entering into conversation with him, expressing her sympathy, and telling him of Hernan's movements and purposes—and all this so quietly, in such a low tone, and with such precautions, that Mar and the count, who were busily plotting, did not remark her conduct.

Suddenly there was a cry of alarm from the disguised ladrones that brought up the rear of the party.

"The guerillas! the guerillas!" shouted Captain Larro, who was in charge of the rear-guard.

Even as the cry was uttered, Hernan and his friends hurled themselves upon the ladrones, fighting their way towards the prisoner, and the whole scene instantly became one of excitement and confusion.

The first impulse of Mar and Viletto was, of course, to resist the assailants.

While they were shouting to their men, Ada caught the bridle of the prisoner's horse, and turned him aside, with her own, purposing to aid the escape of the marquis.

"Forward, men!" shouted Hernan, in tones that resounded clear and ringing over the scene. "Let every blow strike home!"

With a motion as resistless as that of an avalanche, the little body of rescuers, with Hernan at its head, made its way through the opposite masses. In a moment, thanks to Ada's thoughtful movements, the young patriot reached the side of his father.

"My own brave boy!" murmured the marquis, with a quick sob of joy.

"I have come to rescue you," was Hernan's response. "Ah, Ada! This way, both of you."

"Hem him in! cut him down!" screamed Viletto, raging like a madman. "He's almost alone!"

"No bullets, or you'll kill my daughter!" shouted Mar. "Cut him down with your swords!"

The awful conflict that then and there raged baffles description.

The glare of the torches flaring to and fro—the clashing of steel continuously—the shouts of the contending parties—the groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying—all was terrible!

But all in vain were the almost superhuman exertions of Hernan and the little band of heroes that stood by him.

The overwhelming number of the ladrones and their French confederates forced the assailants slowly back, while Mar seized Ada, and half-a-dozen of the count's followers seized the Marquis de Valde.

"Away with the girl into safety!" shouted Viletto. "Make sure of the prisoner! Quick—cut the bridge over the barranca! We can capture the whole party!"

The strife had become too unequal for Hernan's noble friends to further prolong it; and, with proper warnings to their leader, they commenced to fall back toward the bridge.

"Fly, my boy!" cried the marquis. "I beseech you to fly! You will only be sacrificed here. Some other time you will free me! Away—away!"

By the most desperate efforts, the retreating assailants fought their way back to the bridge, crossed it, and made a stand just beyond it, waiting for their leader.

At last, seeing how hopeless was the contest, the young patriot was retreating on foot, having been dismounted.

"Down with the bridge!" repeated Viletto.

A dozen men were already engaged in its demolition.

"We have him now!" added Viletto, as he rushed again upon our hero, with a shout of fiendish joy. "Surrender or die! Close in on him, boys. Strike all together!"

Hernan met the renewed attack, parried the count's thrusts, and suddenly, with a swift movement of his sword, laid Viletto's cheek open from eye to chin, cutting to the bone.

As the villain gave a horrible yell, the bridge went crashing down into the awful depths of the barranca.

"Now he's our prisoner!" shouted Mar. "His retreat is cut off! Let him surrender or die. Close on him—"

A general cry of horror interrupted him.

By the glaring torch-light the whole party saw that Hernan, with a shower of formidable blows around him, had turned away from his enemies and was bounding directly toward the terrified abyss presented by the barranca!

An interval of breathless horror—a cry of anguish from Ada and the marquis—a curse from Mar and Viletto—and then, with a final bound Hernan's form arose above the barranca, traversed it, and he was safe on the other side!

"Quick! a volley!" shouted Larro, who stood the nearest to the abyss.

The volley followed: but it was too late. The daring guerilla had reached some rocks bordering the abyss, a shelter to which his friends had already retreated, and here he was safe from the bullets sent after him.

Pacheco had advanced no further than these rocks, and, of course, had received no injury.

"He's gone, sure enough," commented Mar, recovering from his momentary stupefaction "and is safe from any present pursuit, owing to this gulf between us."

Ada could not restrain her tears of joy as she placed her hand in that of the marquis and whispered:

"He's safe, and will yet save you!"

The count had nearly swooned on his steed, and Mar hastened to his assistance. His terrible wound was dressed, his consciousness restored, the dead and wounded collected, and the party moved on toward Soledad, hoping to soon meet some French pickets and obtain the necessary medical assistance. In half an hour they reached a French camp, and were pleasantly surprised to find themselves in the presence of General Donat and his body-guard, with a regiment of French chasseurs around him.

After preliminary greetings had been exchanged, Mar reported the night's adventure, and the Marquis de Valde was brought forward and delivered up to the general.

The noble prisoner was calm, and the escape of his son had even lent a look of triumphal scorn upon his fine features.

"He is the father of the guerilla-chief, Captain de Valde, your excellency," explained Mar, the count being in too great pain to talk. "He has been the abettor of his son's evil doing, has harboured and sheltered him when fresh from his guerilla raids, and has himself lent large sums of money to Juarez, and otherwise assisted the Liberal cause. He has distinguished himself as an able and active enemy of the French ever since the commencement of the war."

Viletto and Larro confirmed this statement. "Do you deny these charges, marquis?" asked Donat, turning to the prisoner.

"No, senor," said the marquis, quietly. "I have done whatever I could for my country."

The general was delighted on thus recognizing the importance of the prisoner; and, after condoling with Viletto upon his wound, assured him that due credit should be given him in his report to the prospective emperor for his great devotion to the French cause.

"I am sorry the son has escaped," he concluded. "I would have given my entire fortune to secure him. You remember the trick he played upon me in the prison of Zacatecas? I'll send out new detachments to hunt him. As to the marquis, I shall send him to the French colonies of the Caribbean for safe-keeping. He shall go direct to Martinique. Come into my tent, gentlemen, for the night, and I will see you safely on your way in the morning. You, my dear count, shall have the attention of our brigade-surgeon. The outlaw has baffled you and us, it seems, but we'll soon have him."

(To be continued.)

THE Courts of Rome and Lisbon are again at war about the right each claims to nominate bishops in the Portuguese settlements. There is some talk of the King of Portugal being, like his father-in-law, placed under the ban of the church.





[LYNDA'S THREAT.]

## LYNDA'S BRIDAL

## CHAPTER I

Hark! hark! hark! from the tower,  
Soft flowing over the sea—  
Bony church bells at matin hour  
Tell of festivity.

Tell they too of lover's hope,  
And of the lover's pride.  
When from priest, with holy rite,  
He takes his blushing bride.

How merry, how merry their measure,  
They welcome a dawning like this—  
O'er which, with a smile, rosy Pleasure  
Scatters gladly her store of bliss.

They tolled up the steep ascent, and stood upon the plateau on which the small village was situated. An elevated vale hemmed in on all sides by towering hills, covered with ferns and dwarf oak trees. A few scattered houses constituted the village. A church of Gothic architecture, and a public house, with the evering sign in front, were the prominent buildings. Far to the right, higher up the hills, was a mansion of some pretensions, with handsome grounds. It was built something in the shape of a Maltese cross, of dark stone, and was crowned by a cupola, which commanded a fine view of the ocean.

Far below the elevation on which the main part of the village was built, was a stretch of sandy beach terminating at each extremity in little rocky promontories that jutted boldly out into the sea. A road wound along the edge of the beach, lined with white cottages and boat houses. These were the habitations of the fishermen.

They stopped to breathe as they gained the ascent, this old man and young, and turned their faces seaward. Clad in the habiliments of a hundred years ago, their garb denoted in a measure their different vocations. The old man, in a plain suit of black, had something of a physician in his appearance. The younger was a mariner; his bronzed cheek proclaimed this, without reference to his garb.

"Thanks for your arm, my young friend," said the elder. "It has served me well in this toilsome ascent. Tell me if I can serve you in return?"

"Marry, I know not how," returned the mariner, earnestly, "unless you are a resident here in Seaport; in which case you may know something of those of whom I wish to hear."

"Content you," returned his companion; "only ask, and you shall have the question solved. I know the family affairs of every dwelling-house in Seaport and

Heatherdale. But you—I know you not. Do you live hitherward?"

"I used to do so; but for five long years I've toiled 'neath warmer suns than those of England."

"Tell me—who and what are you?"

"My name is Earl Westgate. I am a mariner, and on the bosom of the bay there rides a goodly vessel, which, laden with rich merchandise, hath this very morning arrived from the famed Indies. The crew are men of well-trying merit—the cargo is one which here will bring five pounds where only one was paid; and the brave vessel, and her braver men, call Earl Westgate their master!"

This was spoken with an air of honest pride, which set not ill on the open brow and erect and manly carriage of the young sailor.

"You are wealthy, then?"

"I am. Although it is scarce five summers—as I have said—since I left Seaport, and then I'd ne'er a coin to call my own."

"Fortune has befriended you?"

"She has, indeed; and I think I have well merited her favours, for never strove man harder to win her smiles than I."

"You had some powerful motive for your industry."

"I had so. Before I quitted home, I would have wedded my beloved one, but her father refused his consent—bade me first win a competence, and then claim his daughter."

"Does the lady live hereabouts?"

"She does."

"Her name? I warrant I'll tell you somewhat of her."

"The queen of my heart is Lynda, the flower of Heatherdale."

The old man shook his head sadly, and cast a commiserating glance upon his companion.

"Lynda of Heatherdale," he echoed. "Evil is doing. Thy love—thy Lynda is—let us contrast the picture." Old Dr. Wilfred was something of a cynic and loved to study human nature, and added, abruptly, "are you not pleased at returning thus wealthy to your native village?"

"Pleased? I am in ecstasy! With joy akin to tears I gaze on every well-known spot, and recall the days of happy childish sport; then anon do my thoughts glance to my Lynda, and through the dim future do I picture to myself whole years of bliss."

"You have drawn the picture well. Now let us contrast it with something darker. Lynda has lost her father—he died three years back leaving her to Master Lindley."

"Alack!" interrupted Earl, "the old man dead. Peace be with him."

"She herself has forgotten you."

"Forgotten me? I'll not believe it! I'd not believe it, even if you knelt on this green turf and swore its truth!"

"I can prove it without an oath. She is unfaithful to you. I came to attend the ceremony, but those bells proclaim that I have arrived too late. Lynda is wedded to another."

"Liar!" cried the young man, fiercely.

The old doctor was unmoved by the epithet.

"It is true. It is a bitter draught to swallow, but I administer it for thy good. Those bells proclaim to all the country side that Lynda Congdon weds Sumner Lindley. Even now the merry bridal party are returning to their home. They will pass this very spot; so, if you like to stay here, you can congratulate the bridegroom upon his happiness."

"If this be true—" said Earl, still incredulous.

"Perish the thought, I will not credit it!"

"Do as ye list; but methinks yonder bells proclaim the truth full surely. Nathless, do as ye list—in some half hour or so, the bride herself will tell you how hangs my narrative with fact, if you pause here, and think fit to question her." With these words the lame old doctor, leaning upon his cane, hobbled towards the church.

Earl Westgate stood like one entranced, stupefied by the tidings he had heard.

This, then, was his reward for undeviating constancy—for firm and true and holy love—for years of toil and peril?

Lynda—his Lynda, the bride of another!

But he would rouse himself from the apathy of his despair, and entertain no further recollection of the faithless enchantress.

Away at once with every dream of love—of bygone hopes!

For the future his noble vessel should be his only mistress—ruddy gold his sole desire!

And all the time that he communed thus with his thoughts the bridal party came slowly towards him.

The evening was so fair that they had preferred to walk to the mansion on the hill, leaving the carriages.

The party was not numerous—not over a dozen, including the bride and bridegroom.

"What is this, dearest?" asked Sumner Lindley, of his new made wife, as he observed that her cheeks were pale and she shivered as she leaned upon his arm. "It is scarce ten minutes since, as we left the church, your air was gay, and now, even as though some horrid phantom had suddenly encountered you, your manner is strangely changed, and smiles give way to sadness."

"It was but a thought," she answered, "nought else. In a brief period I shall again be joyous. It is the spot, too," she continued, glancing around. "Oh, Lindley, why was this day fixed on for our union? Why was it ordained that as I passed from the holy altar whereto I had pledged myself to you, my unconscious foot should tread this path?"

"You speak in riddles!"

"Fair Lynda," observed Mr. Lindley, "my more than daughter—speak! Why this sudden emotion?"

"Guardian—my husband, pardon me! my wayward heart is still again."

But Sumner Lindley was not satisfied, and sought by repeated questions to draw from her the cause of her emotion.

Thus urged, she spoke:

"To you, I have sworn obedience, and I shall keep my oath. On this very spot, five years back—ay, this very day, did Earl Westgate and myself swear a mutual constancy even for such a time. The remembrance of this suddenly flashed upon me, and its effect your too careful eye has noted; but now it is over, and I pray you ponder not on it."

"I grieve to find, my wife, that you still think of Earl Westgate," returned Sumner Lindley, with a dissatisfied air.

"Sumner Lindley, when in compliance with my beloved guardian's wish I promised to become your wife, I did not deceive you as to my love; I told you, as my husband I should respect and esteem you; but that my heart was bound with that of Earl, even in the unknown land wherein his body lies."

"You did—you did," cried the elder Lindley, hastily, "and Sumner has acted wrong in speaking thus. Poor Earl Westgate is long since dead, and it would be unwise of us to create heartburnings about one so cold and lifeless."

"You are right, sir," returned Sumner, respectfully. "Sumner had, as you know," proceeded Mr. Lindley, "full particulars as to his death from one of his companions, who returned in safety."

"I know it," she answered, arousing herself with an effort from the sadness that had gathered around her. "Come, Sumner," with a sad smile—"my bridegroom, dismiss this gloom which hangs upon your brow, nor deem that because my memory clings to the dead, I shall forget my duty to the living."

"Dear girl!" responded Sumner, with a gratified look.

At this moment the party came near the place where Earl Westgate was standing. His eyes were riveted upon her face. It was she—the beacon star of his affections! She, the thought of whom had nerved his breast against every peril, and now she leaned upon another's arm, and to another whispered love! His brain was fired at the sight, and vengeful fury filled his veins. He stepped from the roadside and suddenly confronted her.

"Lynda!" he cried. "Lynda!"

Attracted by the sound of his voice, she raised her eyes and beheld him. A shriek of joyful recognition burst from her lips.

"It is Earl!" she exclaimed. "It is my betrothed one! He is not dead, but comes to claim me. Unhand me, sir," struggling in the grasp of her husband and guardian, who sought to detain her. "Unhand me, sir! I will go to him—I will not be detained!"

She broke from them.

"Earl, my best beloved Earl!"

She rushed towards him with extended arms; but he waved her coldly back, repelling her proffered embrace.

"All this deceit is vain and foolish now," he sternly cried. "I know your perfidy; and knowing, hate—nay, loathe it! Hence, I wish not to see you! My heart sickens at such deception."

"What is this?" she asked, dreadingly.

"Can you ask?" was the bitter rejoinder. "Are you not false to me? Oh, base and ungenerous girl, are you not wedded to another?"

"Wedded?" she echoed, and an agonized scream burst from her pale lips as she realized what had taken place. "Ha! I had forgotten. The joy of seeing you had banished for a moment every recollection of the past, and now the recollection comes again, even as though it were molten lead, in which to drown my heart! Turn not away—I am not to blame—they told me you were dead!" She sank down upon her knees before him, regardless of her rich bridal raiment, and clasped his hand. "As I hope for my soul's welfare, they told me you were dead!"

He was all unmoved by this passionate appeal.

"Vile imposter!" he answered, incredulously. "Had you loved as I have loved, you would have found in your own bosom a contradiction to the tale. Oh, Lynda, I have toiled for you beneath burning suns—for you, have dared the dangers of strange seas and faithless men. I thought the prize, which I had fancied securely locked within my heart, was truly mine; and now I find it in another's keeping! Hence! Let go my hand!"

"You are mad not to hear me," she implored.

"I am mad—heaven knows I am, and you have made me so! Devils surround my heart and lacerate its core, and you have set them on; you, whom I fondly and foolishly fancied loved me—but that delusion is past. Farewell for ever!"

He tore his hand rudely from her grasp and hurried from the scene.

She arose to her feet, with a wavering, unsteady motion, extending her arms imploringly after him, and shrieking his name in piteous accents.

Sumner Lindley approached to support her, but she shrank from him with an unconquerable loathing, sinking helplessly into the arms of the elder Mr. Lindley.

In this condition she was conveyed to the house upon the hill.

## CHAPTER II.

EARL WESTGATE sat upon the porch of the little public-house, gazing listlessly upon the ocean.

The bustling landlady, Mistress Kitty Calfe, had supplied him with a flagon of wine; but the beverage remained beside him untasted.

Could his thoughts have been put into words, they would have run as follows:

"Fool that I am! I cannot banish from my mind, even for a moment, the faithless destroyer of my happiness. Fond memory delights in placing her image vividly before me, and then busily begins to furnish forth excuses for her frailty. Was I not too hasty? What if she really were deceived herself? Can I see her again? Let me think of it."

A woman, faint and weary, as if from long travel, approached the porch. A woman clad in sable weeds, with a pale, earnest face, dark, deep-set eyes, and long black hair. She was much fatigued, and walked with tottering steps.

Mistress Kitty Calfe spied her from the window, and hastened out to greet her. She had no great love for tramps; and such the woman, from her appearance, seemed to be.

"What would you, good woman?" she asked, sharply.

"I am faint with travel," the wanderer replied, in accents that bespoke one who at no very distant day had received gentle nurture. "I have wandered many miles to-day—will you please to let me rest here awhile?"

"Oh, yes—if you like," was the curt answer.

"I am very thirsty and hungry, too."

"Ah! I'm very sorry to hear that, but can't help it. It's astonishing what a many beggars we people in the public line are pestered with! There is a beautiful well in the yard, and I will lend you a cup, so you can help yourself, and drink away as merry as possible."

"Drink away as merry as possible," echoed Earl, aroused from his sad thoughts, and smiling at the landlady's words, "when the draught is water? The thing is quite unnatural. Give her some wine, mistress."

"Wine?" responded Mistress Kitty Calfe, tossing her head disdainfully. "Wine, indeed! I'm sure I shall do nothing of the sort. Not that I'm ill-natured—far from it. I'd do it if I could afford it, but I can't; and to my taste, everybody ought to consider whether they can pay their debts before they give away even a draught of wine."

"Nonsense! give her some wine, I say."

"Will you pay for it?" asked Mistress Kitty Calfe, quickly.

"Yes; to be sure I will," returned Earl, taking a gold coin from his pocket, and placing it in the landlady's eager palm. "As long as I have money, half of it is always at the service of the distressed."

The poor woman thanked him with a grateful look, and a wonderful change came over Mistress Kitty Calfe, as she felt the touch of the gold.

"Ah, it's things that make differences!" she said. "Come here, my dear. There, walk gently, and don't worry yourself, there's a love!"—assisting the wanderer to a seat upon the porch. "Bless us! how tired the dear creature is. I'll go and set out a little meal in the room yonder, and then come and help you in. Poor, suffering angel!" And Mistress Kitty Calfe bustled into the house.

"Have you walked far, lady?" asked Earl.

"Oh, yes—many, many weary miles."

He saw the flagon of wine by his side, which had been brought to his order, and which, absorbed in his bitter thoughts, he had suffered to remain untasted. He took it up and held it towards her.

"Here," he said; "drink some of this—it will serve to revive you."

"Thanks, thanks," she murmured, as she raised the vessel to her lips and partook sparingly of its contents.

"Drink again. And as for thanks, don't say a word upon that subject. Have you no relations?"

"None."

"What do you travel for?"

"I seek my husband."

"Oh! you are on the look out for a husband, are you?"

"Not so," smiling at his misconception, "I have, or rather had a husband; one who pretended greatly to love me, but who has now most cruelly deserted me."

Strange! here was one who had been deceived in like manner with himself.

Earl Westgate could but feel interest in the fate of the poor wanderer.

He pursued his inquiries.

"Is he as poor as yourself?"

"No, he is rich—very rich, and revels in luxury, while she, whom he has sworn at the altar to cherish and protect, faints for want of food. For more than a year have I sought him, but never until yesterday could I discover trace of him; now, I have discovered his abode, and he shall feel my vengeance!"

Vengeance? Did no chord in Earl Westgate's breast respond to this word?

Should he not seek vengeance also?

The landlady again made her appearance.

"Now, it's all ready," she said; "such a nice little supper, and such nice wine, too."

"Tell me," the wanderer asked, "is there not a house somewhere hereabouts, called the Lindley Mansion?"

"Certainly there is—about two miles from here. Master Lindley lives there with his son."

"Sumner?"

"Yes—he was married to-day."

The wanderer was strangely affected by the intelligence.

"Married!" she gasped; "married to-day?"

"Yes; married to Lynda, the rich heiress of Heatherdale."

"Impossible!"

"Impossible? Marry come up! I'm not in the habit of having my word doubted; and, besides that, if a young fellow fancies a young lass and she him, I don't see why their marrying should be impossible."

The wanderer made no further response, but entered the house with the landlady.

Earl Westgate had not heeded the foregoing, or he might have questioned the cause of the woman's emotion.

Absorbed in his own thoughts, the words passed unnoted. He was meditating a project which perplexed his mind.

At last his resolution was fixed. He would seek the house, and look once more upon his lost love—once more hear her voice; listen to her vindictive, and then again to the wide waters.

He knew the path well that led to a little ledge of rocks overlooking the balcony upon which the windows of her chamber opened. Many a stolen interview had they held there in their days of love in the radiant past.

## CHAPTER III.

PLEADING illness, Lynda had left her guests to enjoy themselves in the spacious apartments with the good cheer that had been provided for the occasion, while she sought her chamber. She went from thence into the shrubbery and sat down in the dim twilight in sad communion with her thoughts.

Wretched, wretched Lynda! From the gay scene which celebrated her doom of misery she had strayed here in the woodland shades to hide her grief. Oh! cruel mistake that had consigned her to such a fate.

"Earl! Earl!" she cried aloud, in the bitterness of her soul, "if you but knew how much I suffer, even you would forgive me!"

A form bounded lightly upon the footway, and a well-remembered voice whispered in her ear:

"Lynda!"

The next instant she was in his arms, locked in a fervent embrace.

"Earl!" she cried, in joyful accents.

Then, as the dread truth, which would not be put aside, came back to her, she released herself quickly from his clinging arms.

"I had forgotten—I am the wife of another! Oh! the torture it caused her to speak those words! 'Earl, I know not why—nay, nor even how you came hither; but it glads me, for there is that I would tell you.'"

He interrupted her reproachfully.

"How calm and cold!"

"If I am calm and cold, think not I am indifferent and unfeeling: the brook is shallowest where bubbling ripples play upon its surface—deepest where stillness sits upon its breast. Earl, Earl, my heart is breaking!"



## CHAPTER IV.

He could see the tears stealing silently down her cheeks.

"Lynda!" he cried, passionately; and advanced to clasp her once more in his arms, but she repelled him.

"Approach me not!" she exclaimed, entreatingly. "Venture to do so—nay, only one step nearer, and I fly from you for ever! Now, listen—sooner than have been unfaithful to you—sooner than have broken the vow by which I bound myself to you—sooner than have wedded, you living, but not the bridegroom, I would have perished!—oh, how gladly! But Sumner told me you were dead—long since dead—that your companions had returned, bringing the news—"

"A base fabrication!"

"They dined in my ears that you were lost—that I ought to marry; and then my guardian—a good old man—besought me to wed his son. I told him I never more could love—he spoke of heaven, and I—this very morn—oh, fatal speed! did swear in yonder holy place allegiance to my husband! And you—your, my heart's beloved, close to me and I knowings!"

"I see it all!" exclaimed Earl, with deep conviction. "This was some demon scheme to rob me of my love. Lynda, you, like myself, have been betrayed. No news of my death ever reached here. I had no companions to bring the intelligence; it was a lie wherewith to work upon your nature. You have been decoyed into the power of this designing man!"

"His!" cried Lynda, with startling earnestness, "do you think that?"

"Ay," he returned, with emphasis; "but vengeance may yet be yours. Lynda, fly with me! Those vows cannot be binding which were made in error. Fly with me! I have a noble vessel in the bay—you shall be its queen. I have brave followers—they shall be your servants. I have wealth, more even than I desire—the treasure shall be yours, and I will adore you, prize you, even as I prize my hope of heaven! Oh, Lynda, fly with me!"

"It was a base scheme of Sumner's," said Lynda, eagerly.

"It was, it was!" returned Earl, quickly, gaining encouragement from her words. "And will you aid such villainy, and let it triumph? Think better of it, for let this deceiver's projects approach fruition without at least an effort to repel them. Lynda, Lynda, your happiness—mine—almost our lives depend on this! Fly with me while the chance is ours!"

It was a fearful temptation thus to listen to this passionate appeal from the lips of her heart's best beloved. To feel that heart yearn towards him whilst the links of the iron duty which bound her cut into her very soul.

"Break my vows!" she cried; "forget my mother's precepts—compromise my father's name—stain with dishonour our unsullied reputation. Oh, Earl, Earl!"

There was a world of reproach in the sad glance she cast upon him, but he was not to be restrained. He will not lightly relinquish his heart's cherished one. He will struggle for her while one lingering hope remains.

"Remember," he urged, "this opportunity lost, none other remains; there's nought but wretchedness before us. Come, come, my Lynda! you consent—you will fly from the arms of the villain who would ensnare you, and take refuge in the heart that adores you. Come!"

He tried to lead her gently from the shrubbery, but she would not stir.

"No, no," she cried, earnestly, appealingly. "Heaven, do thou give me aid to resist this strong temptation. Save me, save me!" A bell was heard to ring within; she started wildly from his arms. "Ha!"

she continued, "they have grown weary at my long absence and are seeking me. Heaven be praised! I am saved. Earl, farewell for ever! Much as I love you, I will not peril my hopes here and hereafter; my duty must and shall be done. I know my heart will break in the performance of the task, but still it must be so." She turned aside to conceal the tears she could not repress.

"Oh, Lynda!" cried Earl, despairingly, "if you knew how much I love you."

"I know! I know!" was her passionate exclamation. She cast herself into his arms, clasped him for a moment to that poor heart which beat so tumultuously, and then wrenched herself from his embrace.

"Farewell!" she cried, in tones that sounded like the last will of expiring hope.

She was gone!

Earl gazed vacantly upon the spot which had been gladdened so recently with her presence.

"Noble-minded girl!" he murmured; "what a treasure have I lost in losing her. Fool that I am! Alas, I shall play the girl, and weep outright."

With this reproach to his manhood, he withdrew from the shrubbery and took the path back to the little public-house of Mistress Kitty Calle.

The feast was over, and many of the guests had departed to their homes. Some, who had come from a distance, among which was the old cynic, Doctor Wilfred, in accordance with the hospitality of the times, were furnished with beds beneath the ample roof of Heatherdale.

Lynda sat in her bridal chamber, a pale, sad offering at the shrine of duty. Her fingers played listlessly with the jewelled hilt of a dagger which lay upon a table before her. A strange, antique weapon which her father had brought from far off lands, and which had been given to Lynda as a paper-knife.

She prized it highly, because it was his gift. Her friend, Althea Lindall, who had been her bridesmaid, stood beside her, arranging the masses of her dark hair for the night.

"Good night, dear Lynda," she said, when she had finished; "the bridegroom will soon be here." She was going, when a sudden memory checked her. "Stay," she continued; "I was charged by Mistress Kitty Calle, in Seaport, to give you this letter. It is from one who desires to see you, but cannot do so."

"Ah, from Earl Westgate!" exclaimed Lynda, hurriedly. "I ought not to take it."

"You must do so."

She took the letter, and placed it in her pocket.

"Good night, Althea."

"Good night, Lynda."

And the bride was left alone to await the bridegroom's coming.

She felt that it was wrong of her, and yet she could not banish Earl Westgate from her mind—could not refrain from reproaching that perverse destiny that had united her to one whom she now felt she must ever dislike, and who had severed her from one whom she dearly loved.

A footstep echoed through the corridor; her husband—alas! the word—was coming.

She must no longer dwell on the remembrance of another.

Sumner Lindley entered the apartment, and locked the door after him. There was a look of exultation in his face as he regarded his bride. He drew a chair beside her, took her cold hand in his, and gallantly pressed his lips upon it.

She shuddered instinctively; but he did not perceive it, as he had partaken freely of wine.

"Accept my homage," he cried, gaily. "Believe me when I tell you that my heart is wholly—wholly devoted to you."

"You are my husband," she replied, with an effort, "and I will try to love you."

"Thanks for the assurance," he answered, with a smile.

"I know my duty," she continued, "and will perform it. If human nature prove too weak, and in the struggle to perform it my heart should break, it will at least give token of my sincerity."

The tears burst anew into her eyes, and taking her handkerchief from her pocket to dry them, the letter she had received from Althea was pulled out, and fell upon the carpet.

She did not perceive it; but the hawk-eye of Sumner Lindley noted it at once, and he regarded it with a suspicious and jealous scrutiny.

"Tears?" he said, almost sneeringly; "this is but an indifferent welcome to your husband."

"Pray you, pardon me."

He reached forward, and picked up the letter.

"You have dropped this letter."

He was noticing her closely, and he saw the conscious blood bound into her face.

"Allow me to return it."

He glanced at the superscription, and the blood bounded redder into his face than it had done in hers.

Could his eyes deceive him. No, no.

There was danger in that scrawl, which must be promptly met.

"He recognizes the writing," was the thought of Lynda; who, extending her hand for the letter, observed his strong emotion. "That is unfortunate."

"Madam, how got you this letter?" demanded Sumner, quickly and sternly.

"It was given to me this evening," answered Lynda, who thought he was angry at discovering that the letter was from Earl Westgate. "Pray forgive me that I did take it."

"It was wrong of you to do so. But tell me, have you perused its contents?"

"I have not," she answered, promptly, "nor will I do so if you forbid it."

A gratified look took the place of the scowl on his dark features.

"That is well said," he observed, pleasantly. "Your obedience binds me more firmly to you. The woman who wrote this scrawl is not to be depended on."

Lynda started with surprise. Woman? Then it was not from Earl? Whence then Sumner's strange

emotion? Who was her unknown correspondent?—unknown to her, though evidently not unknown to him. There was some mystery concealed in that note which she must penetrate. By a fraud, excusable perhaps in love, though she felt she could never excuse it, had Sumner won her. Perchance some further fraud was yet to be revealed. The key was in the letter—she must have it.

"Master Lindley," she said, with dignity, "there is some mistake here. I fancied that letter was written by a man, and, under that erroneous fancy, uttered the words you have heard; but, if that epistle be from one of my own sex, I have every right to read it, and demand its restitution."

"You shall not have it," said Sumner, shortly.

Lynda was surprised at this rudeness. She was beginning to realize what a villain she had wedded.

"There is some mystery in this I like not," she said, with just indignation. "You are confused and agitated! Why is all this? Give me that letter—I charge you give it to me!"

"I am sorry, fair one, to deny you anything," he answered, coolly; but can only comply with your wishes in this respect—thus!"

He tore the letter into four fragments and cast them at Lynda's feet. He then went to the windows and proceeded to unfasten the heavy damask curtains from their loops. While he was thus engaged, she hastily snatched up the fragments of the letter and placed them all together.

Yes, yes—he had said truly, it was a woman's hand.

She matched the piece with the hope of yet being able to understand its purport.

She had it—the words stood out plainly before her:

"Lady, beware—there is a frightful gulf before you—beware!"

"Ha!" he cried, angrily, as he turned and observed what she was doing, "is it thus you obey me?"

She went on reading hurriedly.

"Sumner Lindley is a villain!"

"Read no further, you shall not read further!" he exclaimed, in alarm, as he advanced and tried to snatch the letter from her grasp.

She screamed, struggled from him, and still went on reading the letter.

"He seeks to deceive you—betray you. You are unlawfully wedded to him; he has another wife living!"

A shriek of joy burst from Lynda's lips, and the torn fragments were resigned to Sumner, who grasped them all too late, grinding his teeth in impotent fury.

The letter had performed its mission.

She confronted him with a reproachful glance.

"Villain!" she said, "and is it thus you would decoy her you pretend to love, to shame and misery?"

"Believe not this idle invention," returned Sumner, unabashed, "it is most untrue."

"Untrue?" demanded Lynda, incredulously. "If it be untrue, why did you seek to hide it from me? You start, you are confused, the blush of conscious guilt burns on your brow, and yet you tell me this charge is most untrue. Sumner Lindley, I believe the statement, nor will I call myself wife of thine until you prove this to be calumny!"

"Lynda," he answered, scornfully, "with woman in wrathful mood, words are but vain; actions shall serve for me. You are mine—mine only; and who shall bar me from my bride?"

He approached her with extended arms, but she evaded him and grasped the jewelled dagger that lay upon the table.

Coward-like, he started back when he saw the weapon in her hand.

"Sumner Lindley," she said, with flashing eyes, "I say, beware! advance but one step towards me—offer, however slightly, to enfold me in your pernicious embrace, and this weapon shall release me alike from thee and life!"

There was no mistaking the determination that blazed in those hazel eyes. Force would be of no avail, he must try persuasion.

"Lynda!" he said, soothingly.

"I am firm," she returned. She went to the door, unlocked it, and threw it open. "Help, help!" she cried, shrilly.

Sumner chafed like a wolf at bay. Was he to be thus foiled? No; his game, though a desperate one, should still be a winning one.

"Lynda!" he again exclaimed, appealingly.

But her only reply was to menace him with the dagger and still call loudly for help. And soon the cry was answered. Mr. Lindley, senior, Dr. Wilfred, Mr. Lindall, and the bridesmaids, came thronging in alarm to her apartment.

"What mean these outcries that thus disturb the house?" asked Mr. Lindley, as he glanced around and saw no cause for alarm.

"Guardian, dear guardian, protect me!" cried Lynda, rushing to his arms.

"Protect you!" ejaculated her guardian, in great astonishment. "There is no one here who would injure you."

"There is—there is! That man—" she exclaimed, wildly, pointing to Sumner; "I denounce him as a villain and a deceiver!"

Great was the astonishment of all who heard those words. They seemed a sequel to the strange interruption which had befallen the bridal party on leaving the church.

"My son!" ejaculated Mr. Lindley, in dismay. "Her husband?" exclaimed Doctor Wilfred, with a sarcastic leer—the old physician seemed to enjoy all the dark phases of humanity that were presented to his view. "This is strange!"

"He is no husband of mine"—cried Lynda, with energy—"he has betrayed, or sought to betray us all; he is wedded to another!"

"Wedded to another!" was the general exclamation, whilst all regarded the speaker in utter amazement.

"No, no!" responded the elder Lindley, with decision. "Sumner is not the villain you have described."

"Friends, hear me," interposed Sumner, seeing that it was time he spoke. "Upon the testimony of an anonymous letter, written by one whom I well know to have been long my enemy, this girl has suddenly turned against me and denied my rights. The truth, I fear, is that another would be more warmly welcomed, and that I am scorned because that minion lives. But I will not be set at naught. I claim my wife!"

"Protect me!" shrieked Lynda.

"Who dares to interfere between those whom heaven and the law have joined together?" cried Sumner, fiercely. "Here do I most solemnly aver no other can claim me for a bridegroom; if it be otherwise, let me be dealt with as I merit. But until this futile charge can be sustained, I claim her as my wife!"

He grasped the hapless Lynda by the arm, disregarding her struggles and her screams.

"Lady, be more composed," said Dr. Wilfred, soothingly. "Be assured you are mistaken in this—it is but the scheme of a disappointed lover; that mariner is capable of just such perfidy."

"Earl Westgate is a true and honest man," returned Lynda, proudly. "The intelligence comes not from him; and if it did, it is not becoming in grey hairs to traduce the absent."

"Whence cometh the intelligence, then?" demanded Dr. Wilfred, unmoved by her reproach.

"From a woman—that man's wife—the intelligence was conveyed in a letter."

"Where is that letter?"

"He has destroyed it!"

All eyes were turned upon Sumner Lindley.

"She raves," he answered, coolly. "There has been no such letter."

The guests exchanged glances; it was evident that they thought the shock of her unexpected meeting with her early lover had unsettled her brain.

"Have you any other evidence?" demanded Doctor Wilfred.

"None but my heart's conviction," was Lynda's fervent reply.

"That is poor testimony," responded the doctor, shrugging his shoulders.

"Come, madam," cried Sumner, impatiently, "you are mine, and shall not escape me. Friends, leave us, I pray you."

"Oh, no, no, no!" exclaimed Lynda, piteously, "do not leave me. Protect me—save me! You, sir," to the elder Mr. Lindley, imploringly, "oh! you, you, my dear, dear guardian, save me from dishonour, for such is the fate he dooms me to!"

"Poor child!" returned Mr. Lindley, compassionately; "you rave—I cannot interfere between you and your husband—a kind and loving one, too, as you will yet find him."

He turned away, as if to depart.

"Lost, lost!" she moaned; then turned to Doctor Wilfred. "You, sir, you! It is your duty to protect me; you are a magistrate, and if you deny me mercy, I have still the right to demand justice at your hand!"

"I see no cause to interfere. It is your duty to obey your husband," returned the doctor, sententiously.

"Good-night." He also moved to depart.

"Althea!" cried Lynda, addressing her bridesmaid, the playmate of her youth, her dearest friend, as a last appeal, "will you see me doomed to such a fate? Interest your father in my behalf—bid him save me from worse than death!"

"Whom heaven has brought together let no one put asunder," answered Althea, solemnly, as she suffered her father to lead her towards the door.

All had deserted her, and she was left to the mercy of this man who so foully won her. She could read his triumph in his gleaming eyes. She knew what her after life would be with him. Instinctively she

glanced toward the table. There was one friend at hand. Women had died ere then to preserve their honour. Why could not she? He read her purpose in her eye, and smiled sardonically.

"The dagger is removed, madam," he said, mockingly. "We will have no more heroics, if you please. Now you are securely mine."

"Not yet," answered a calm, deep voice.

"Earl Westgate!" they all exclaimed, as they recognized the intruder.

Yes; it was Earl Westgate standing upon the threshold of the apartment; and a pale, sad woman, in tattered weeds, stood beside him.

Lynda screamed with joy; she felt her deliverance was at hand. She would have rushed to him, but Sumner sternly held her back.

"What do you here, Earl Westgate?" he demanded, angrily.

"I come to rescue innocence from the grasp of a villain," he replied. "Hear and heed me all. The marriage between Sumner Lindley and Lynda Congdon is not a lawful one. Here stands Sumner Lindley's wife—let him deny her, if he can."

The pale wanderer advanced into the apartment, and confronted Sumner. He grew ghastly pale at the sight of her.

"You here, Lois!" he gasped. "How did you find me out?"

"I am here," she answered, "Lois Cunningham, your wife, whom you basely, cruelly deserted, and left to die of starvation in distant lands."

"It is a lie!" he cried, hoarsely.

"It is the truth! For two years have I diligently sought you, and at last I have succeeded. Thank heaven, I have arrived in time to save that dove from the clutch of a vulture. See, gentlemen, these are no idle words—here is the proof." She placed a paper in the hands of the elder Mr. Lindley as she spoke.

"Devil! my curses on you!" shrieked Sumner, with savage fury, and, before any one could guess his purpose, he smote the wanderer full in the face, and, as she fell, like one death-stricken on the floor, he leaped over her prostrate body and dashed madly from the room.

"Lynda," said Earl, as he approached the rescued one, "dost hear? You are free—you are free."

"Thine!" she cried, joyously, "thine only, and for ever!"

There was another wedding in the old church within a fortnight, and the lovers, so nearly separated, were united, never more to part.

Surely heaven never smiled upon a happier couple than Lynda Congdon and Earl Westgate. Even the cynical Doctor Wilfred, who attended the ceremony, this time being in season, grew young and genial on the occasion.

To do the elder Mr. Lindley justice, he was no party to his son's duplicity, and felt the disgrace keenly. He was never the same man afterwards—never entirely recovered from the blow. He took the poor wanderer, Lois Cunningham, to his home, and treated her as kindly as if she had been his own daughter.

She was not long a burden to him. Her heart was broken, the one desire that sustained her strength was gratified—vengeance had been hers and she was content. Day by day she faded, sad, gentle, and resigned, until one golden sunset, when the ocean scarcely heaved, and not a breath was in the heavens; then her lamp of life went out.

Her tombstone bore the name she had never known in life—"Lois Lindley." The old man had it so inscribed.

Sumner Lindley never returned to his home. He led a reckless life, and died a miserable death in a foreign land.

G. L. A.

**OIL OR GAS WELLS IN CHINA.**—In the districts of Young Hian and of Meisong Hian, in China, there exists a large number of salt-water wells extending over a space of about six leagues, which are actively explored by the neighbouring population. From the mouth of these wells arise columns of inflammable air, so that if a torch be applied to the opening, globes of fire of from twenty to thirty feet high are seen to arise, shining with a brilliant light. The Chinese arch over these sources of gas with long bamboo tubes, and the gas communicated through these tubes serves to illuminate the machines by which the salt wells, and the places where they are situated, are explored.

**A CURIOUS CUSTOM.**—A traveller in China, in speaking of burials there, says:—"In point of fact, the corpse is buried in China when it is laid in its coffin. The coffin is made of very thick heavy timber, and the joints are all carefully closed by pasting layers of paper over them, so as to make them perfectly airtight. For greater security, a little lime is generally put in with the corpse. In this way it is possible to keep the corpse in the house for years, without any unpleasant consequences. The practice, indeed, is

not uncommon. Some have not the means at hand for burying in such style as they would wish. They must wait for better days. Some do not find a place to suit them. Thus it sometimes happens that on entering a Chinese gentleman's house, a coffin is one of the most prominent objects seen among the articles of furniture.

#### CEPHALALGIA.

**CEPHALALGIA** is an exceedingly common affection in all civilized countries; it is more frequent among women than men, and from fifteen to fifty than either before or after these ages. It takes on a variety of forms, depending principally upon the particular causes which produce it, and upon the constitutions of the patient. Ordinarily it is symptomatic, depending upon a morbid condition of some other organ or organs than the head. The term cephalalgia includes every variety of head-ache.

The philosophy of the disease is not, in all cases, perfectly easy to determine. Which of the particular membranes of the brain and surrounding tissues is the seat of the pain has been the theme of much speculation, and still there is more or less obscurely surrounding the matter.

The philosophy of pains is the same, be it in one or another part of the body. Its seat is always in the nervous system. The nerves of sensation, when in health, take cognizance of external things through touch, sight, smell, hearing, &c.

"The point of a pin, brought in contact with the tips of the fingers, is recognized by the sense of touch, and its character determined so far as touch can determine it. Press the pin sufficiently hard and pain ensues. Now why this pain? It is the action of the nerve of sense carried beyond the degree which permits the sensation to be agreeable, and this we call pain."

"Every sense may become painful when the nerves of the organ through which it is manifested become intensely active. Light is agreeable to the eye, but too much light causes such intense excitement of this organ as to make it a pain instead of a pleasure. Pain in the head, or headache, no doubt, has its pathological condition in excessive action of the nerve centres, or those tissues and membranes highly endowed with nerve ramifications. It may be in muscles of the head, in the periosteum, or in the brain substance. It may have a multitude of causes. A blow on the head may occasion it. A tumour may be the exciting cause. Ardent spirits may excite it. Intense excitement of the nervous system, exposure to a cold, damp atmosphere, or to foul air in which is much carbonic acid gas, or to hot sunshine, often produce headache."

I have little doubt that it is often caused by bad air in persons whose habits otherwise are, in the main, correct. The tendency of the confined and impure air in unventilated bedrooms, crowded and overheated churches, school-houses, and places of public resort to produce headache, is proverbial. Anything that tends to prevent the complete aëration of the blood, as sedentary habits, want of exercise, improper bodily positions, as bending over school desks, stooping as in sewing, may and often does result in this disease. Corsets and tight clothing about the waist prevent the complete oxygenization of the blood by thorough respiration, in the same way that confined air and want of exercise do, and often result in headache. Excessive exertion of any function may produce headache. An extra exertion of the muscular system, particularly if in close rooms, or where the feet are kept cold and damp and the head dry and hot, or the violent exercise of any passion or emotion not unaccountably produces this disorder.

Many cases occur as the effect of exposure to hot sunshine. Hot cakes with melted butter, baked bread, rich gravies and condiments, the indigestible and obstructing dressings used on turkeys and chickens produce much of the headache and often more dangerous diseases which so often occur after holidays. I once knew a person who almost always had headache after eating old cheese.

Headache is not a dangerous disease, but it is a very annoying one. To feel as if you must be a martyr to it, periodically, for a life time, is not very pleasant, particularly when it is prone to appear at those times when you have or desire to make any engagement without fearing that it may either prevent your fulfilling it, or destroy your pleasure or usefulness, is certainly most annoying.

In its treatment much can be done by way of prevention. In a multitude of persons it can be almost or entirely prevented; in others it can be more or less modified in its severity, and shortened in its duration.

The skin is kept active for its duties by clothing, friction, exercise and thorough bathing. If the patient has few of the conveniences for the bath, thorough friction with a damp towel and the hand are often the very best.



The lungs are made to do their duty by giving them all the pure air they need at all times and under all circumstances. If they are contracted so as to do less than they should, they must be trained or educated in the gymnasium and by means of the Movement Cure or medical gymnastics, so as to increase their size.

The kidneys need only pure water as a beverage, in addition to the fluids found in ripe fruits to be sufficiently active, in addition to exercise, which, when judicious, provokes all the excretory organs to their duty.

To treat a case of sick headache, in addition to the preventive measures mentioned, we may use, during the attack, the following:—

The patient should occupy a cool, dry and well-ventilated room, place the feet in hot water, for a few minutes, to increase the circulation in them, and withdraw it from the head; drink freely of warm water, so as to either produce vomiting, or to dilute the offending matters in the stomach, and make their removal more easy. If there is fever, a sponge bath will afford much relief. Cloths, wet in the coldest water, should be applied to the head and frequently changed. Sometimes a showering of the head in cold water will give instantaneous relief. Warm or cold fomentations, as are most agreeable. Little or no food should be taken until the appetite returns. Pills and powders are of no use and much harm. Observe quiet as far as possible, and, in a majority of cases relief will be afforded, often in a few moments, almost always in a few hours.

## WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.

Author of "The Jewit," "The Pretate," "Minnigrey," &c.

### CHAPTER CXXVI.

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,  
So few—so sundred—and their heads are hung  
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;  
Crock'd-kneed and dew-lapped, like Theban bulls—  
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells—  
Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheered with horn.

Shakespeare.

FRANK darted into the forest—his steps urged by hope rather than fear; and yet the dangers he had to encounter might have appalled the stoutest heart. To baffle pursuit, should his enemies discover his evasion from the prochia and follow him, he avoided the beaten track, and plunged into the tangled recesses—forcing his way through the interlacing shrubs and parasitical plants—the haunts of the jaguar and serpent—with desperate energy. More than once he heard the growl of the black panther in the branches of the trees above him—the chattering of the monkeys confused and bewildered him; but his greatest peril arose from the numerous alligators which lay in the stagnant pools or rank weeds upon their banks, watching for their prey. When he ventured to draw breath, he found himself in one of those open spaces which the hand of man or the caprice of nature at rare intervals had left in the vast primeval forests of the New World.

"I must still bear to the left," he said, after having cast his eyes around the spot, in the vain hope of recognising it; "a few miles further must bring me to the path—to the locanda of the guide. Should he have proved faithless," he added, with a groan,—"should Willie—No—no! I dare not think—must not reflect—for thought is madness?"

The young farmer drew the embroidered leather belt of his Mexican costume tightly around him, and was on the point of starting again, when the faint baying of a hound caught his ear. He listened—the sound was repeated.

"I must be near some farm or venta!" he exclaimed, "perhaps the one belonging to the guide!"

A moment's reflection convinced him this was impossible—the distance was still too great. He knelt upon the ground the better to catch the sound, and listened with his ear close to the earth.

"The bloodhounds!" he exclaimed, in a tone of horror, at the same time springing to his feet. "The villains have discovered my escape, and set the bloodhounds on my track! The struggle is now for life! God protect my sister," he added, "should it be his will to deprive her of a brother!"

Those who have once heard the deep peculiar baying of these ferocious brutes when in chase of their prey cannot easily mistake it. Frank had been too frequently in the slave-states of America, as well as in Cuba, not to have witnessed the employment of them in chasing the fugitive negroes—so frequently hunted down and sometimes torn to pieces by them; for if the hounds reach their prey before the keepers come up, it is rarely—very rarely—that the victim escapes.

The poor fellow renewed his flight with increased

energy—dashing through clusters of the slender, thorny palm, named by the Spaniards *coroso*, from the fearful wounds they inflict—which are so painful and irritating that even the larger beasts of prey do not attempt to penetrate them.

Fragments of the fugitive's clothes were left at every step he took. His legs and arms—which he was compelled to use to screen his eyes and face from the recoiling branches—streamed with blood. It was impossible he could long keep up the desperate speed—his strength began to fail him, and despite the desperate position in which he found himself, he was compelled by sheer exhaustion, after a second hour's run, to pause once more for breath. Thoroughly worn out, he sank upon the earth, panting like the gallant stag, incapable of further flight. He listened eagerly: his ears caught the growl of the jaguar amidst the Babel of cries which resounded through every part of the forest—but no longer distinguished the deep baying of the bloodhounds.

"I have distanced them!" he said, as he wiped the thick drops of mingled blood and perspiration from his throbbing brow with the remnant of his tattered sleeve; "but the struggle has been fearful!"

Although relieved for the present from the dread of being torn in pieces by the ferocious hounds, the young farmer was too well acquainted with their nature to suppose for an instant that they had given up the pursuit: he knew that they would follow him into the deepest recesses of the forest—through running streams and stagnant waters—trace him by their wonderful instinct along the devious windings of the pathless wilderness, and never quit the chase till they had run him down or tasted blood.

The transition from night to day in the New World is far more sudden than in Europe. Scarcely had the lucule, or fire-flies, given token of the approach of morning, by emitting a paler light, when the sun's rays began to penetrate through the umbrageous screen above: and in a space of time which would appear inconceivably short to an European, they became sufficiently strong to enable Frank to distinguish the objects around him as he lay, faint and exhausted, at the foot of a giant fig-tree, around whose trunk the climbing banian, passiflora, and yellow-flowering banisterias had entwined their parasite tendrils.

At any other moment, and under any other circumstances, Frank would have enjoyed the scene: the birds, with their glorious plumage and matin song, filled the trees with life. Presently a pair of flamingoes alighted at a short distance from him, and were buried in the long spear-grass which rose even above their heads.

"Water!" exclaimed the poor fellow, rising on his already stiffened limbs with difficulty, and reeling like a drunken man, rather than walking, towards the spot.

He was right—the instinct of the birds had not misled him: a pool of deep water lay cradled like a mirror in a bed of grass and flowers. Frank was on the point of rushing into the stream, to bathe his burning limbs and wash the phlegm from his blood-swollen lips, when it struck him as rather singular that the flamingoes still remained at the edge of the water.

It was just the spot for the alligator to lurk in waiting for its prey: fortunately for the young farmer, he remembered this; and, instead of throwing himself into the pool, as he originally intended, he contented himself with kneeling on the edge, bathing his face, and moistening his parched throat with the cooling draught.

Fortune seemed resolved to try his endurance to the uttermost. Again he heard the baying of a hound; this time the cry was near him—fearfully near him.

How frequently does it seem that in moments of great danger the mind becomes unnaturally calm. This time Frank neither started nor attempted to fly; he knew that it would be useless, worn and exhausted as he was. He listened again—the bark was repeated.

"Thank heaven," he murmured, "there is only one!"

Frank had drawn the long Spanish knife which the quadroon girl had placed in his hands previous to his flight, and stood prepared for a last desperate struggle for life, when an idea suddenly struck him. He had heard that water destroyed the trail and baffled the scent of the bloodhound; could he but cross the pool—place it between him and the ferocious brute—he might yet be saved; his only hesitation was from the fear of meeting a yet more hideous death from some monster lurking in its depths.

He had not many moments to decide.

On each side of the narrowest part of the pool was a gigantic tree, whose branches, interlacing each other, formed a natural arch over the stagnant waters. Frank ascended the trunk of the one on the bank where he stood, and, heedless of the birds and chattering monkeys which he disturbed in his progress, con-

trived to reach the tree on the opposite side, where he resolved to wait the result of his scheme.

He at least was safe. In his elevated position it was impossible for the bloodhound to reach him.

He had not long to wait; with a succession of cries which became more sharp and quick as the trail grew stronger, the ferocious brute came bounding through the long grass, and reached the edge of the water. Running up and down the bank, with its dilated nostrils almost touching the ground, at last it came to the spot where Frank had knelt to drink: it hesitated for an instant, then, with a loud joyous bark, plunged into the pool.

The bloodhound, with its broad chest breasting the water, and still uttering its ringing notes, had crossed more than half the distance between the two banks when the huge, slimy head of an alligator rose above the level of the water, and with distended jaws made towards its prey: a howl of terror escaped from the animal, as it made a desperate effort to avoid its enemy by swimming with increased speed.

The attempt was vain: with one motion of its tail, which lashed the waters of the pool into a perfect foam, the monster darted forward and caught the bloodhound by the loins—then slowly descended with him to the bottom, leaving the surface beneath which he disappeared marked by a succession of circling eddies, and tinged with blood.

An involuntary exclamation of gratitude broke from the lips of the fugitive, as he saw himself thus strangely delivered from the double danger which threatened him—the fangs of his pursuer and the jaws of the amphibious reptile; but all his perils were not over yet; two bloodhounds had been set by the half-caste upon his track—and ere he could decide upon the next step, he should take, the second one reached the brink of the again tranquil pool which had proved so fatal to its companion.

Frank fully expected to see the scene he had so lately witnessed repeated; but, instead of entering the water, the dog ran along the banks, howling piteously: the probability was, that it sniffed the blood upon the surface.

Suddenly the sagacious brute started off, running along the bank till it came to the other side of the pool: apparently it had comprehended the danger of swimming over it. Unfortunately for Frank, he had descended; his foot had touched the ground, and the trail was continued—for, although on the approach of the bloodhound, he hastily remounted to his former place of safety, the dog no sooner reached the foot of the tree than it stopped short, seated itself upon its haunches, and sat with its bloodshot eyes intently fixed upon the object of its pursuit.

"I am lost!" murmured the young farmer; "neither hunger nor thirst will drive it from its post till those who have set it on my track arrive—and then I know what mercy to expect!"

For nearly an hour Frank, who was as effectually a prisoner in the branches of the tree as when barred in the chamber of the prochia, remained gazing upon the animal, whose eyes were so intently fixed on his, that he could not detect the slightest movement of their lids. Gradually this gaze—whose immobility reminded him of that of the Egyptian sphynx—exercised a species of fascination over him. He began to calculate how long it would be before his pursuers arrived to end his misery, or hunger and exhaustion caused him to fall from the tree, to be torn in pieces by the ferocious brute.

"It is hard!" he murmured at last—"very hard—to die, after having so nearly succeeded in the object of my enterprise and wanderings. Could I but feel assured," he added, "that Willie would reach the prochia with assistance in time to rescue Bell from her fierce suitor—Margaret from her unprincipled father's tyranny—I should not so bitterly regret my doom, sad as it is, and likely to remain unknown—none to pity or avenge me!"

For the first time since it had taken up its post at the foot of the tree, the bloodhound gave a low growl.

"The brute grows impatient for its prey!" observed Frank, mentally; "it will not have long to wait—for I feel my strength is failing me—and hope—even hope, the last friend of the wretched—has at last deserted me!"

The growl of the animal now broke into a loud angry bark: it started from its recumbent position, and for the first time withdrew its bloodshot eyes from the tree, and looked towards the wood.

After a few moments of terrible suspense, the despair of the prisoner was changed to joy: he heard the sound of men forcing their way through the thickly-matted underwood in the direction the hound was gazing, and voices calling to each other in the unmistakable phraseology of English seamen.

Frank shouted with all his remaining strength—his heart once more beat freely: they were friends—Willie and the party from the Revenge. All was not lost yet.

At the sight of the first blue-jacket which appeared upon the sward, the hound bounded furiously forward, but fell pierced by a pistol-shot; the bullet had entered its brain. Frank descended from his elevated position, and the next moment was shaking hands with Dick and Fred, who, accompanied by a strong party of the ship's crew, had been sent by Captain Vernon to his succour.

On questioning the guide—who, after all, it seems, had acted honestly—it appeared that they were but four miles distant from the mansion of Senor Mitilitzky.

Poor Frank Hazelton had wandered almost twenty!

#### CHAPTER CXXVII.

Then came the struggle: fierce and deadly hate  
Glanced in each flashing eye, and the sun shone  
On angry men intent on slaughter. *Cron.*

At an early hour, all was hurry and confusion in the court of the prochida, where the half-caste was issuing orders to the overseers and domestics to prepare for their journey across the swamp to a place of greater security: not that he had any apprehension of an immediate attack—for even if Frank Hazelton succeeded—which he did not imagine possible—in baffling the hounds and men in pursuit, nearly a day, he reckoned, must elapse before he could reach his ship, and a second one ere his return with sufficient force to effect the liberation of Lady Sinclair and his sister.

The possibility of his having forwarded any intelligence to the Revenge previous to his being discovered near the place did not enter into the calculations of Senor Mitilitzky.

The fetters of the slaves had already been removed, and the wretched beings fastened together with strong cords like herds of cattle. They still remained in the log-hut, guarded by the Mexicans, who were well armed, and ready to punish the slightest attempt at resistance or escape with death.

Quacco and the consul's second domestic were linked together. The mulatto, generally so loquacious, had, since the infamous outrage upon his liberty, maintained a sullen silence; but in his deep-set, lowering eye there was an expression of burning hatred, and in his heart the gnawing desire of vengeance. Could Ned Cantor have read his thoughts and the fearful oath which the victim of his treachery mentally registered, he might not have felt so perfectly at his ease as he did.

It was about three hours after daybreak when his Britannic Majesty's representative entered the yard; several mules were being saddled, and everything betokened a speedy departure.

"When do we start?" he inquired, addressing his host in a familiar tone.

"In two or three hours," was the reply.

"I had rather it had been minutes!" observed the convict. This delay may ruin us—bring the crew of the—

"Pshaw!" interrupted the don; "you counsel with your fears, and not your reason!"

"Frank has escaped?"

"Grant that he has escaped," continued the half-caste—"which I cannot bring myself to believe—it is fourteen good leagues, at least, between here and Belize! The authorities are my friends: it will require all this Captain Vernon's interest—whom you appear to dread so much—to procure him a hearing; and when he has been heard, what good will it do him?"

"You don't know the English!" exclaimed Ned Cantor, with a bitter smile—for he felt provoked by an obstinacy which, if it did not absolutely menace his personal safety, threatened to compromise his respectability as well as official position in the eyes of his countrymen. "You have not sleepy Spaniards or lazy Mexicans to deal with—but men who are ever more ready to act than to decide! Authorities! Belize!" he repeated, scornfully; "what think you will be the conduct of Captain Vernon when he hears that, in defiance of treaties, nearly two hundred slaves are penned up here, only waiting his departure to be embarked for Cuba and New Orleans?"

The half-caste shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "I will tell you!" continued the speaker. "He will land a party of sailors and marines—seize upon the first peasant he may chance to meet with who knows the route to the prochida, to serve him as a guide—and, if the niggers, gals and all, are not given up, fire the place over our heads!"

"Let him come!" replied Mitilitzky, in a tone of defiance; "he shall find us prepared to meet him. It will not be the first brush we have had with the English, and most probably not the last! Be satisfied," he added; "long ere intelligence can reach him, we shall have passed the swamp! I should like to see the men that would attempt to track us through its winding maze."

His guest turned silently away, mortified that his representations had had so little weight. He began to repent that he had trusted himself in the hands of one whom he looked upon as more obstinate than the mules which were waiting to convey the party from their present danger. Could he, after what had taken place, have trusted Quacco, he would at once have started for Belize with his grandson, leaving his daughter and Bell Hazelton to their fate.

In less than an hour, whilst the preparations for flight were proceeding, the apprehensions of Ned were realized. One of the overseers rushed into the enclosure and announced to his astonished master that a strong party of sailors and marines were advancing to attack the place.

"I told you so, Mit!" exclaimed the convict, with an oath; "but you would not believe me!"

Orders were issued for instant flight.

"Too late!" said the messenger—"too late!"

"How near are the enemy?" demanded the half-caste.

"Within rifle-shot!"

"Then it is indeed too late!" replied his master, in a determined tone; "but if we cannot fly, we can fight—that resource at least is left us! Loosen the hounds—arm all the men!" he added; "the place will take some storming. The intruders may meet with a warmer reception than they have been led to expect!"

If the speaker had shown himself careless in disregarding the warning he had received of the approaching danger, he atoned for it by the promptitude with which he issued his directions when it actually stared him in the face. With considerable tact he placed about a third of his men behind the palisades which formed the enclosure. They were most of them armed with Spanish rifles, and all of them with long, sharp knives—in a close struggle, a far more dangerous weapon than the sword—especially in the hands of a Spaniard or a Mexican, who generally know how to use it.

(To be continued.)

#### FACETIÆ.

"WHAT is the difference between an Irishman and a Scotchman on the top of a mountain in frosty weather?" "One is cowlid with the kilt, and the other is kilt with the cowlid."

THE literature of the day is enriched with a new word, "to Müller"—that is, to cut down a hat. Such use is made of the word by a hatter of Chelsea, who has a placard in his window announcing that hats are "Müllered" there.

A JOCKEY at the Maze races asked an eminent Yankee if they had any such swift horses in America. "Swift? I've seen a horse, on a sunny day, start against his own shadow, and beat it a quarter of a mile at the first heat."

PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.—An eminent oculist lately informed us, that an intimate friend—one of his most intimate friends—finds great relief in caressing his eyes, when they are tired, upon a green covered sofa, and allowing them to rest for some time upon it.

HE EXCUSED HER.—A simple fellow once said of a famous beauty, "I could have courted and married her, easy enough, if I'd wanted to." "And pray, why didn't you?" asked his friend. "Oh, when I began to spunk her, you see, she took me on one side, and politely asked to be excused, and so I excused her."

A MISSIONARY in London was recently riding on the outside of a cab, and told the driver that he had been in China. Cabby was much interested, and promptly asked: "Are they a civilized-like people about there, sir; do they take their gin of a morning?"

A HEARTLESS fellow, writing for a magazine, says, "I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride for fear of the horse running away; afraid to sail for fear the boat would overset; and afraid to walk for fear the dew might fall; but I never saw one who was afraid to get married."

THE POPE, one day, while talking with some monsignori about the deplorable condition of the Catholic Church, one of them said: "Oh, we have nothing to fear, your holiness, for it is written that St. Peter's bark shall never be shipwrecked." "Yes," answered the Pope, "that's all very well for the bark, but how about her crew?"

THE "stately step of a piper" is a proverb in Scotland, which recalls an anecdote of a certain noble lord when in attendance upon the Queen, at Balmoral, a few years ago. Having been commissioned by a friend to procure a performer on the melodious pipes, he applied to her Majesty's piper—a fine stalwart Highlander—and on being asked what kind of article

was required, his lordship said in reply, "Just such another as yourself." The consequential Celt readily exclaimed, with more than wonted humour, "There are plenty o' lords like yourself, but very few like pipers as me."

A CELEBRATED poet advertised that he would supply "Lines for any occasion." A fisherman sought him soon after, and wanted "a line strong enough to catch a porpoise."

"We don't sell spirits," said a beer-seller, who wished to evade the law. "We will give you one glass, and then, if you want to buy a biscuit, you can have one for three half-pence." The dram was taken, and the biscuit handed to the customer. "No," said the latter, "I don't think I will; they are rather too dear; I can get them six a penny."

#### A FRESH-WATER COMPANY. (An Old Song with a New Sense.)

Among the odd freaks of French speculation may be mentioned the opening of a shop for the sale of Jordan's waters, for the benefit of those who wish their babies to be thus honored.

In France, as we're apprised,  
When babies are baptized,  
The font the limpid element is poured in;  
And it's now become the thing  
To get somebody to bring  
The water from the other side of Jordan.  
But there's nothing to denote  
That the water you receive  
Is from Jordan—just to venture on a cavil;  
No, there's nothing to denote  
That the water you receive  
Has come all the way from Jordan, and it hasn't, I believe.

For it must your fancy strike,  
All water's much alike,  
If judged of to appearances accordin';  
And the only sort of profit  
That tradesman could make of it  
Would be by saying 'twas from t'other side of Jordan.

Whether taken from a moat,  
Or the Jordan, you conceive  
'Twould be difficult the question to unravel,  
When he charged for it a groat,  
He'd be laughing in his sleeve,  
Saying, "Jordan is a long way to fetch it, I believe!"

"SUCH A KXO!"—On Friday last the King of Prussia visited Minden, accompanied by several Prussian princes, and inspected the 13th division of his troops on their return from the Duchies. After the inspection there was a lunch, to which all the staff officers of the division, others who had distinguished themselves, and the chief civil authorities were invited. His Majesty proposed the first toast, "To the brave Prussian army, and particularly the 13th division;" and immediately afterwards Prince Frederic Charles proposed a cheer for the King, and concluded his speech as follows:—"For such a King one fights cheerfully, for such a King one bleeds cheerfully, and for such a King, if necessary, one also dies cheerfully."

#### DECIDEDLY COOL.

About two o'clock on a December night, when the thermometer stood in the neighbourhood of zero, a party of wags hailed a farmhouse in a very boisterous manner. The farmer sprang out of his bed, drew on a few articles of clothing, and ran out to see what was wanted, when the following interesting dialogue occurred:

"Have you any hay, Mr. —?"  
"Plenty of it, sir."  
"Have you plenty of corn?"  
"Yes."  
"Any oats?"  
"Yes."  
"Plenty of meat and breadstuffs?"  
"Yes."

"Well, we are very glad to hear it; for they are useful things in a family!"

The party then drove off, leaving the farmer to his reflections.

THE EARTH AND THE SUN.—While teaching in a western county in Canada, in making my first visit to my "constituents," I came into conversation with an ancient "Varmout" lady, who had taken up her residence in the "backwoods." Of course, the school and former teachers came in for criticism, and the old lady, in speaking of my predecessor, asked, "Wa'al, master, what do yer think he larnt the schoolards?" "Couldn't say, ma'am; pray what did he teach?" "Wa'al, he told 'em that this 'ere north was round, an' went around; an' all that sort o' thing. Now, master, what do you think about such stuff? Don't you think he was an ignorant feller?" Unwilling to come under the category of the ignorant, I eagerly remarked, "It really did seem strange, but still there are many learned men who teach these things."





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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EMILY R.—The handwriting is good and ladylike.  
E. M. PALMER.—We cannot avail ourselves of the poem, which is declined with thanks.  
R. W. H.—Sir Hugh Middleton was buried in the churchyard of St. Andrew, Friday Street.  
J. H. L.—The charge for transmitting a monthly part of THE LONDON READER is 8d. post free.  
J. T. S.—We are unable to accept your very kind offer, for which we return our thanks.

ICICLE.—No, there should not be a fire in your bedroom, unless you are an invalid.

W.A.P.—We are compelled to decline your very kind offer; our literary arrangements being at present quite complete.

ALFRED.—The poem entitled "Saul" is very much too long to be available for our columns; and is therefore declined, with thanks.

W. M. S.—Our advice is, to do nothing without your parents' consent. It is not at all likely that the situation you seek could be obtained in the manner indicated.

AUREA.—Both poems evince some poetical feeling, but are, we must frankly say, somewhat beneath our standard, and are consequently declined, with thanks.

IGNORANCE.—Address your first inquiry to the Herald's College. We never supply information on pyrotechny. The handwriting is very creditable for your age.

ADMIRER.—You can purchase voice lozenges at any chemist's. The handwriting is very well adapted for a merchant's office. (See also reply to "J. S. P.")

J. S. P.—Sudden hoarseness may be removed by taking a teaspoonful of sweet spirits of nitre in a wineglassful of water; or by eating a piece of anchovy; or by a little salt prunella dissolved slowly in the mouth.

GEORGE KELLY.—Thirty-six numbers of THE 7 DAYS' JOURNAL were published; the postage on these is one shilling, and the publisher will forward the numbers on receipt of four shillings in postage stamps.

HORATIIUS COCKLES.—To make sure of finding the poems respecting which you inquire, you cannot do better than refer to a collected edition of the works of the respective authors, which you will find in any circulating library.

CLAYTON.—If a trustee places trust money in bank, and pays it to his own account, on his bankruptcy it would go to the credit of his estate. You should commit the matter to a solicitor.

JAMES, who is nineteen years of age, 5 ft 4 in. in height, and has dark blue eyes, would like to correspond matrimonially with a young lady from sixteen to eighteen years of age, who has had a plain education, as mere accomplishments would not be valued.

R. S.—Cocoa, we think, would be the beverage best suited to you. It has the wonderful power of sustaining muscular strength in the absence of solid food, and of preventing the wasting of the tissues of the body during the greatest and most prolonged exertion.

ALICE ELIZA.—If you know at which station in Ireland the regiment is quartered—and if you do not, the information can be obtained from the War Office, or from the published monthly reports—a letter addressed to the commanding officer will doubtless obtain for you the desired particulars.

A. B. C.—The remuneration paid to booksellers' assistants depends on their ability, and varies in different places; you can obtain by personal application in your town more particularly information on the matter than we can possibly give you.

RATLIN THE KEEPER would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. Is twenty-one years of age, of fair complexion, has blue eyes, considered good-looking, and about 5 feet 9 inches in height; belongs to the Royal Navy; and, having expectations, money is no object.

KATHLEEN MAVORCHER.—The validity or legality of the promise to pay you an annuity will very much depend upon the circumstances under which it was given. You have not stated any of these; but if you can substantiate any right to be paid an annuity, of course the arrears can be claimed.

A. M. C. would be pleased to hold a matrimonial correspondence with any highly respectable gentleman whose age does not exceed twenty-four years—tolerably good features indispensable, and dark hair preferred. The lady is tall, said to be handsome, has dark hair and eyes, with an income of £200 per annum, and is nineteen years of age.

KATE SETHOUR is desirous of corresponding matrimonially and exchanging *cartes* with a gentleman from twenty-three to twenty-eight years of age, who must be well connected, amiable, tall, and fair. "Kate" is tall and ladylike, has dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, and possesses a small fortune.

C. J. The peculiar sensation which you complain of is called the horripilation, or goose-skin feeling; it is produced by cold, and may be prevented by rubbing the body with olive oil, and repeating it at intervals of eight or nine days, when you will be scarcely sensible of the feeling of cold, or care to go near a fire.

E. N.—Besides the various effects which are common to all the principal narcotics, each has characteristics of its own. Hashish produces real catalepsy, and intensifies the perceptions of the senses; the Siberian fungus gives insensi-

bility to pain, without interrupting consciousness; the common puff-ball stops all muscular action, but leaves the perceptive powers untouched; and cocaine induces intoxication the body without affecting the mind. The effects of different narcotics are not only peculiar, but often antagonistic. Opium diminishes sensibility to external impressions, whereas hashish almost infinitely increases it; and betel is an antidote to opium, just as tea is to alcohol.

ANKIE need not be at all apprehensive that book-keeping can be considered an unfeminine occupation; on the contrary, it is a very fit employment for females, and many tradesmen prefer a lady book-keeper.

HARRY LEOPOLD W., age twenty-two, good-looking, with black whiskers and moustache, having a comfortable and luxurious home, is desirous of meeting with a young lady to share life's journey with him. She must be good-looking and accomplished, and prepared to become a wife with as little delay as possible.

MARIE, who has brown hair and brown eyes, is considered rather pretty, nineteen years of age, and having an income of £200 a-year, thinks she would make a very loving and affectionate wife; she is desirous of corresponding matrimonially with a gentleman of light complexion, and possessing a competent fortune.

LILY AND ROSE, two cousins, wish to lay their case before our young gentlemen readers: "Lily" is twenty-one, fair, tall, and considered very pretty. "Rose," who is eighteen, is tall, has dark hair and eyes, and is considered very handsome; she is well versed in domestic duties, and is rather favourably inclined to "F. B.," whose *carte de visite* is requested.

## OH, LET ME FONDLY GAZE.

(For music.)

Oh, let me fondly gaze deep down  
The lustrous depths of those bright eyes!  
And in their azure glory find  
Where young Love, hidden, happy lies.

What need of words when glances meet,  
More eloquent than whispers low,  
Telling their welcome tale of love,  
In language that all lovers know?

Then turn—oh! turn those orbs on mine,  
Where beaming bathes my soul in bliss—  
Whose radiant lights with dreamy spell  
My path to joy's light would miss.

JAMES W. L.

LAURA is very sad and lonely, and would like to surrender a loving heart into the keeping of a husband; who (*par parenthese*) must be dark and tall. Laura is seventeen years of age, of medium height, has black hair and black eyes, a very pretty mouth, nice teeth, and slight colour; possesses a fortune of £600 a-year, and is accomplished in vocal and instrumental music.

BELLA, who is about twenty-one years of age, and has flaxen hair, blue eyes, and is rather tall, has an income of £300 a-year, and is considered very handsome, would like to exchange her state of single blessedness for matrimonial happiness. Bella thinks she would make a very loving wife, and would prefer as a husband a gentleman who is tall and dark, and possesses a good fortune.

B. G. W.—You can make a very effective and durable composition for deadening glass-windows by mixing mastic varnish with a small quantity of white lead. Apply this to the inside of the pane of glass with a large and much-worn paint brush, using only a small quantity of the varnish at a time. It will produce an effect perfectly resembling ground glass.

S. ALTON.—A small quantity of oxalic acid, slightly diluted, will entirely remove in two applications all traces of ordinary ink blots upon books. It should be applied with a camel's-hair brush, and blotted off with blotting paper; the spot to which the solution is applied being first carefully moistened with cold distilled water, and the acid, after the ink has been discharged, being cautiously washed off with lime water or good soft water.

L. P. is very anxious to correspond with some young lady with a view to marriage. Is twenty-two years of age, 5 feet 8 inches in height, has light brown hair, beard, and moustache, blue eyes, and regular Saxon complexion; and possesses an income arising from trade of between £500 and £600 per annum. The young lady should be a good musician, about twenty-two years of age, and not taller than 5 feet 8 inches.

NUMBER TWENTY-NINE, who is a bachelor, aged twenty-nine, about 5 feet 8 inches in height, with dark eyes and hair, blessed with a good temper and a cheerful disposition, is anxious to terminate the uncanny courses of his bachelorhood, and settle down discreetly into domesticity. His *beau ideal* is a lady, petite, good tempered, good-looking, and a member of the Church of England. Such a lady (and she may be a widow) he is in a position to maintain in comfort as a wife.

C. S. H. P.—There has been no work on the subject published in England. A French surgeon, however, has stated that by fitting bedsteads with glass feet, and isolating them about eighteen inches from the wall of the apartment, he has cured the patients sleeping in them of many nervous affections. Suspensions are beginning to arise, too, that our well-being may be affected by sleeping parallel to, or at right angles with, the line of the terrestrial magnetic current. The house in which we live has a considerable influence on our sensations, sometimes little suspected.

JENNIE DEANS.—The origin of the saying or proverb that "marriages are made in heaven," we cannot assign to any particular period or country. It is certainly of great antiquity, and exists in almost every language. From the Indian Buddhists, who say that those connected in a previous existence become united in this, the Chinese have borrowed the notion that marriage goes by destiny. A certain deity, whom they term Yue-lao (the old man of the moon), unites with a silken cord all predestined couples, after which nothing can prevent their union. The lines are declined with thanks. The handwriting is very fair.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—"Felicitas," who is a professional gentleman, thinks "Mistletoe" just the lady to his taste, and would be happy to enter into a matrimonial correspondence forthwith. He has a good income, and property yielding £100 per annum in addition—"Veritas" is anxious to hear again and at once from "Laura A." Is

near middle age, refined, well educated, and with £200 per annum; of pleasing appearance, ardent, manly, and a general favourite—"Fred. Mostyn," would be most happy to open a matrimonial correspondence with either "Lily," "Ada Stanley," or "Laura A." Is twenty-seven years of age, good figure, has a nice country house near one off to support a wife comfortably, and is passionately fond of music and home comforts—"Dr. A." a medical gentleman, twenty-seven years of age, and about to commence practice, would be glad to correspond with "Laura A." the young orphan lady, with a view to matrimony—"Emily," the brunette, will be happy to hear further from "J. D.," and will forward her *carte* on receipt of his—"H. G." is very anxious to hear again, and with more precise information, from "Rosebud."—"H. B." has no objection to correspond matrimonially with the young "Master Builder." Is rather tall, very fair, with golden hair, rather good-looking, knows how to render a home happy, and is just twenty-two years of age—"Annie" and "Grace" are rather puzzled with their offers, but if "Harry" and "Charles" do the same, they will then be better able to decide—"Harry" would like to correspond with "Ada Stanley." He is good-looking, and highly connected, and very fond of music—"Y. Z." a Shropshire lady, between seventeen and eighteen years of age, would have no objection to be married by the time specified by "M. D.," with whom she is willing to exchange *cartes*. Has a small income, is very lively, merry, of medium height, passable person, appearance, belonging to a healthy family, inclined to plumpness, and possessing a good though untrained voice—"Florence De Ville," would like to correspond matrimonially with "James." Is of fair complexion, has light brown hair, blue eyes, is rather above the medium height, nineteen years of age, and considered very pretty—"Samson" would have much pleasure in commencing a matrimonial correspondence with "James." She goes so little into society that she has not hitherto found her *beau ideal*, but thinks she would suit "James," and is sure she would make a kind and loving wife. Is twenty years of age, 5 ft 2 in. in height, small figure, fair complexion, dark auburn naturally-curving hair, light hazel eyes, small features, with pleasing expression; is very fond of music and singing, and thoroughly domesticated—"Lily" wishes to correspond matrimonially and exchange *cartes* with "T. L.," the young builder. Is dark, tall, cheerful, very amiable, thoroughly domesticated, but has no fortune—"William" will be happy to hear further from "Widow" (No 81), but requests *carte de visite* as a preliminary—"Blanche" will be happy to correspond matrimonially with "M. D." of Edinburgh. Is tall, elegant figure, dark, amiable disposition, highly accomplished, and twenty years of age—"Wilhelmine" considers herself very likely to suit "M. D.," and for his information specifies as follows:—nineteen; height, 5 ft 3 in.; complexion and hair, light; personal appearance, passable; disposition, cheerful; temper, generally allowed to be good; tastes, domestic; accomplishments, moderate—music being tolerable, dancing poor, and French and singing nothing to speak of. "Wilhelmine" adds that her reply is made *bona fide*, and she is happy to hear further from "M. D."—"Arthur," who is highly respectable, and possesses a moderate income, would be glad to open a matrimonial correspondence and exchange *cartes* with "Kathleen"—"Mando" and "Ellis" reply to "R. B." and "E. R."—"Maude" is nineteen years of age, 4 ft 4 in. in height, a very pretty brunette, well educated, fond of home, and would accept the offer of "T. L."—"Edith" is eighteen years of age, 5 ft 6 in. in height, has very dark hair, large dark eyes, clear complexion; is pretty, domesticated, very amiable, and would, she thinks, be happy with "E. B."—"No Name" will be happy to exchange *carte de visite* with "Jane" (the young widow)—"Jenny C." who is twenty years of age, 5 ft 5 in. in height, has dark brown hair and rather dark complexion, is amiable, and thoroughly domesticated, and would be very happy to correspond matrimonially with "E. B."—"E. L." intimates that she is willing to correspond matrimonially and exchange *cartes* with "T. L." Is twenty years of age, tall, considered good-looking, daughter of respectable parents, and well versed in domestic duties—"Carrie," who is twenty-two years of age, tall, and good-looking, with fair complexion, dark hair and eyes, and very domesticated, of a very respectable family (but with no fortune) thinks she would make a very good wife—"M. D." adds that her reply is made *bona fide*, and she is happy to hear further from "M. D."—"M. D." whose *carte* she would be happy to receive—"Harry" would very much like to be introduced to "Laura A." with a view to matrimony. Is twenty-four years of age, 5 ft 10 in. in height, of fair complexion, good-looking, well educated, and in personal appearance generally considered passable. Is in a merchant's office, has fair prospects of advancement, and can keep very comfortably—"Ursula Darling" has found it impossible to resist the appeal of "M. D." of Edinburgh, and would gladly open a matrimonial correspondence with him. "Grace" is about the medium height, with dark wavy hair and sparkling eyes, good figure, of a lively and cheerful disposition, is twenty years of age, and would like to exchange *cartes de visite* as a preliminary—"Orpha" is quite charmed with "M. D." and thinks she is just the young lady likely to suit him. "Orpha" is twenty-one years of age, has dark eyes, brown hair, enjoys very good health, and is rather tall—"H. D. B." would very much like to correspond with "Rose" ("Rose" and "Kate"). He is eighteen years of age, of light complexion, about 5 ft 6 in. in height, and has a good temper—"Clara" would be glad if "Minton" would forward her *carte*, stating further particulars, and also in what part of England he resides.

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